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"Westminster Gazette."]

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[London

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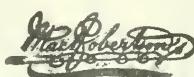
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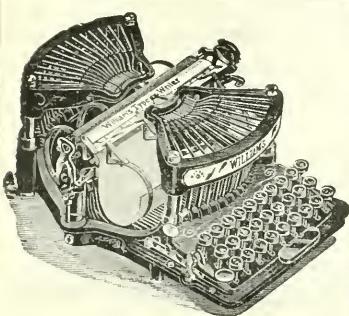
John Bull.—"Great Scott! I thought it was merely a worm that had turned!"  
Uncle Sam.—"Well, if they grow many worms like this in China, there is no place for us!"

"Critic."]

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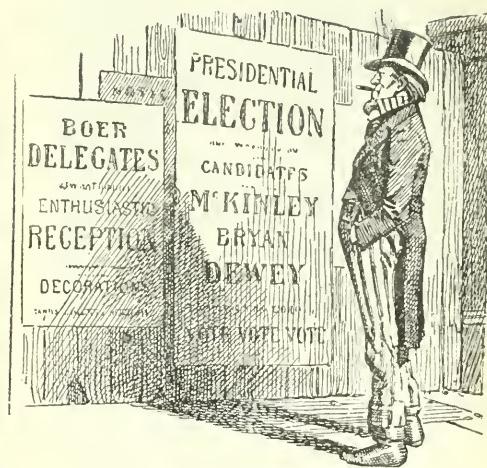
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"Star."]

[Montreal.]

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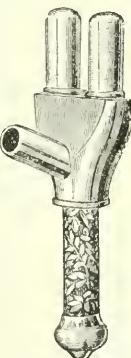


"Moonshine."]

[London.]

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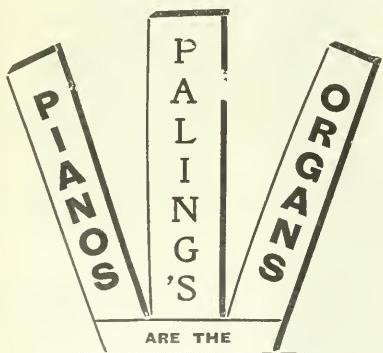
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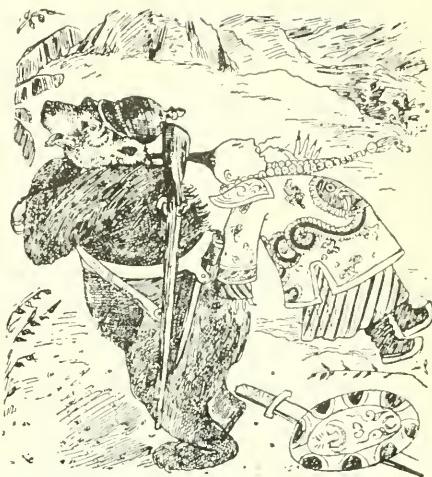


"Lustige Blatter."]

[Munich.]

## THE QUESTION OF BEIRA.

The Portuguese Monkeys (in the trees) to the British Lion: "Seeing that it is You, you may come in!"



"Hindi Punch."

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## CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1900.

The New Governor-General of Australia	Frontispiece	Episodes in British History :	PAGE
The History of the Month—		By W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D.	
I. Within the Colonies:		III.—The Great Blockades .. . . . .	69
China .. . . . .	5	Character Sketch :	
Australian Interests .. . . . .	5	Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson, Founder of the "Daily Express" .. . . . .	73
The Queen's Assent .. . . . .	6		
Political Prophets .. . . . .	6		
Lord Hopetoun .. . . . .	6		
Fine Gifts .. . . . .	6		
The Date of the Commonwealth .. . . . .	7	Leading Articles in the Reviews:	
The Seat of Government .. . . . .	7	Our Conduct of War .. . . . .	82
The Future of Australia .. . . . .	8	The Surrender of Cronje .. . . . .	83
Clause 74 .. . . . .	8	The Struggle for the Presidency .. . . . .	84
Western Australia .. . . . .	10	President Kruger: a Character Sketch .. . . . .	85
Mr. Seddon .. . . . .	10	Why Europe Hates England .. . . . .	86
Mr. McKenzie .. . . . .	11	The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty .. . . . .	87
Women in Politics .. . . . .	11	The Problem of Central Asia .. . . . .	88
A Lost Leader .. . . . .	11	Wonders of the Electric Age .. . . . .	88
Cutting Down Parliaments .. . . . .	11	Ungilding the Iron Duke .. . . . .	89
Expanding Revenues .. . . . .	12	The Peril on the Indian Frontier .. . . . .	90
Political Experiments .. . . . .	12	The Late Duke of Argyll .. . . . .	90
Compulsory Arbitration .. . . . .	13	Who Will Succeed Lord Salisbury? .. . . . .	91
Organised Labour .. . . . .	13	The Ideals of School Children .. . . . .	91
Arbitration in the Kitchen .. . . . .	14	Professor Max Muller at Home .. . . . .	93
New Realms .. . . . .	14	The Late Archibald Forbes .. . . . .	93
II. Beyond the Colonies:		Madame Sarah Grand on Women and Their Clubs .. . . . .	94
The Storm-cloud in China .. . . . .	15	A Disciple of Napoleon in South Africa .. . . . .	94
A World-event .. . . . .	15	On the Origin of English Trade Unions .. . . . .	95
The "Boxers" .. . . . .	15	On the Language of Birds .. . . . .	95
Is it the Beginning of the End? .. . . . .	16	Automobiles for the Average Man .. . . . .	96
Russia and Pekin .. . . . .	16	The Oriental's Love of Railway Travel .. . . . .	97
The Relief of Mafeking .. . . . .	16	Three Trials at a World State .. . . . .	97
The Two B.P.'s.. . . . .	17	Browning's Last Days at Asolo .. . . . .	98
The Peace Delegates .. . . . .	17	"Real" Teaching for Rural Scholars .. . . . .	99
The Rising in Ashanti .. . . . .	17	Radioculture .. . . . .	99
The Australians and Mr. Chamberlain .. . . . .	18	The Lake of Fatal Chill .. . . . .	99
American Claims against Turkey .. . . . .	19	The Question of Copyright .. . . . .	100
The Eternal "Affaire" .. . . . .	19	Shipbuilding Extraordinary .. . . . .	100
Women's Questions in Parliament .. . . . .	20	"American Free Park Libraries" .. . . . .	101
The Indian Famine .. . . . .	20	What Australia is to be .. . . . .	101
The Topic of the Month:		"The Land of Death and Madness" .. . . . .	102
The Chinese Tragedy .. . . . .	21	Stories from the Magazines .. . . . .	103
Containing 170 Special Photographs and Illustrations on Art Paper.		Messages from the Grave .. . . . .	104
Imperilled Australian Missionaries in China:		What We Owe to France .. . . . .	104
A Complete Portrait Gallery .. . . . .	41	A Plea for Peace .. . . . .	104
With the Men in Khaki .. . . . .	49		
Some Great Soldiers of the Queen:		The Reviews Reviewed .. . . . .	105
II.—Baden-Powell .. . . . .	63		
		Business Department:	
		The Financial History of the Month .. . . . .	113

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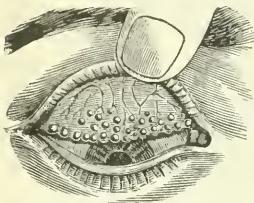
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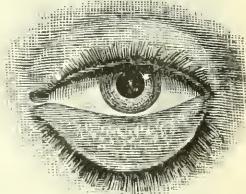
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Lord Hopetoun in Bush Costume.



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VOL. XVII. No. 1.

JULY 15, 1900.

PRICE, NINEPENCE.

## THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

### I.—WITHIN THE COLONIES.

The colonies are still keenly interested in South Africa, where Australian soldiers continue to show courage, and endurance, and soldierly qualities generally, of the finest sort. But the sudden emergence of the Chinese trouble divides public interest. Here is a field of peril, and of strife, close to our own borders, and in the sea which, to the Australian imagination, is already little better than an Australian lake. At the moment we write, though details are still unknown, it is only too clear that the embassies at Pekin, with the great crowd of missionaries and tourists which had taken shelter in them, have been destroyed. This offers to the shuddering world the spectacle of a blacker tragedy than even that of Cawnpore.

We discuss elsewhere the reasons which give the Chinese tragedy a quite special interest for Australia. Meanwhile the colonies already have been almost compelled, by mere force of geography, to accept a sort of partnership in the new strife. Australia is the nearest naval base to China England possesses, and the Imperial authori-

ties cabled the request that certain ships in the Australian squadron should be allowed to sail at once to Chinese waters. This was, of course, agreed to without hesitation; in addition, direct help has been offered from Australia. South Africa needed horsemen and bushmen and riflemen; it offered no field for the sailor. But the Chinese trouble gives



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AUSTRALIA PLAYS THE WAR GAME.  
Soldier and Sailor too.

Jack his chance. So South Australia has offered the services of its gun-boat—the “Protector”; Victoria has a contingent of 200 sailors from its naval brigade perfectly equipped and ready to embark; in Sydney the call for volunteers from the naval reserve has, for the moment, failed. A lower rate of pay was offered than that which Victorians are to receive, and this offended the self-respect of the Jacks of Sydney. There is not the same real need of an Australian contingent in China as there was in South Africa, and there has been no appeal for help from the Imperial authorities. The small naval contingents offered are merely emphatic expressions of patriotic good-will; and if our sailors go they will display in Chinese waters a pluck and hardihood quite equal to that Australian bushmen and riflemen have shown on the African veldt.

**The Queen's Assent.**

The Commonwealth Bill received the Royal assent on July 9, and the constitution under which Federated Australia must live is now clothed with the sacredness and authority of law. The event is everywhere recognised as being of great historical importance. The historian of the next century may, indeed, look on it as the most memorable event of the Queen's reign. It creates a nation. Mr. Chamberlain, on behalf of the Imperial Government, cabled a message “congratulating the Governments and people of Australia on the consummation of the patriotic task on which they laboured with so much ability, zeal, and self-sacrifice.” New Zealand, as yet, stands out of the federated zone; but Mr. Seddon cabled a generous message, declaring that “Although our suggested amendments were not agreed to, we firmly believe the measure will be in the best interests of the federating colonies and the Empire generally. We wish the Commonwealth every prosperity.”

Critics on the Continent recognise the scale of the event which adds, as they see, one more to the circle of great commonwealths which form the outposts of the British race and Empire. But they profess to see some alarming possi-

bilities in the new Commonwealth. Thus, “Le Temps” assumes the robe of a prophet, and offers the prediction that “Australia will eventually claim absolute independence.” But a French journal can hardly understand the position of a self-governing British colony. It has all the freedom of independent political existence, without its risks and burdens. The “Times” reads the situation with a shrewder judgment, when it declares “that the passing of the Commonwealth Bill is the largest step that has been taken in recent history towards the consolidation of the Empire.”

**Lord Hopetoun.** Federated Australia is singularly happy in its first Governor-General. A blunder here might well

have been disastrous; for no great servant of the Queen ever before, perhaps, had a post in which his own personal character and influence counted for more than it will do with the first Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth. He must make his personal influence felt over a continent. He must be trusted by all the colonies, but belong to no one of them. He must be a man of infinite tact, absolutely unselfish, and of perfect equipoise. His personality, in a word, will be—or ought to be—one of the subtlest of the forces knitting the States of the Commonwealth into genuine unity. Lord Hopetoun, happily, is known to have all the qualities needed for this great office. His wealth and rank, his high place in the Queen's household, and the personal regard which the Queen is known to entertain for him, give him the social prestige his post needs. His personal character makes him universally trusted. The Queen never had a more absolutely unselfish and loyal servant. He has the great advantage of knowing Australia and Australians perfectly, and has pleasant relations with the leading men of every colony.

**Fine Gifts.** When in Victoria, Lord Hopetoun was regarded with a respect through which ran a curious note of something like personal affection. His simplicity and naturalness of character, his crystalline sincerity—and even his look of physical fragility—all

contributed to produce this feeling. He was held in the profoundest respect; and yet in the popular feeling there was an odd strain of what can only be described as a protecting impulse towards Lord Hopetoun. No caricaturist ever thought of sprinkling him with a drop of satiric ink. Lord Hopetoun, it may be added, has really fine intellectual gifts, with a modest unconsciousness, on his own part, of their existence, which gives them an added charm. He does not pretend to be a speaker; yet when he talks, there is a certain thrill in his voice, a directness in his logic, and a look of frank sincerity in his face, which produce all the effects of eloquence without any of its pretensions. Lord Hopetoun, too, is a very wealthy man; and no one need expect to be a successful Governor-General of Australia who is not prepared to spend three times his official salary in maintaining the splendour of his great post.

**The Date  
of the  
Common-  
wealth.** Now that the Commonwealth Bill has become law, many questions press for immediate settlement. On what date, for example, will the new Commonwealth be proclaimed? Each colony naturally wishes the date to be fixed which will best suit its domestic arrangements. Victoria and South Australia wish it to be in October; New South Wales, on the other hand, thinks the new Commonwealth should begin existence with the new century. The proclamation should be issued, Sir William Lyne holds, on January 1, and the Federal election be held in the following March. Lord Hopetoun is to arrive in Australia in the second week in December. The Commonwealth will certainly not be called into existence with an absent Governor-General and a non-existent Premier. It seems probable, therefore, that January 1 will be the date. Lord Hopetoun will thus be on the ground in time to make arrangements for his first Cabinet.

**The Seat  
of  
Government** But where is the Governor-General to reside during the interval which must elapse before a Federal capital has been created? Sydney and Melbourne are both eagerly competing for his possession. Sir William Lyne—in whose character there is a strong parochial note—in-



Photo by] [Johnstone, O'Shannessy.  
LADY HOPETOUN.

sists that the new Governor-General ought to land in Sydney, the mother city of the continent; and ought to reside there until the Federal capital has achieved a local habitation and a name. That Lord Hopetoun ought to land in the mother city of Australia, and the Commonwealth to be proclaimed first in its streets, is certain. But the question of residence is not so clear. The Commonwealth Act, which provides that the Federal capital must be in New South Wales, further prohibits it being within a hundred miles of Sydney. The actual site of the new capital must be determined by the Federal Parliament; and until that question is settled the Federal Parliament must meet in Melbourne. And Mr. McLean contends that the Governor-General must reside in the city which is temporarily the seat of the Federal Government; and he is preparing that huge, unpicturesque, factory-looking building—the Government House of Melbourne—as a residence for Lord Hopetoun. There is some feeling on the subject, but no



"Bulletin.]

THE SORROWS OF AN AUSTRALIAN DELEGATE  
IN LONDON.

importance in it. The sooner, however, the Federal capital is actually chosen, the better it will be for the peace of the Australian Commonwealth.

All the great English journals indulge in speculations, more or less wise, as to the future of the new Australian nation. By far the keenest and shrewdest is that by the London "Spectator," which we republish in full elsewhere.

There is a true gleam of prophetic insight in it. We begin our political existence, we are reminded, under the happiest conditions. Our constitution has been born, not of battle, but of agreement. We have no strain of alien blood in our veins. We are the one example in history of a single people owning an entire continent. What will, perhaps, most prick the imagination of Australians is the warning by the "Spectator" that "to be great in the world's affairs, the Australians must take to the sea." We shall become, it predicts, a great maritime people. The Pacific will be our Mediterranean. We shall claim all the rich islands to the north, betwixt Japan and ourselves; and there will be a warlike strain in our blood. Australians will read these predictions with feelings compounded in almost equal degree of flattered vanity and of perplexed doubt.

**Clause 74.** Clause 74, the point about which so fierce a battle raged, has almost passed out of the range of public interest. This is partly because it is now set in a true perspective, and its importance is no longer exaggerated. But it is also due to the happy fact that, in its later shape, the Clause no longer shocks the common sense of the colonies. It is not left to an accidental group of politicians to interpose in a judicial process. The wonder yet remains why that should have been proposed, and accepted, in London, which seemed, and seems, so monstrous to everybody in Australia. Mr. Deakin, in an interview published in "Great Thoughts," puts in very moderate and reasonable fashion his views on the subject:—

We were quite willing to accept the jurisdiction of an Imperial Court, but what we asked was to be allowed to accept it, instead of having it injected into the Com-



"Bulletin."]

ARRIVAL OF THE NEW BABY.

Nurse Barton: "He ain't much to look at now. But wait till he grows!"

monwealth Bill, which had been signed and sealed by our people overseas. The compromise agreed upon, in effect, reverses Clause 74. Inter-State disputes, or as between States and Commonwealth, may by mutual consent be referred to the Privy Council. "Save in matters affecting purely Australian interests, appeal is permitted."

Everyone in Australia will accept this view of the situation; but, apparently, this was not the view urged on the Imperial authorities. Some stronger and more self-willed personality among the delegates, it may be suspected, must have overborne Mr. Deakin.

The plebiscite which is to decide  
**Western Australia.** whether Western Australia is to  
 find a place as an original State in  
 the Federation, will be taken at the  
 end of the month, and the issue is curiously  
 doubtful. Sir John Forrest pleads for Federa-  
 tion with great earnestness and sincerity. It  
 is, he says, inevitable; and Western Australia  
 will be safer to take its place in Federation at  
 the outset, and assist in shaping its policy.

than to come in later, when Federal policy and arrangements have all been determined, perhaps without regard to the special interests of Western Australia. That is the counsel of a statesman. But some of his colleagues have betaken themselves to the platform in opposition to Federation, and are speaking and working with great energy against it. Their arguments are largely an appeal to the terrors of the unknown; and much bad logic, and worse arithmetic, is being employed to frighten West Australian electors into voting "No." It seems probable that there will be a large anti-Federal vote. Public opinion in the colony is influenced by some highly irrelevant factors; by the jealousy betwixt the old settlers and the newcomers; and, even, by the refusal, so far, of the eastern colonies to consent to their mails losing a day by calling at Fremantle. This last fact, indeed, will probably count for much in determining which way the electors will vote on Federation. Yet it is clear that Western Australia will stand a much better chance of making Fremantle a port of call for the mail boats if the colony is within the Federation, than if it has dislocated its interests with the other colonies by refusing to federate. It may be hoped, on the whole, that the larger and wiser policy will prevail in Western Australia.

The strain of political life in New Zealand—as far as Ministers, at least, are concerned—must be severe. Mr. Seddon is still in

broken health. He has apparently chosen his political heir—in the person of Mr. Ward—and there are rumours—probably ill-founded—that Mr. Seddon himself is turning his eyes towards the comparative repose of the Agent-General's office in London. It may well be doubted, however, if Mr. Seddon will accept political burial after this fashion. He would certainly prefer to rule in Wellington than to serve in London; especially when the Agent-General of New Zealand is likely to be quite overshadowed by the more imposing figure of the Agent-General of the Australian Commonwealth! Mr. Seddon's chief political difficulties at the present moment are created by the completeness of his political success. The Opposition in the New Zealand House of Representatives has practically vanished. It has elected no leader; it has no organisation and no policy. Guerilla warfare has taken the place of regular operations. This is not, on the whole, a happy state of things for the Government. An overwhelming majority



"Critic."

"Mr. Alfred Deakin is returning, having accomplished his mission."—Press item.

#### WILL HIS OWN MOTHER KNOW HIM?

Alfred: "There, I said we would not submit to alteration in one jot or tittle of him, and you see I have kept my word."

has its perils. There is no pressure of external attack to keep domestic discontent silent. Under such conditions a Ministry not seldom perishes by internal schism. Mr. Seddon, however, betrays his confidence in his own supremacy by proposing a substantial increase of official salaries. The Governor's salary is to be increased by supplementary allowances, amounting to £2,500 per annum; the salaries of Ministers of the Crown are also to be substantially increased. Now, a democracy does not love big salaries; and Mr. Seddon shows unusual courage in proposing these increases.

**Mr. McKenzie.** Mr. McKenzie's withdrawal from public life is another proof of the physical strain of public life in New Zealand. Mr. McKenzie has a rugged and strong personality, and a capacity for creating both warm friendships and vehement enmities. Even his warmest admirers will not claim tact as one of his gifts; and he never learnt that wise and necessary art in politics, the art of reaching his end by the line of least resistance. Mr. McKenzie probably was never quite sure he was right unless he was being vehemently abused by those who disagreed with him; and he supplied many good texts for animated abuse. But he was a strong man, with a vehement belief in the wisdom of his own policy, and a deep-seated conviction of the wickedness of big estates, and of the necessity of putting "the people" on the land. He has been less in evidence than Mr. Seddon, but has probably contributed as much to both the virtues and the defects of the Ministry to which he belonged. His complete breakdown in health is sincerely regretted by men of all parties.

**Women in Politics.** New Zealand is enlarging the area of political privileges enjoyed by women. A Bill has passed its second reading in the House of Representatives sweeping away the last political disabilities from women, and enabling them to become candidates for Parliament. The Bill probably will not pass; for honourable members, at bottom, are not in the least desirous of introducing a new complexity into politics, and of multiplying the number of competitors for their own seats. The movement for giving women the franchise gains in strength and volume all over Australia. Sir William Lyne is in favour of the policy in Sydney, Mr. McLean in Melbourne, and Mr. Philip—more doubtfully—in Brisbane. A franchise once given is practically irrevocable; and as

women already possess the franchise in three colonies out of seven, it seems certain that, sooner or later, the other colonies will adopt the same policy. Why, it will be asked, should women in New South Wales, or Queensland, or Victoria, be denied political privileges enjoyed by women in New Zealand and in South Australia?

**A Lost Leader.** In Queensland the Labour party is better organised than in any of the other colonies, and has a larger Parliamentary representation; though

its very success has consolidated its political opponents; and, as a curious result, while there are more Labour members in the Queensland Assembly than in any other colonial Parliament, Labour ideas have less influence on legislation in Queensland than anywhere else. And now there is a rift in the life of Labour politics in that colony. Mr. Glassey is the strongest figure in the Labour party, and was, for some time, its leader. He was guilty, however, of too much independence, was displaced as leader, and finally came to an open breach with the party. He resigned his seat at Bundaberg, and stood for re-election as an independent candidate. He was vehemently opposed by the party, but was returned by 766 votes to 347. That event is a blow to the Labour party. It is worth noting that Mr. Glassey took a larger and more patriotic reading of the relation of Australia to the Empire than quite pleased his party. Here is Mr. Glassey's version of the practical gain we derive from our place in the Empire—a version which it would be difficult to improve:

The ties that bind us to the mother country are often termed merely sentimental. Well, then, let us look at the practical and commercial side of the question. Here we have this great Australian continent, a territory of more than three million square miles, presented to us as a free gift by Great Britain to control, manage, govern, and use as we like almost without restriction. We have oversea trade approaching eighty millions sterling annually, to protect which we rely almost absolutely on the mother country and the British navy. How do we repay this generosity? We tax English goods the same as those of Russia, China, or any other foreign country. We purchase where we like absolutely without restriction. To maintain the British navy the British workman is taxed, at the rate of 12s. per head of the population. We, in Queensland, contribute the small sum of 7d. per head only, and yet that navy is maintained as much for our benefit as it is for any other portion of the Empire.

**Cutting Down Parliaments.** The emergence of the Federal Parliament brings with it great changes in the functions of the local Parliaments; and to adjust these bodies to their new place in the political system is one of the most serious and urgent tasks of colonial politics. It is certain that the local Assemblies must be reduced greatly in size and

cost. Three great provinces of public affairs—defences, customs, and the post office—are to be transferred to the Federal Parliament. This means that the provincial Parliaments will need both smaller Cabinets and fewer members than heretofore, and the cost of the Federal Parliament ought to be almost completely met by economies in the provincial Houses. Mr. Holder proposes to reduce the membership of both Chambers in South Australia by one-third. The New South Wales Assembly has 125 members; Victoria has 95; South Australia has 78. All members are paid; the cost of the New South Wales Assembly being £37,500 per annum, that of the other colonies being in about the same proportion. Here is the opportunity for vast economies. Yet what Parliament can be expected to prune its own numbers and salaries with sufficient severity? There are limits to human virtue! But what machinery shall be employed to do the pruning is by no means clear, whether it shall be a committee of the Assembly itself; or a Royal Commission, appointed ad hoc; or, say, a local Convention, charged, after the pattern of the Federal Convention, to draw up an amended constitution to suit the new political conditions of the colony concerned. The whole question is a problem for which a solution has to be sought, and which will tax, in a high degree, the courage and common sense of the Australian colonies.

**Expanding Revenues.** One feature of the political landscape in the colonies is the steady

New Zealand has always been able to boast of a surplus; and the other colonies are now leaving the melancholy realm of deficits behind them. In New South Wales the revenue shows an increase of £449,712; Queensland has an increase of £414,120; South Australia, £97,691; Victoria, £66,775. These figures are as significant as the rise of the mercury in a barometer. They show that the colonies have passed out of a financial storm-belt, and are entering a zone of calm seas and favouring winds.



"Bulletin."]

#### AUSTRALIAN WEATHER.

The statesmen of the colonies are trying with splendid courage to solve the vexed problem of the relations of labour and capital, and so make industrial peace one of the permanent conditions of Australian society. Two different sets of experiments are being tried, with equal courage and skill. In Victoria the ideal sought is to establish a minimum wage in each trade, a wage determined not by the employer and his scale of profits merely. The workman, and the area of his needs, are taken into account. A wages board is elected for each trade brought under the operations of the Act. It consists of representatives of employer and employed in equal proportions, with a chairman—usually a citizen of some distinction—belonging to neither party. The Board fixes the minimum wage in the trade; its rate of wage under the Factories Act becomes legal, and can be enforced by process of law. To pay less than the rate fixed by the Board is a legal offence. This system still belongs, as



#### Political Experiments.



"Bulletin."]

MR. REID AND THE FINANCIAL COMMISSION.

Alas! to be bitten by one's own dog!

yet, to the region of experiment. It does not apply to the whole area of industry; it is attended with much incidental cruelty to old, or less expert, workmen. Public opinion is in a mood of doubt about the experiment, and a Royal Commission is to sit and take evidence as to its working. The Commission is, unhappily, somewhat discredited in advance by the circumstance that Mr. Peacock, who is, in a sense, the author of the experiment, is to be the chairman of the Board to enquire into its working. An adverse report would injure Mr. Peacock's political reputation, and he is thus in the position of being a judge in his own cause.

The New Zealand scheme, which is **Compulsory Arbitration**, attracting much attention in other countries, is one of compulsory arbitration. There is a Board of Conciliation in each district to which trade disputes may be submitted, and a Court of Arbitration to which an appeal lies, and whose award has the legal validity of a judgment of the Supreme Court. New South Wales proposes to follow the New Zealand example; and Mr. Wise, in a speech of unusual eloquence and force, submitted to the New South Wales

Assembly a Bill which embodies the principle of compulsory arbitration. His Bill omits the New Zealand district boards of conciliation, and creates a court of arbitration consisting of a judge of the Supreme Court, and two lay associates, nominated respectively by the parties to the dispute. The court is clothed with large powers, and is based on the recognition of the trades' unions.

Mr. Wise contends that everything **Organised Labour** is to be gained by encouraging both labour and capital to organise itself fully, so that each shall act as a unit. The court will have power to direct an employer to employ a member of a trades' union in preference to a non-unionist; the first time in history that trades' unions have been clothed in this manner with legal sanctity! Mr. Wise holds that when labour is strongly organised it can be compelled, under heavy financial penalties, to obey an award of the court of arbitration. "I do not believe," said Mr. Wise, "that we can enter, by means of any Act of Parliament, into an Elysium of industrial peace, but I am profoundly convinced that we can provide by means of this measure a legal machine which, with proper motive power and

guiding intelligence, can be made effective for the highest social purposes."

**Arbitration  
in the  
Kitchen.** New Zealand proposes to amend its system at various points and to enlarge its area. Domestic servants, for example, are to be brought under the operations of the Act; and a strange social prospect is opened up by the spectacle of a court of arbitration, with a be-wigged judge at its head, being clothed with powers to decide how many hours a domestic servant must work, what wages she is to get, and in what sort of a kitchen she is to cook. It is difficult to foresee how the eight hours' system can be applied to family life; unless, indeed, each New Zealand household is to be provided with a double staff of servants. Domestic servants, in a sense, are the class that least of all needs the protection of a court of law. The demand enormously outruns the supply. There are no "unemployed" cooks, or housemaids, or laundresses. "General servants" are almost as extinct as the dodo. A good domestic, known to be in want of a situation, has usually a procession of anxious housewives in pursuit of her. In New Zealand, where women enjoy the franchise, it will be curious to note how the average housewife will receive the proposal to bring her do-

mestic arrangements, and her relationships with her own kitchen, under the uncomprehending survey of any male critic—with a wig, or without one.

**New  
Realms.**

The impulse towards the sea, and towards wider boundaries, which the London "*Spectator*" discovers in Australian blood, finds an almost amusing illustration in the case of New Zealand. In the Governor's speech, His Excellency was made to say, "It was of first importance to the Empire and the colony that British interests in the islands of the Pacific should be definitely conserved, and, in respect to several islands, that annexation should, wherever possible, take place." By way of practical application, Mr. Seddon has asked the Imperial Government that New Zealand may be allowed to annex Tonga, Fiji, and the Cook Islands. How New Zealand would administer her possessions if she got them—whether she would give them representation in her own Parliament, or treat them as Crown colonies—cannot be guessed. Mr. Chamberlain properly replied that the other Australian colonies must be consulted in the matter. But Mr. Seddon's act is an amusing proof of the impulse to expand, and to annex, which is so strong in all the colonies.

## II.—BEYOND THE COLONIES.

BY W. T. STEAD.

LONDON, June 1, 1900.

Public attention has been preoccupied through the month of May with the sudden and dramatic change that has taken place at the seat of war in South Africa. It is possible, however, that the attention of the future historian will be concentrated, not upon the events that have taken place in South Africa, but to what is happening in the Far East. The war in the Transvaal may be completely overshadowed in the history of our time by the occurrences reported last month from Pekin, if the insurrectionary movement of the "Boxers" in the neighbourhood of the Chinese capital should not speedily be repressed. Of course, it may pass, as other movements have passed, leaving no more trace upon the vast ocean of the yellow-skinned world than the ripples made by a stone on the surface of a lake. But the rising of the "Boxers" sounds ominously like the ringing of the bell which precedes the rising of the curtain before the beginning of a great world-tragedy.

The possible results of the movement which have come to a head in the rising of the "Boxers" will affect

A World-Event.  
the welfare in the first place of 300 millions of Chinese, and in the second place of all the armed nations of the Old World and the New. That this is not an exaggeration is evident from the mustering of fleets which has already taken place at the portals of China. Small but well-armed contingents of fighting men from the American and all the European Powers interested in the Far East have been landed, in the first place for the purpose of protecting the lives and property of their subjects in the Chinese capital, and, in the second place, to be on the spot to assert the rights and defend the interests of the Powers which they represent. Where the carcass is there are the eagles gathered together—and what a carcass it is! One of the vastest and immeasurably

the oldest of all the empires of the world is threatened at its vitals, and before this month passes the Western Powers may be face to face with the tremendous task of reconciling their mutual ambitions and harmonising their conflicting interests, while engaged in the colossal task of reconstructing the Chinese Empire.

The "Boxers" is the name of a secret society—all societies are secret in China—which is very hostile to foreigners, very conservative of any national traditions, and very resentful of the extent to which the foreign Governments, with their engineers and their railways, have forced their way into China. If we can imagine what Primrose Leaguers would feel if Russia were to establish herself at Portsmouth, while Germany seized Harwich, and France Dover, and Russian, French, and German engineers were carefully arranging to exploit the resources of the country, we may realise what the ordinary Chinaman feels at the ever-growing aggression of Europeans. But the Chinaman feels much worse than the Primrose Leaguer, and, failing other means of expressing his resentment, he adopts the time-honoured practice of forming a secret society and getting up a riot. The "Boxers" appear to have had no arms at first, for disarmament is a rule in China; but you do not require arms to destroy a railway, burn the railway-stations, kill missionaries, and stampede engineers. All these things they did in the province of Shansi, on the railway line worked by Belgians close to Pekin. The Chinese troops were sent to disperse them, with the usual result. The troops fraternised with the "Boxers," who possessed themselves of their weapons, and went on triumphantly to pillage and slay after the fashion of insurgents everywhere. As the result, there was a great panic among Pekin Foreign Ministers—a panic promptly transmitted by telegraph to all the Chancelleries of Europe and America. War-

ships hurried up to the ocean gates of Pekin, and each of the Foreign Legations summoned to its aid an armed force of about one hundred men.

**Is it the Beginning of the End?** The "Boxers" believe that they have the sympathy of the Empress, and that the troops cannot be relied upon to operate against them.

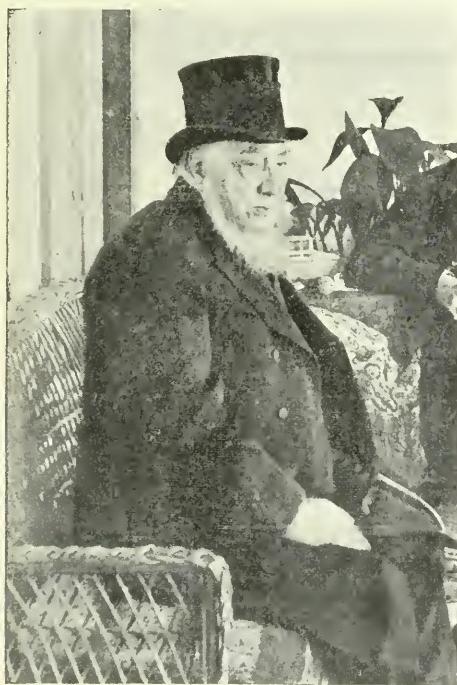
The Russians believe the "Boxers" are supported by Japan. In those circumstances no one can say how fast and how far the movement may spread. The Taiping insurrection, in which General Gordon first won his laurels, nearly wrecked the dynasty, and was only suppressed with frightful suffering and carnage. On the other hand, it is quite possible that the "Boxers" may be suppressed. They have made the mistake of beginning operations in a region much too easily accessible from the sea; but all China is full of the human material out of which "Boxers" are made, and when the railways are thrust into the interior

they will everywhere breed "Boxers." "Boxerism" is a kind of shadow of railway extension. This being so, it is easy to understand the nervousness of the Powers. They feel like the inhabitants within an earthquake area when the seismological station has given the signal that an earthquake is expected. If once the hoary empire of China totters into ruins, no one can say upon whose head the fragments may fall, or—what concerns the Powers much more closely—which of them may be able to carry off the most valuable loot from the ruins.

**Russia  
and  
Pekin.**

The international armada off Taku at the beginning of June was composed as follows: nine Russian, three British, three German, two American, two Japanese, three French, and one Italian man-of-war. In addition to the seamen and marines, Russia is said to have 11,000 soldiers on board ship ready for any contingencies. There is no greater proof of the seriousness of the present crisis than the fact that the presence of these troops is regarded rather as an element of security than as a reason for uneasiness. It is well known that Russia is even nervously anxious to prevent a general overturn in China, and the presence of so large a force of armed men within a few days' journey of the capital is distinctly a comfort to those whose lives and properties are endangered by the outbreak of "Boxer" discontent. Russia is far too sure of her own ascendancy in the future in Pekin and Northern China to risk anything by a premature move. If, therefore, matters get worse in China, the Powers would probably act most wisely if they were to give an immediate mandate to Russia to use her forces to protect life and property in the insurgent area, and to save the dynasty.

**The Relief of Mafeking.** The relief of the beleaguered village of Mafeking supplied an episode which excited interest throughout the world. Colonel—now Major-General—Baden-Powell, with a force of 975 more or less irregular troops, held the frontier village of Mafeking for seven months against all the forces which the Boers



OOM PAUL ON HIS STOEP, APRIL 24, 1900.  
[Copyright.]

could send against him. His energy, his resource, his courage, his humour, and his success have made him a popular idol. The position of Mafeking itself was of no importance. If it had been abandoned when war broke out, it would have made no difference to the ultimate issue of the campaign. Like the Balaclava Charge, its defence was magnificent, but it was not war. The endurance of the garrison and the genius of its commander struck the imagination of the world; and when on the very day fixed by Lord Roberts months before, the relieving column from Kimberley brushed aside the Boers and relieved the village, it was a signal for rejoicings on a scale without precedent since England was illuminated to celebrate our victory of Waterloo.

**The Two B.P.'s** Baden-Powell, after his relief, made a modest little speech, in which he remarked upon the fact that when Colonel Mahon, at the head of the relieving column, entered Mafeking, he was greeted with a simple handshake, and "How do you do?" General Baden-Powell said:—

I do not hesitate to say that there was more real feeling expressed in that hearty handshake than in the weeping and embracing by which foreigners are accustomed to give expression to their relief.

It is evident that Mafeking was not so well supplied with news as to what was going on in England when the news of its relief was made known. Our populace let itself go in a fashion which led observers, both at home and abroad, to ask in wonder whether the national character had not changed—whether this could really be the cold, imperturbable nation whose sangfroid has hitherto been its most distinguishing characteristic.

**The Peace Delegates.** The delegates from the Republics who, after a short stay in Europe, ascertained beyond all doubt that none of the European Powers was willing to intervene on their behalf, decided to cross the Atlantic and appeal to the United States. Before doing so, they addressed a message to the British people in which they intimated that they were authorised to make peace on any terms which did not involve the destruction of their independence. Our Gov-



Photograph by]

[Elliott and Fry.

SIR F. M. HODGSON.  
(Governor of Ashanti, besieged in Kumasi.)

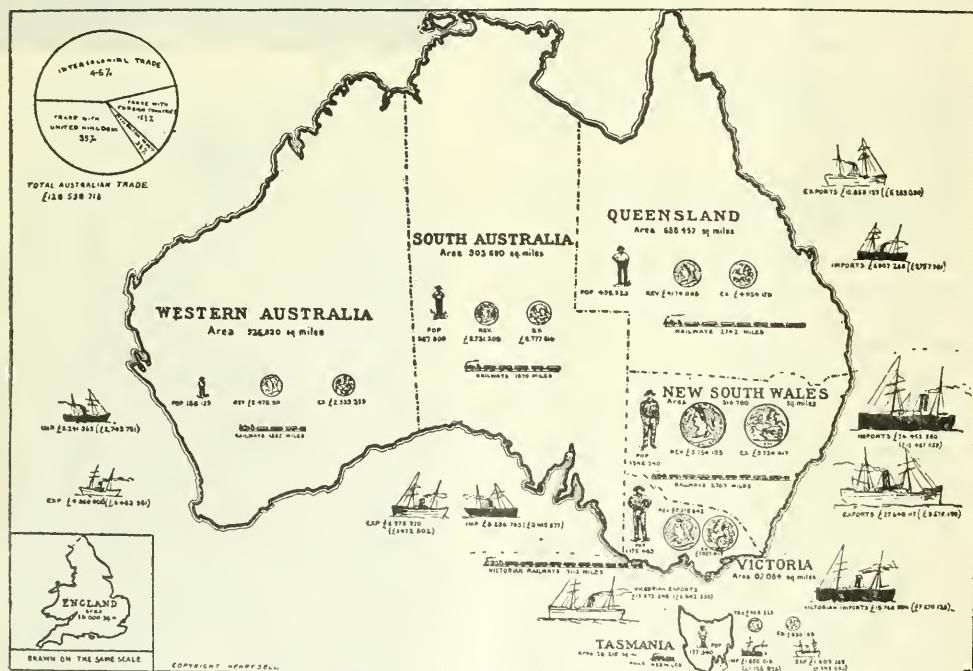
ernment intimated that it had nothing to add to the statement that it was not prepared to acquiesce any further in the independence of the Republics. The delegates then departed from the Old World, and sought for help in the New. Their reception by the American people was cordial, but the American Government followed the example of all other Governments in refusing to interpose even for the purpose of avoiding further bloodshed. The delegates, therefore, have betaken themselves to the platform, where they are meeting with abundant sympathy but very little practical support, for although every American naturally sympathises with the African Republics in their present evil plight, no one dreams of going to war with Britain on their behalf.

If it had not been that public attention is concentrated on the military operations in South Africa there would have been much excitement over the fate of the small garrison which was besieged by the insurgent Ashantis in Kumasi. The acting-Governor with a

small garrison was shut up in the fort which commands the former capital of King Prempeh, the greater part of the country seems to have risen, one detachment of the relief column was defeated, and for a time the garrison was very hard pressed. The Ashantis want their old King back again. We have got him in safe keeping. There is no possibility of his being permitted to return. Reinforcements are being sent to the west coast to relieve Kumasi, but it is evident that so far they have failed either to conciliate the tribes which are conquered, or to terrorise them into submission. The British public can only think of one thing at a time, and so far as the public is concerned, the news from Ashanti attracts little or no attention. The garrison, which consisted of 18 Europeans and 350 Houssas, was vigorously attacked on the 25th and 29th

ult. According to the latest telegrams, the relief column succeeded in extricating Sir F. M. and Lady Hodgson, but it does not appear whether the fort at Kumasi was evacuated or revictualled. It would seem that the whole country is up, and that the conquest of Ashanti will have to be begun de novo.

**The Australians and Mr. Chamberlain.** What threatened at one time to be a rather serious difference of opinion between the Australian delegates and the Home Government has been satisfactorily arranged by what is called a compromise, for it seems to be little more than a mere verbal juggle on the subject of the right of appeal to the Privy Council. Mr. Chamberlain introduced the Bill providing for the Federation of the Australian colonies. He made a declaration



By the courtesy of

THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

(Showing the Contribution of each State.)

"Commercial Intelligence."

The figures in the above diagram are taken from the official "Australasian Statistics for the years 1898-99." The Population is shown by a man; Revenue by the obverse side of a sovereign; Expenditure by the reverse side; Railway Mileage by a train; Imports by a black ship; Exports by a white ship (the figures within brackets denote the proportion of the imports and exports, which is purely intercolonial).

against the acceptance of the principle of Clause 74. The Liberal leader strongly supported the objections of the Australian delegates. Mr. Chamberlain worked the Australian public against the Australian delegates at first with some appearance of success; but to the great astonishment of everyone he suddenly climbed down and proposed a compromise which is accepted on all hands. The "compromise" consisted in two things: First, the capitulation of Mr. Chamberlain on the question of the right of the Australian Federal Parliament to legislate hereafter in limitation of the right of appeal to the Privy Council. Secondly, the concession made by Mr. Chamberlain that the Australian High Court should be declared by statute the final Court of Appeal for all constitutional questions purely Australian in their character. The Privy Council can be appealed to even in purely Australian questions, but then only by consent of both litigants. In other questions concerning other than Australian questions, the right of appeal stands as it is to-day. Mr. Barton, who has been the most uncompromising advocate of the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, declared that the "compromise" left the Bill "practically without amendment." All's well that ends well. But it is not quite clear why Mr. Chamberlain, after taking such high ground when moving the second reading, should have climbed down so rapidly a few days later.

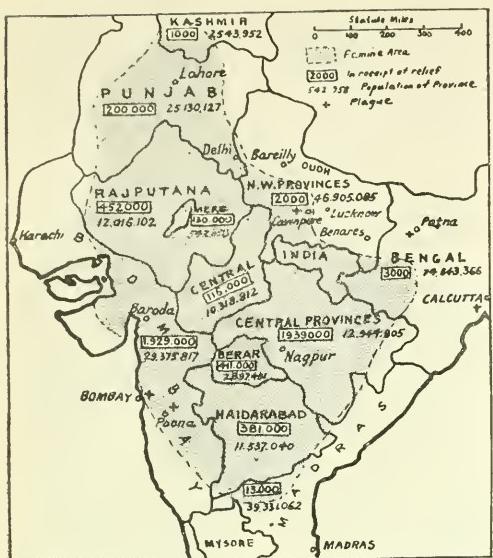
American  
Claims  
against  
Turkey.

No progress has been made towards the settlement of the American claims upon the Sultan. Mr. Strauss, American Minister at Constantinople, received long ago from the Sultan a positive promise that the indemnity for the destruction of the property of the American subjects in Armenia should be paid for, but not one penny has yet been forthcoming. The Sultan probably presumes upon the reluctance of the Americans to force matters to a head, and the experience of the unforeseen consequences of their naval action at Manila has not been calculated to encourage them to take risks which might entail indefinite responsibilities. There is some expectation that a special commissioner may be

appointed to proceed to Constantinople to reinforce the representations of Mr. Strauss. As Russia is showing signs of a disposition to take up the grievances of the Armenians, the Sultan will do well to settle with his American creditors quickly, lest worse should befall him.

The  
Eternal  
"Affaire."

After several months, during which by a blessed relief nothing was heard about Dreyfus, the *Affaire* cropped up last month in a manner which would seem to show that the passions excited by that prolonged conflict are still as fierce as ever. A savage attack was made upon General de Gallifet by the Nationalists and anti-Dreyfusards on the ground that the War Office had employed a detective to ascertain whether or not M. Cernuschi had been paid by the Staff to bear false witness against Dreyfus. General de Gallifet defended himself successfully so far as argument went, but he is such a physical wreck that he could not stand the strain of excitement; and although the Chamber had supported the Government by a majority of 286 against 234, he handed in his resignation. General Andre, who is ten years his junior, was appointed his successor; but although the supporters of the Ministry keep on saying everything is as it was, there is a general feeling that M. Waldeck-Rousseau has received his first warning. M. Bourgeois distinguished himself by rallying the majority to the side of the Cabinet. M. Waldeck-Rousseau has committed his Government to an amnesty vote, a measure intended to pass the sponge over the slate and prevent the prosecution of the law-suits which had been begun in connection with the *Affaire*, and also to shield General Mercier and the other highly-placed conspirators against Captain Dreyfus. The Bill, which has been warmly discussed in the Senate, excites comparatively little enthusiasm, and provokes vehement protests. The Nationalists carried the elections of the Paris Municipal Council with a rush on the second ballot, so that they now have a small majority in that body. Elsewhere the municipal elections, however, seem to have gone in favour of the Government; but if it were not for the Exhibition the French Ministry could look forward to a very short lease of life.



MAP SHOWING THE EXTENT OF THE INDIAN FAMINE.

**Women's Questions in Parliament.** The House of Lords last month, by a majority of 116 to 31, carried the second reading of Lord Strathcona's Bill making colonial marriages with a deceased wife's sister valid

throughout the Empire. The Bishops still protested, but when there is a majority of nearly three to one in favour of the deceased wife's sister in the House of Lords, the battle must surely be regarded as over. In the House of Commons the Bill permitting women to sit on the Borough Councils which are about to be elected in London, was carried by a majority of 248 to 129. This triumph of reason and common sense over jealousy and prejudice was not so significant as the excuse made for their defeat by the advocates of the male monopoly of all elective offices. They said that the near approach of the General Election rendered it necessary for members to fulfil their pledges. In other words, members know that on this matter of conceding equal rights to women they are lagging behind the sentiment of their constituencies.

The  
Indian  
Famine.

The news from the famine districts in India shows no abatement in its appalling horror. Matters, indeed, are growing worse rather than better, for cholera has broken out in the Famine Camps, and two of the members of the Malthusian trinity are busily engaged in thinning the population. The problem of famine prevention in India seems almost insoluble.

"Harmsworth's" for May contains several articles of interest. Two deal with the two greatest fighting machines in the world—the German army and the British navy. Mr. H. W. Wilson, writing of the mobilisation of the latter, reminds us that, out of a navy of 413 ships, only 200, or barely one-half, are "in commission." He adds this cheering remark: "The custom has grown up of the Channel Squadron leaving British waters for whole months, while at Brest and Cherbourg is a powerful French fleet ready and able to strike, with nothing to watch it." Mr. Dinorben Griffith gives a succinct account of the Queen's drawing-room and what really happens there. Curious customs still in vogue are served up by Mr. Arthur Birnage. The most pathetic is the singing of the

Dulce Domum, on the eve of holidays at Winchester College, to commemorate a boy who literally died of a broken heart because he was not allowed to go home at the holidays, and whose death secured thenceforth that no boy should be so denied.

The May number of the "Etude" is practically a Schubert number, for it gives us a series of interesting articles on Schubert and his work regarded from various points of view. Writing of Schubert's short, sad life, Mr. W. J. Baltzell says: "In all the range of the history of music there is no life so sad and so sorrowful as Schubert's, yet neither is there another genius which so nearly embodies the purest and best in music. No other composer can so sway both the musician and the laity."

## THE TOPIC OF THE MONTH.

### THE CHINESE TRAGEDY.

The centre of interest for the world has suddenly shifted from the veldts and kopjes of South Africa to the evil-smelling ports, the ancient cities, the swarming myriads of China. The Boer, with his Mauser rifle, his unwashed face and bushy beard, is almost forgotten; the Chinaman, with his almond eyes, yellow complexion, and dangling pigtail, has taken the stage. China, at best, is a sort of slumbering mud-volcano. But suddenly the volcano has become active, and is spluttering its mud—hot and viscid and evil-smelling—over the whole political stage!

#### I.—THE STORY OF THE OUTBREAK.

In a sense the Chinese outbreak is not sudden. It has been visibly kindling for months past; but the popular attention was pre-occupied with South Africa. The Boer hid the Boxer from the public gaze. Yet, so long ago as April 25 the "North China Herald" wrote:—"Superficially, all is quiet at Peking, but the Empress Dowager's path at present is over a smooth sheet of lava under which the volcanic fires are burning fiercely. If things are quiet now in Peking, and Sir Claude MacDonald

has orders, as he doubtless has, to take no strenuous action until the war in South Africa is over, the work that the Empress Dowager and her advisers, or, rather, the Manchus, who are pulling the strings, are doing, is going to have bitter consequences before long."

And the "bitter consequences" have come, and have come in a sort of combination of cyclone and earthquake only possible in an Eastern land, and to an Eastern race! It is unnecessary here to dwell in detail on all the events of the suddenly evolving drama which has so profoundly stirred the imagination and affected the politics of the world. The match to the powder-magazine was supplied by the Boxers—one of those secret societies into which, from some strange and unanalysed quality in the Chinese mind, the Chinese so readily crystallise. There is the oddest dispute as to the exact meaning of the title of this society—the "I-Ho-Chuan." "The Righteous Harmony Fists" seems an absurd rendering. But its spirit and objects are plain. It represents, and embodies, the popular hate of the foreigner, which burus—sullen and fierce—in the Chinese mind. The Dowager Empress—that



THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.



THE EMPRESS OF CHINA.

crowned termagant—who, if she has all the vices of a Catherine of Russia, has much, also, of her masculine brain, saw in the Boxers a useful instrument. China, since the Japanese war, has been arming and drilling, and the Empress apparently believed the moment had come when the foreigner might be driven out of China. The Boxers were encouraged to plunder and ravage and slay; their victims in the country districts being Christian missionaries and their converts. But in Pekin there was nobler game—the Embassies of all the Great Powers. The ambassadors had foreseen the

streets of Pekin by a crowd of Chinese soldiers and hacked to death. On June 25 all the foreign legations, except the German, the French, and the British, were sacked and burnt, and there latter were being fiercely attacked. Later came the dreadful news—day after day left unverified—that the remaining legations, after desperate and bloody siege, had been destroyed. The European ambassadors and over 1,000 foreigners—amongst them 100 missionaries, with their wives and families—had been slain!

The scanty facts to hand, at the moment we go to press, give in grim and dreadful outline one of the blackest tragedies in modern history. The full tale of what happened in Pekin betwixt June 18 and July 1 is not even yet known—perhaps never will be known. The Chinese themselves, afraid of the anger of mankind at large, have allowed the tidings to filter through—plentifully diluted with lies—by only slow degrees. The story, as known so far, is best told simply. Baron Ketteler was murdered in the open streets on June 18. From that date the legations were practically in a state of siege—a siege which reached its climax in horrifying massacre on July 1. On June 24 came the last message, from Sir Robert Hart: "Position desperate: Hasten to rescue." But no rescue came. Food and ammunition failed. The water supply, according to one report, had been poisoned. Death shut in the horizon on every side; and its most cruel forms waited for the unhappy Europeans in the streets, crowded with Boxers and Chinese soldiers, more pitiless than fire or famine. For the Chinese have a capacity for cold-blooded cruelty beyond almost any other race. On July 1 the end came. The garrison of the besieged legations appear to have formed a rough square, put their women and children in the middle, and sallied out to die fighting. The legations were in flames behind them, a hail of bullets smote them on front and flank. One dreadful detail is that the Europeans shot their own women and children rather than allow them to fall into the hands of the Chinese. What seems certain is that all perished, and by deaths of varying degrees of horror.

And how many victims did this Chinese version of Cawnpore—blacker than its Indian original—claim? No one knows. All the European Ministers, with their suites and families, seem to have perished. Sir Richard Hart, who has served China so nobly and for so long, must be amongst the victims, with his whole staff. There were, it is said, 100 missionaries in Pekin with their families, and 150 tourists. It is only too probable that all these—a great company of Christian people, counting, in all, over 1,000—have perished. Some survivor will emerge to tell, in broken syllables, part

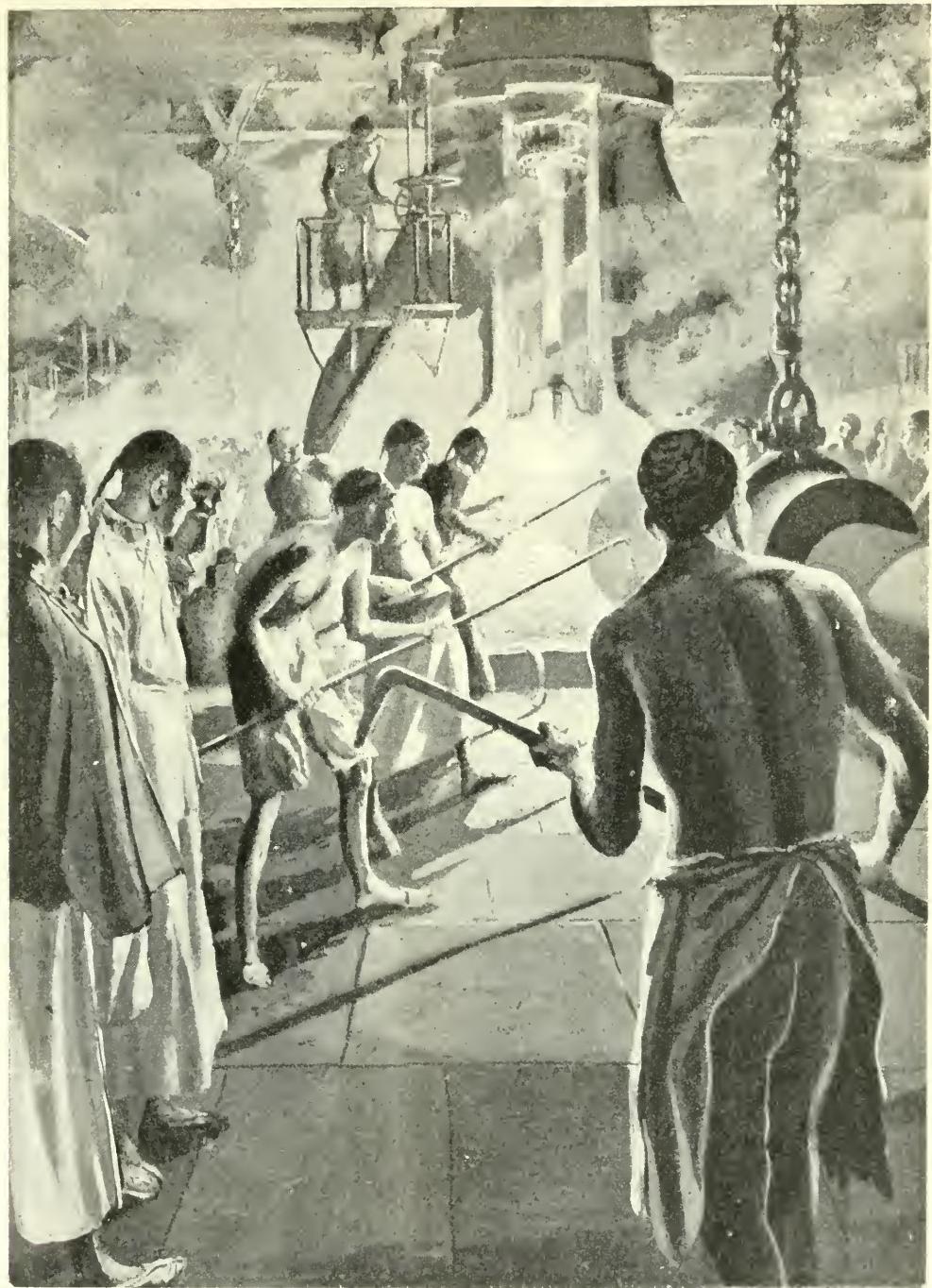


VICE-ADMIRAL SIR E. SEYMOUR, K.C.B.

Commander-in-Chief of the Ships on the China Station, and Officer Commanding the Peking International Relief Forces.

peril, and guards of marines and Cossacks had been sent up from the war-ships at Taku to protect the legations. But this was like trying to arrest a popular revolution with a corporal's guard, to put out a conflagration with a squirt!

The Chinese army, instead of fighting against the Boxers, joined them. The legations were besieged. On June 18 the German Minister, Baron von Ketteler, was dragged from his horse in the



"Harper's."]

A CHINESE GUN FACTORY AT SHANGHAI.

of the dreadful story. But the full tale of this crime against civilisation and humanity will never be told.

Here, then, is an event which has sent a thrill of horror through the startled world. What had the Admirals at Taku done in the meanwhile?



SIR ROBERT HART, G.C.M.G.  
Director of Chinese Customs.

Admiral Seymour, with an improvised force of marines and Cossacks of all nationalities—British, French, German, Russian, American—was, in the late days of June, pushing on to Pekin for the rescue of the besieged embassies. He was able to advance only eighteen miles from Tientsin, then found the resistance too fierce, and fell back, assailed by swarms of Boxers and of Chinese troops, to the Imperial Armoury, ten miles from Tientsin. Here he made a stand; and, indeed, for a few days vanished from the gaze of the outside world. It was reported that his whole force had been destroyed. The great stores of guns and ammunition he found in the Imperial Armoury, however, enabled Admiral Seymour to keep off his assailants till a rescuing force came up from Tientsin. Then the British admiral burnt the Armoury, and fell back to Tientsin, with a total loss, in killed and wounded, of nearly 300, and Tientsin itself has since been fiercely besieged by the Chinese. The combined fleets, earlier, had destroyed the Taku forts, which guard the entrance of the Peiho, the British gun-boats showing great skill and gallantry. Rear-Admiral Kempff, in command of the American ships of war, refused to take part in the attack, a circumstance which kindled a tempest of anger in the United States, and led to the prompt despatch of another officer, Rear-Admiral Remey, to take command of the American fleet in Chinese waters.

At the moment we write, Pekin is still in the hands of the Boxers and their allies. The British

and Russian admirals in command at the port find themselves unable to advance up the Peiho. Russia and Japan are each despatching 100,000 troops to the scene of action, Great Britain, Germany, and France will send 20,000 each; and China, in this way, becomes a political stage on which the Great Powers are stepping, and where events of a history-making character are about to transpire.

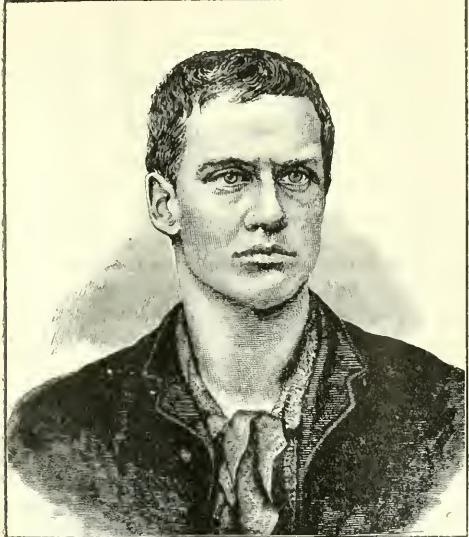
Meanwhile, mere chaos and darkness brood over the domestic politics of China. The Dowager Empress—who either kindled the Boxer revolt, or, finding the fire already lit, tried to use it for the purpose of consuming the hated foreigner—has herself been badly scorched by the fast-travelling flames. Prince Tuan, one of the great mandarins, attempted a coup d'état of his own. He proclaimed himself Emperor, called on the Boxers to support him, beheaded—after the fashion common to Chinese politics—all his rivals on whom he could lay hands, and was reported to have imprisoned and poisoned both the Emperor and the Dowager Empress. The Dowager Empress, however—who is an expert in coups d'état, and has a surprising trick of surviving—has emerged once more. She evidently recognises the fact that the Boxers are not, this time, going to succeed, and she promptly renounces them and all their works. She had previously issued a ferocious edict, declaring that "since the attack on and capture by the allies of the Taku forts, reconciliation with the foreigners



SIR CLAUDE MAXWELL MACDONALD.  
British Representative at Pekin.

had become impossible, and called upon the entire Chinese nation to exterminate the Christians."

But apparently the flavour of Prince Tuan's poison, and the spectacle of the gathering ironclads at the mouth of the Peiho, have effected a dramatic



DR. GEORGE ERNEST MORRISON,

(Formerly of Melbourne.)

Representative of the London "Times" in Pekin.

change in the old Empress' politics. She has appointed a reformer—Yung-Lu—Prime Minister, is standing by Prince Ching—who commands the Manchu garrison in Pekin, and who is said to have feebly assisted the European legations in that city—and has called upon all her mandarins to "protect the foreigner." But all these statements are based upon Chinese information; and, where politics are concerned, the Chinese, like the ancient Cretans, may be summarily described as a nation of liars. The veil of silence and mystery which hides all details of the fate of the legations in Pekin, and of foreigners generally throughout China, must, in a few hours, be lifted. The fog which lies on the whole landscape of Chinese politics will be blown aside. Meanwhile, there is the universal sense that in China the curtain is rising on what is sure to be a great drama, and what may well prove to be a gigantic tragedy.

It will be of interest to give some account of the leading actors who crowd this strange stage.

## II.—THE ACTORS IN THE DRAMA.

The Boxers play a fierce and bloody part in the drama. They are the pig-tailed Jacobins in this yellow Reign of Terror. They began the revolution. They have committed its worst crimes. They will probably be its latest victims.

### The Boxers.

Prince Li Hung Chang has offered the world his own version of who the Boxers are, and what are their aims. He said to a press interviewer:—

"The Boxers are only a rabble of stupid, ignorant people, led astray by fanaticism and anti-Christian feeling into attacking the native Christians and then their foreign teachers, the missionaries. I do not regard them as having any political motives, or class them in the same category as the secret societies in China, whose object is rebellion and the overthrowing of the dynasty. The Boxers are but common people. Their origin is, I think, due to the fact that continuous trouble with the native Christians has engendered ill-feeling among the peasantry, and as Christians in the law cases invariably get the better of them they thought that they must practise physical exercises to be equal to the Christians. They commenced to attack the native converts, and then the missionaries. The reason is therefore partly due to anti-Christianism and fanaticism."

"Do you think the native Christians in instances are to blame for this spirit of opposition?"

"Yes. Both Catholic and Protestant missionaries often themselves give trouble. The Roman Catholics are most troublesome."

Li Hung Chang's account of the Boxers, however, may well be regarded with suspicion. He is anxious to attenuate the significance of the revolt in the eyes of the Great Powers; and so he leaves out of his account of the Boxers their most characteristic trait, a ferocious hate of the foreigner. Their banners bear the inscription, "Exalt the dynasty; extirpate the foreigners." They are anti-Christian, no doubt; but this is merely because they regard native converts as traitors to China. Reuter gives an interview with the Rev. A. Sowerby, who has been working for twenty years in China, and has just reached London from Pao-ting-fu. Speaking of the nature and extent of the Boxer movement, he said:—

The movement which began in January was the direct outcome of the action of the ex-Governor of Shantung, one of the strongest anti-foreign men in China, who originated it. He then enlisted the sympathies of the Empress Dowager, who ever since has fostered the movement by edicts, and by preventing its suppression. She even went so far as to warn the Imperial officials that if any Boxers were wounded they would be held personally responsible. . . . First and foremost, the Boxer movement is anti-foreign, rather than anti-missionary, but, so far as the missionaries are concerned, it is chiefly directed against Catholics in Chih-li and Shantung. In this respect it is a retaliatory movement for the occupation of Kiao-Chau. This is no longer a missionary question, although many missionaries have suffered, and as they are more open to attack, probably will suffer. It has assumed much more serious proportions, inasmuch as the foreign railway and other officials who are working in China at the invitation of the Chinese Government are in jeopardy, and the whole of the important foreign colonies at Tientsin and Pekin are menaced. While I was at Pao-ting-fu there was a large Boxer camp outside the town, and drilling was going on daily. Although this is a large and important military centre, the officials contented themselves by sending out five Chinese officers to ask the Boxers to remain quiet, no other attempt being made to deal with them. Another evidence of the connivance of the authorities is to be found in the fact that a Boxer force was for several weeks drilling under the very eyes of the officials, and within sight of the foreign concession, without the least effort being made to disperse them.



CAPTAIN CLARE.

In command of the gunboat, Protector, ordered to China.

The true significance of the Boxer movement lies in the sudden proof it offers that, somehow, that corpse amongst the nations, the Chinese Empire, has felt a thrill of life; of life kindled by popular passion. That the mandarins and the official class generally have keenly resented the intrusion of the foreigner is certain. The Chinese, at bottom, are one of the proudest of races. They look on all the outer world as "barbarians." It is known that a resolve had been reached to shift the capital from Pekin to Shensi—an ancient fortified city, 700 miles from the coast, and on the very edge of the great Mongolian steppe—so as to be beyond the reach of the hated foreigner. They have felt, as one demand after another—for a port, for a province, for the head of a troublesome mandarin, for a huge compensation for a dead missionary, etc.—was demanded, very much as, say, Great Britain would feel if President Kruger had demanded the dismissal of Mr. Chamberlain, the surrender of the Channel Islands, and a tribute of £50,000,000!

But the Chinese, as a whole, apparently felt no thrill of anger. There was no sign of a common national sentiment, even during the Japanese war. Someone compared China, at the time, to a huge cheese, infested with mites; the Japanese were but rats who had eaten into one corner of the

cheese. "The mites in the heart, or on the further side of the cheese, knew nothing of the rats, and cared nothing." But that mood has passed away. The "mites" in the cheese have, somehow, grown suddenly and simultaneously angry, and the emergence of the Boxers is a sign of their anger.

### The Dowager Empress.

"The only man in China is a woman": into that epigram some wit condensed a description of the old Empress. She certainly has few womanly qualities, and amongst these none that belong to the Western idea of womanhood; and she has, undoubtedly, many of those qualities—insight, daring, vehemence of will—which the men who rule the Chinese Empire ought to possess, but do not. The Empress is credited by gossip with all the vices of a Messalina. She is Catherine of Russia translated into Chinese terms, and with a touch of subtlety, and a flavour of cruelty—by virtue of her Eastern blood—which the Russian Empress, with all her characteristics—good and bad—did not possess.

The story of the old Empress is a true romance, a romance only possible on an Eastern stage, and amongst Eastern actors. The Empress has ruled the vast formless Empire of China for twenty-eight years—a marvellous feat—and has some title to be described as a Bismarck in petticoats—or in the Chinese equivalent for petticoats. The best account of her is given in "Blackwood," from which we take the following extracts:—

The most interesting personage in China during the past thirty years has been and still is without doubt the lady whom we style Empress-dowager. She was never Empress, not even as imperial consort, having been but the secondary wife of Hsien-feng, the Emperor, who fled from his capital on the approach of the Anglo-French forces in 1860. But she took the title as the mother of that ill-starred monarch's heir, in which capacity she was allowed to share with the widow proper the regency during the minority of the Emperor Tung-Chih. The female duumvirate was not what was intended—was, in fact, an unforeseen result of the last will and testament of the Emperor Hsien-feng, who died at his hunting-lodge at Jeho, whither he himself had been hunted by the victorious invaders.

Conforming to the laws of his house, the Emperor in his will nominated a Council of Regency during the minority of his infant son, afterwards known as the Emperor Tung-Chih. The Council was composed of two imperial princes and the Minister, Sun-che. To his two wives, the true but childless one and the secondary one who was mother of the Prince Imperial, he bequeathed the guardianship of the infant. The Emperor placed his real confidence in the first, the legal wife: but he was fond of the other, the mother of his heir. A serious dilemma thus confronted him, which he sought to evade by placing in the hands of the Empress a private and personal testament, giving her absolute authority over her colleague, only to be exercised, however, in certain emergencies.

### A Chinese Coup d'Etat.

The Empress-mother was twenty-seven years old, clever, ambitious, and apparently fearless. She saw with envy the whole power of the State passing into the hands of the Council of Regency, while the two widows were relegated to a quite subordinate place.

Brooding over this imaginary wrong, she conceived a scheme by which the position might be reversed, and confided it to her brother-in-law, Prince Kung. The ambition which the Empress-mother confided to Prince Kung was nothing less than to suppress the Council of Regency, and set up in its place the authority of the two Empresses. Inasmuch, however, as they were ignorant of affairs, and women to boot, the Prince himself was to be the real executive and de facto ruler of the Empire. Prince Kung yielded to the seduction, and thus became accessory to the violation of the dynastic law,—of what other law human or divine it is needless to particularise. The dilatory Chinese can be prompt enough on occasion, as has recently been seen, and Prince Kung took the very first opportunity of executing the plot hatched by his sister-in-law. The Regents were returning from the obsequies of the deceased Emperor when Prince Kung launched trumped-up charges against them of neglect of certain funeral rites, had them arrested on the road, and executed. By this summary violence the two Empresses were securely established as Regents, with Prince Kung as Chancellor of the empire.



COMMANDER TICKELL.

In charge of the Victorian Naval Brigade for China.

There was never such ambiguity about the Empress-regent. No veil was thick enough to hide her character. Her career has been consistent, and she remains what she has often been called, the "only man in the empire." Possessed by three passions, of which the two having self and power for their object have survived the more transient one, and still gather strength with advancing years, the portrait of her Majesty that is most intelligible to the European comprehension is that which represents her as a counterpart of Catherine II.

Of the scandals of the Palace it would serve no useful purpose to speak in detail; while on the other hand it is impossible to ignore them altogether, since they have been a factor in Palae politics, and the source of some of the bitterest family quarrels. The eunuch,

at all events, is a feature of Palace life which may be accepted as historical—a convenient medium both for catering for his owner's whims and for making free with his secrets, and her Majesty has been both well and ill served by those obsequious ministrants. An intense curiosity has always been one of her marked characteristics, a feeling which she has taken every means convenient to her station to gratify. There was once a story of her salad days when her practised eye fell upon a young gallant attached to one of the European legations, to whom occult intelligence was conveyed through appropriate channels. Adonis would not have been wholly averse from learning something of that mysterious interior from which diplomats were severely excluded, but it was supposed that he yielded to the advice of his comrades, who represented that getting in might be easier than getting safely out of such a galere.

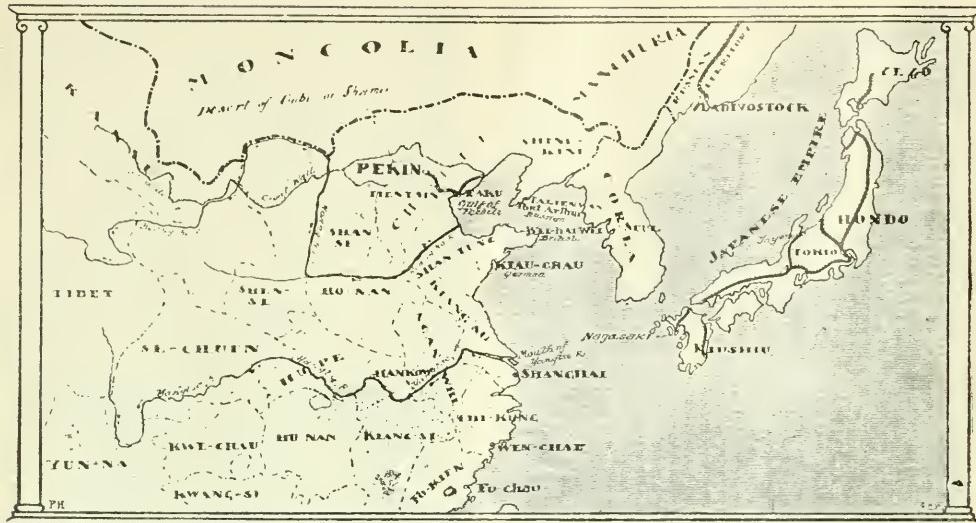
The Empress-regent ruled China for twenty-eight years, from 1861 to 1889, a period embracing two minorities of equal duration. In comparison with the exhibition that has been made since the young Emperor assumed full power, it must be admitted that the empire was not ill governed under the regency.

While the regent was learning the science of governing, which she did with avidity, during the first minority her legal status as mother of the sovereign was unassailable. Through that alone was she able to hold her ground with the Eastern Empress, the politic Kung contriving all the while to play off the one regent against the other, so keeping his balance and maintaining his grip of power. This was gall and wormwood to the Western Empress, who soon became as impatient to get rid of Prince Kung as she had been of the Council of Regency. Prudence, however, restrained her from any overt attack on him, because her public authority would come to an end on her son's reaching his majority, though, so long as he lived, nothing could divest her of her maternal prerogatives.

### The Two Empresses.

After the assumption of power by the Emperor Tung-chih in 1873, a meeting took place between the Regents, his guardians. The senior Empress sent a message to her imperial sister proposing an official meeting in a certain pavilion in the Palace. After the ceremonial courtesies, the Eastern Empress said she had sought the interview because their common task had now been fulfilled and it was fitting that they should lay down their office and take formal leave of each other. For her part, she added, she was well pleased to be relieved of the responsibility. She was also gratified that they two had been able to work so long in harmony for the welfare of the young Emperor and of the State. So far well, but the lady had a postscript to add, in the manner which is a stock device in plays and novels. She produced the private will of their late husband, and disclosed for the first time to her sister the powers which she had kept dormant these dozen years. "Now," she said, "there is no further use for such a document," whereupon she burned it before the eyes of the Western Empress. This dramatic scene made a terrible impression on the Empress-mother. She was not converted by it, but changed, giving way to sudden hatred of the deceased Emperor who mistrusted her, and to the woman who had been made the confidante of that distrust. How her relations to her ex-colleague in the regency, and even to her own son, were affected by this humiliating discovery can only be conjectured. What is known is that neither of them long survived the incident.

The life and death of the young Emperor Tung-chih, the son of Hsien-feng and the present Empress-regnant, seems little more than an episode in the career of his imperial—and imperious—mother. He died within two years of his full accession, removed by his own mother as some would have us believe, but by quite other agencies as others no less boldly affirm. That the Empress was capable of doing away with her son, or a dozen of them if they stood in her way, may be conceded—but not without a motive. And the motive for filicide



"Sphere.")

#### MAP SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF CHINA, COREA, AND JAPAN.

England's naval base at Wei-hai-Wei and the German base at Kiau-chau are both situated in the Shantung peninsula at the approach to the Gulf of Pechili. The harbour of Masampho, recently acquired by Russia, lies at the extreme southern end of Corea. The valley of the Yangtse River, which is of special interest to England, is indicated by a dotted band.

in this case has hardly been made clear enough to carry a verdict of wilful murder. In his brief career the young Emperor was the subject of much tea-house gossip in Peking. He was an original, and the son of his mother in more ways than one. He delighted in breaking bounds incognito, and in a species of revelry not conducive to good health. The common talk was that he died of one disease while being treated for another, the Court physicians not daring to give a true diagnosis. But any Chinese sick-room, more particularly a high and mighty one, is a dark corner, where things are seldom what they seem.

With the disappearance of her son, the last plank in the legal platform of the Empress-mother disappeared. But her appetite had grown by what it fed upon. She had now had fourteen years' schooling in statecraft, and she resolved that, per fas et nefas, reign who might, she would govern.

The story of her second coup d'état, of January, 1875, has been often related—how the Empress so called caused her own sister's child to be snatched out of its warm bed on a bitter night and conveyed into the Palace, whence he was proclaimed Emperor at day-break. By this stroke the Regent at once aggrandised her own family, made a friend of a younger brother-in-law, the father of the child, to replace the elder, who had become an enemy, and, to sum up all, secured for herself a new lease of power. For she who could thus make an emperor could also make a regent. The infant who had greatness in this way thrust upon him is the Emperor who has reigned twenty-three years under the style of Kwang Su, and many a time, no doubt, has that soft young man lamented the fate that dragged him from his peaceful cot to a bed that has decidedly not been for him one of roses.

#### A Chinese Duel.

But it was the relations between Prince Kung and the perpetual Regent that now became the most interesting feature. The two antagonists were like wrestlers

watching intently for the grip. They were well matched, and the struggle was prolonged for twenty years before one got a decided advantage over the other. The Prince thought he saw his chance already in the early sixties. Scandal was rife, and he thought he could fish something for himself out of the dirty pool. The chief eunuch was his *bête noire*, because he was the Empress' right hand. Rumour even credited them with relations not altogether consistent with the man's status. Prince Kung intrigued very cleverly to get him sent on a mission to the provinces; it was to buy porcelain for the Empress. His plot was to get rid of the eunuch and justify the public suspicions at one stroke. So he engaged the Governor of Shantung, Tingpao-ching, to arrest the eunuch as he passed through his province, on a charge of treason, execute him on the spot, and expose his body *coram populo*, which was done. Prince Kung scored on his first point, for the eunuch was dead, but failed in the second. Imagine the fury of the Regent at this treachery and indignities to herself, the more terrible that she dared not betray her feelings, but could only watch for occasions to deal underhand blows at her rival. Once she ventured on an open attack, and would show the Prince by edict, reinstating him next day,

merely to show her power and her feeling.

Such being the normal relations between the two leading personages in China, it is not difficult to comprehend the animus of the Regent in supplanting the son of Prince Kung, who was the legal heir to the throne, nor the mortification of the Prince on seeing the Empress' eunuch so handsomely avenged.

The crisis in her fate, as was anticipated, arrived with the present Emperor's coming of age, marriage, and assumption of the Government. Would the Regent frankly resign, or still cling to power? and if so, by what means and under what pretext? The Emperor attained his majority in a rather novel manner. It was not a sudden phenomenon, but a gradual process, resembling the dawn of a summer day in high latitudes rather than the abrupt rising of the equatorial sun. Clearly, the Regent was extremely reluctant to lay down the sceptre, and when it was impossible further to retard

the unwelcome ceremony, her devices to retain the reality, even when obliged to part with the form of power, were deep and tortuous.

The Regent entered into a private treaty with the Emperor whereby, in making over to him full powers, she specifically reserved to herself certain articles, twenty-five in number; and she retained in her possession a most important seal, without which the Emperor's authority could never be complete.

Notwithstanding this unique convention, the Emperor continued "more Sinico" under the influence of his tutor, Wen-tung-ho, who made it his business to fill the pupil's mind with abhorrence of the illegal compact to which he had made himself a party, and of the illegality of the Empress' whole position.

An Emperor's party was formed to counteract the ex-Regent, and they scored many successes, some of which emerged clearly into the light of day. Encouraged by these successes, the Emperor's advisers, soon after his full accession, sought and found an occasion for an open attack on the Dowager's party; and, in view of recent occurrences, it is interesting to remember that the *casus belli* in 1889 was then, as now, reform.

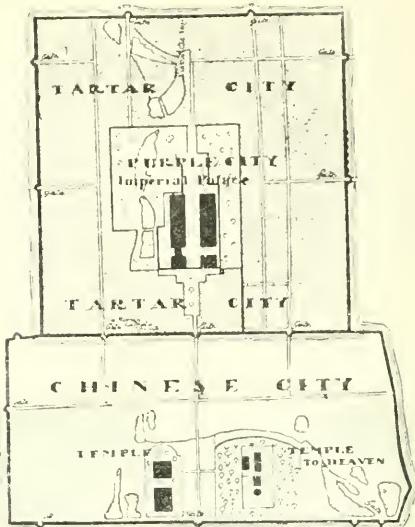
By sheer energy she gathered up the threads one by one, regained her position gradually, and took back the powers of which she had been deprived by the machinations of the Emperor's advisers.

How the Empress used her victory would bear telling, but let it suffice to say that by a course of truculent procedure she so cowed, not only the Emperor, but his whole entourage, that every one of them was afraid of his life. They recalled the fate of the first Council of Regency, of the fate they had themselves prepared for Li Hung-chang,—and none dared to be found on any side but that of the strong-minded woman.



A GATEWAY IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE,  
PEKIN.

[“Through China with a Camera.”]



“Sphere.”]

#### PLAN OF PEKIN, SHOWING THE PURPLE FORBIDDEN CITY.

The city is divided into three parts, separated and surrounded by walls 50 feet high. The southern portion is known as the Chinese city, and is separated from the northern or Tarter city by a wall and moat. The Emperor resides in the third or innermost city, known officially as the Purple Forbidden City. Only the Royal Family are allowed entrance into the Purple City.

#### The Emperor.

The Emperor, who is reported as having been poisoned by Prince Tuan, and who played the part of an ignoble pawn in the fierce game of the old Empress, has many titles to pity and respect. He probably had the hardest lot assigned to him of any human being born during the present generation. He was a sort of Chinese Hamlet, with duty and character in hopeless conflict with each other. He had the temper of a modern reformer, and was set to rule the most corrupt and conservative nation known to history. The London “Spectator” gives an interesting sketch of his appearance and character:—

A recent portrait of the Emperor affords to keen observers an insight into his character, and so enables us to get at his mind when he issued this scheme of reforms. The face is that of a woman rather than a man, or of a man with an essentially feminine nature, thoughtful, delicate, refined, probably imaginative, but lacking force and will. It is not Chinese at all; it is too “spiritual” for the average and exceptional Chinaman alike; it might be the face of a mystic or a philosopher, it is not the face of a man who can deal roughly and practically with the complicated issues of Chinese life. Here is a man, one says, of considerable intellectual power and moral insight, who will be able, from the purely intellectual and moral point of view, to see the urgent needs of his country and to suggest remedies

for her political and social disorders. But he is not of the stuff of which practical reformers are made; if his schemes are thwarted—as they inevitably will be—he will not know what to do. The great reforming monarchs have always been men of vigorous character. Peter the Great not only knew what Russia needed two centuries ago, but he was determined to enforce his reforms by the knout and the sword, and woe betide any reactionary who dared to stand in the way. Frederick the Great did not content himself with reading philosophy and speculating on politics; he gave it to be understood that those who resisted his authority would be punished without mercy. But the Chinese Emperor is not a reforming monarch in this sense; he more resembles a political philosopher reporting to a Sovereign his own purely speculative conclusions. He sees, but he cannot act.

Mr. R. Van Bergen gives in the "Home Magazine" what he calls "The Strange Story of the Chinese Emperor":—

Peking that the Empresses had made a selection in Aluteh, the daughter of Prince Chung; Dame Rumour also had it that this girl, singularly beautiful and intelligent, placed rolls of wadding upon her shoulders and under her dress so as to appear deformed. She evidently did not know the astuteness of the two Empresses. After she had been duly selected the official Gazettee gravely announced that the court physician had been able to cure the deformity of the new Empress by "removing the protuberance from her back," a token that it was evidently the will of heaven that the girl, so singularly favoured, should be raised to the exalted dragon throne. This remarkable operation must certainly have made the fortune of the physician.

The wedding took place with the ceremonies prescribed for such occasions.

Two years later Tung Chi was "specially favoured by heaven" which is Chinese for saying that the Emperor had the smallpox. Aluteh did not survive him many days. The official announcement said that she had died from grief; but it was whispered that the



SHAN CH'ING,  
Son of a Tartar General.

PRINCE TU'AN,  
Responsible for the Massacre of the  
Europeans.  
["Intimate China."]

LI HUNG CHIANG.

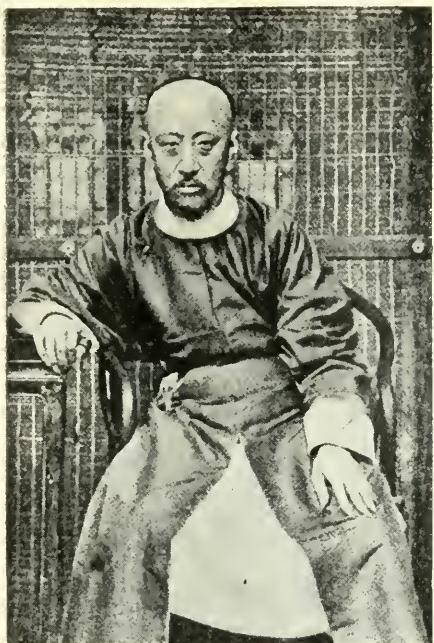
When, in 1872, Tung Chi was sixteen years old, orders were sent to all the principal families in the realm to send their marriageable daughters to Peking, that the Empresses might select a wife for him. This order could not be disobeyed, but a great many of these girls would have declined the honour, if they could have had a voice in the matter.

#### Choosing a Bride.

In China, until she becomes the mother of a son, a wife is only the principal servant of her mother-in-law; and to come at once in the possession of two mothers-in-law was certainly no pleasant outlook. It was, at the time, whispered at

two Dowagers had hinted that her existence was a nuisance, in obedience to which she had starved herself to death.

It was absolutely necessary to select at once a successor. What would become of the peace of the Empire if Tung Chi were not worshipped and sacrifices duly offered to his spirit? But the two Dowagers had tasted the sweets of power, and it was decided that he could not be of an older generation than the late Emperor. It was therefore decided in the family council that the little baby brother of Hein Feng should be the successor. The child was sent for immediately. He arrived, and his name was changed from Tsai-tien to Kuang Hsu, meaning Illustrious Successor.



PRINCE CHING,  
Who tried to relieve the Legations.

The child was, at this time, three and a half years old. Prince Chung, his father, duly resigned his claims in favour of the two Dowagers, who constituted themselves once more joint guardians.

Thus, then, the child and boy Emperor passed his days, and the time approached when with marriage he was to assume man's estate and man's duties. But the two Dowagers had grown accustomed to the wielding of power in the twenty-five years of minority, and it was not likely that they should resign it entirely and willingly. In appearance, however, Kuang Hsu reached his majority, and ascended the throne. The ponderous machinery of State revolved around him as around the central axis, but behind the screen were the Dowagers, hearing all that passed and having a strong voice in the imperial decisions.

#### Suppressing an Emperor.

Poor Kuang Hsu was inclined to emulate Mutsuhito, the Emperor of Japan. In this purpose he was strengthened by Kang Yu Wei, who represented the Progressive Party of China. The official Gazette promulgated edict upon edict. English was to be taught in at least one school of every Fu, or district. The examinations for office, instead of being confined exclusively to the Chinese classics, should embrace the modern sciences, etc. These and similar innovations alarmed the mandarins, or officials, as well as the prospective officeholders or literati. When, then, it was announced that Marquis Ito was about to visit Peking, the apprehension arose that he was to assist Kuang Hsu in carrying out these reforms. The aid of the Empress was invoked, and she, grown old—the surviving Dowager is sixty-six years of age—under the endangered system, interposed her parental authority. If Kuang Hsu had disregarded the prescripts of filial piety

he would have been execrated by every Chinese. What could the poor fellow do, situated, as he was, between the devil and the deep sea?

At first the rumour spread that the Emperor was dead. If the world at Peking had accepted the rumour as a fact, there is no doubt that a dose of poison would have removed him quietly. But a great deal of sympathy was felt for Kuang Hsu by the foreign diplomats, and they joined in the demand that a foreign physician should be permitted to examine him. The old Dowager was furious at this interference with her plans, but she dared not refuse, and the physician attached to the French legation was admitted. He found the young Emperor weak and ailing, but suffering from no serious illness. Still, it was evident that he was a prisoner in the Forbidden City, and that the Dowager had usurped his authority.

#### The Great Mandarins.

The mandarins necessarily play a great part in the drama of Chinese politics. Li Hung Chang would, by mere force of crafty intellect, have played a great part on any stage. When General Grant had completed his journey of the world, he said to a friend, "I have met on this journey four great men, Bismarck, Beaconsfield, Gambetta, and Li Hung Chang. I am not sure, all things considered, but that Li is the greatest of the four." Mr. John Russell Young says of Li Hung Chang:—

I see in him an historical figure of the century—the one Chinese statesman with the prescience and courage to lead his people toward what is best in our Western civilisation; a masterful, intrepid spirit, who has done his work with fortitude. I see in him a pathetic figure, remembering his own fair, proud hopes as to China and Japan—now dashed to the ground through this miserable and unnecessary war. I see in him the truest of



CHINESE ARCHER.

[“Through China with a Camera.”]

Chinese patriots, loving his native land with single-minded devotion.

This is a rose-coloured version of the great Chinese statesman, who has all the craft, and much of the cruelty, of his race; but whose standard of truth and honesty will hardly satisfy Western judgment. Mr. Henry Norman declares that Li Hung Chang has long been a Russian agent, if not in

Western Powers as his ally, and chose Russia. But Li Hung Chang is old; and though he is supreme in the province in which he now acts as viceroy, he will not play a leading part in the drama in progress at Pekin.

Prince Tuan, who has proclaimed himself Emperor, represents the conservative and anti-foreign element, and will certainly not be



MEMBERS OF THE TSUNG-LI-YAMEN AT PEKIN.

Russian pay; and says he has seen a private letter, written by Gordon years ago, in which he declared this would be the part the great mandarin would end by playing. The note of Li Hung Chang's policy has always been an attempt to reconcile Chinese policy with Western ideals. He probably found himself compelled to choose some one of the

recognised by the Great Powers. He will probably, if captured, be summarily shot or hanged. Prince Ching is, in slow Chinese fashion, a reformer. He sees that China is powerless against the West, and a massacre of foreigners would be swiftly avenged by the partition of the Empire. So he tried to placate the Great Powers by saving their lega-

tions and beheading the Boxers. But it is improbable that any strong central government for the whole of China will be evolved; and this must practically turn the viceroys, of the remoter provinces, at least, into monarchs. China, in a word, may break up into a cluster of independent kingdoms, and the Great Powers will deal with the local mandarins. As the London "Spectator" puts it:—

The European Powers, finding representations made at the capital utterly useless, will, whenever a difficulty occurs, negotiate, as they did in India, with individual Viceroys; will treat them, as they did in India, as if they were independent Princes, and will disregard the fact that their concessions are legally of no value. Russia will compel Li Hung Chang, as Viceroy of Tientsin—which includes Manchuria—to grant her what she requires, Germany will deal direct with the Governor of Shantung, France will "speak" with the Viceroy of the two Kwangs in the South, and Great Britain will insist on full protection for her trade and practical obedience from the great mandarins who govern in the valley of the Yangtse.

### III.—THE EUROPEAN POWERS.

All the Great Powers of Europe, though not all in the same degree, are interested in the Chinese drama. England has the greatest trade interests in China, and her policy is clear. She wants no partition of China. She will not accept Lord Charles Beresford's suggestion that China shall be "Egyptianised;" should be treated, that is, as Egypt has been treated, and managed like the estate of a minor. A nation of 400,000,000 cannot

be put to school in this fashion, even if we had another Lord Cromer to undertake the task. America is interested in China as a vast market for her products. France and Germany because they are hungry, not only for trade, but for territory and colonies, and are jealously determined to keep abreast of the other Powers. Now that the representative of the German Emperor has been slain in the streets in Pekin, we may be sure that German policy in China will be marked by a new thoroughness and resolution. The Emperor William has announced that he will never be content till the German flag flies in Pekin.

But the protagonists in the approaching struggle are Russia and Japan. They are richest in military resources on the spot; they represent fundamentally opposed policies; they are on fire with mutual jealousy; each of them covets Corea, and deems that fertile peninsula essential to its future. Corea will give Russia a sea-board in Chinese waters; it would give Japan a sure foothold on the mainland, and room for 10,000,000 Japanese settlers. Under the Russian flag Corea would be a loaded pistol levelled at the head of Japan. In Japanese hands Corea would be a final bar to Russian hopes in the East. The struggle is inevitable and near. The puzzle is whether the present outbreak in China will bring it to a sudden climax; or whether, since all the Great Powers are compelled



PRISONERS, WEARING THE CANGUE, WITH THEIR GAOLER.

to take part in the game—it may not be possible to enforce peace on Japan and Russia, or find some modus vivendi betwixt them. Certainly, a fight betwixt Russia and Japan on Chinese soil, and with the plunder of China as a prize, would be an event sufficient to set the whole world by the ears.

The great factor of the situation on the Russian side is the Siberian railway. The place of honour in the "North American Review" for May is reserved for a paper in which M. Michailoff, a Russian official and expert on Siberian matters, gives an account of the great railway, and the results which it is to attain.

### The Siberian Railway.

The railway will be completed in 1902. The greatest result hitherto obtained has been the increase in the number of immigrants, which in 1890 was under 50,000, and in 1896 had risen to over 200,000. All kinds of industry have also begun to develop, and Siberian corn now finds its way to foreign markets; but this development has been too rapid for the resources of the line, and in 1898 the rolling stock was insufficient to carry more than half the corn available for export. Formerly, it was intended to despatch only three trains a day; now five are despatched. The line is at present a single one; but M. Michailoff says it will be doubled in due course, and he estimates that for this 132,000,000 kilograms of rails will be required; or in ten years' time, including the Manchurian line and repairs, 960,000,000 kilograms.

M. Michailoff thinks that most of the passenger and valuable goods traffic to the Far East will go by rail in future. Even at the present low rate of speed only eighteen days will be necessary for the journey from Western Europe to Port Arthur. If the speed were increased to twenty-five versts an hour it would take only twenty days to reach Hong Kong. The railway route will also be incomparably cheaper. At present the journey from Paris or London to China or Japan costs, first class, about 1,800 francs. The overland journey will be made for from 800 to 950 francs, or about half the cost, and at the terminus of the railway will be found steamers by which the chief ports of the Far East may be reached.

Mr. James Murdoch is the writer of the second Far-Eastern article in the "North American Review," and the subject of his paper is the relative position of Russia and Japan.

### Japanese Armaments.

In any struggle in the Far East the Japanese navy is the first factor. This year Japan will have a fleet of between 210,000 and 220,000 tons, as



"Bulletin."]

### THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA.

against Russia's 85,000 to 90,000, if no more Russian ships are sent to the Far East. The mercantile marine of Japan is now exactly four times as great as in 1893. As to her army, Mr. Murdoch says:—

At the beginning of 1894 the Japanese army on a peace footing consisted of 69,000 officers and men. After the war with China, a programme of army expansion was laid down, in terms of which the Japanese land forces were ultimately to amount to 145,000 men on a peace footing, and between 530,000 and 540,000 men on a war footing. What progress has been made with that programme may be inferred from the fact that, at the end of 1898, there were 120,800 men with the colours, besides 4,520 students in the military schools, while the first reserve numbered over 115,000 and the second 75,000 men. Now, of course, these figures have been very considerably increased, and even at present on a war footing the army may be safely placed at not less than 300,000 men of all arms.

Mr. Murdoch says that the Japanese finances are very well administered. Japan has a war reserve of £5,000,000, and he thinks that her immediate financial resources would be sufficient for at least one campaign.

### Russia's Position.

Mr. Murdoch gives the Russian forces in Eastern Siberia as about 110,000 men.

The question between Russia and Japan, he says, really centres around Korea, and is not merely a struggle for political preponderance. The Japanese want an outlet for their surplus population; they do not flourish in Formosa, but they estimate that Korea contains room for at least 10,000,000 of their people, and the struggle

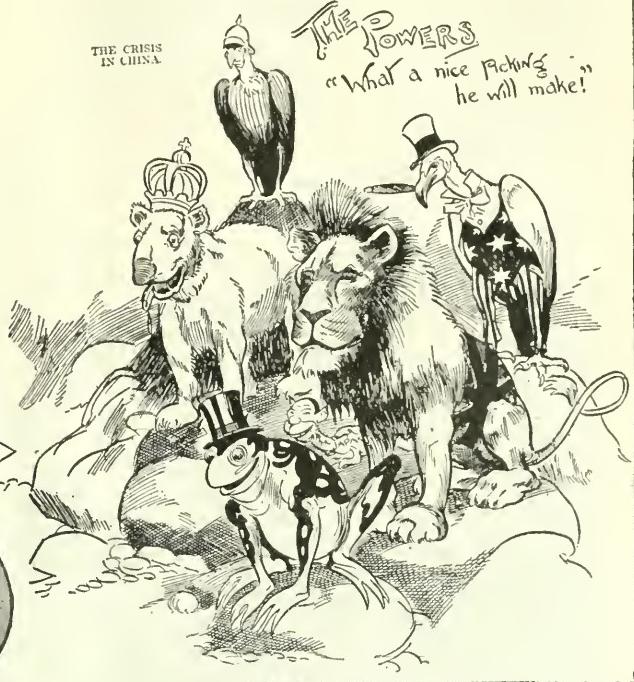


"Critic."

round Korea is really a struggle for existence. The occupation of Korea by Russia would be fatal to this aim; and, says Mr. Murdoch, a Japanese occupation of Korea would be equally fatal to Russia.

### IV.—THE YELLOW AND WHITE RACES.

Japan, it cannot be doubted, has been brooding over a great and vague policy as regards China. Why should she not supply to that vast body



what it so much needs—a brain and a set of nerves? China has many of the elements of a great Power. It has a hardy and almost limitless population, and vast natural resources, and that the Chinaman can be turned into a fighting-man of the finest type can hardly be doubted. He is strong-bodied, has almost as little "nerves" as a fish, and is capable of a cool contempt of death equal to that of the men of any other race. All he needs to make him a most formidable soldier is leadership, discipline, and the inspiration of a cause in which he believes. Lord Wolseley, it is known, has the highest opinion of the fighting capabilities of the Chinese. In an article in the "Cosmopolitan" he wrote:—

I believe the Chinese people to possess all the mental and physical qualities required for national greatness. They love the land of their birth with a superstitious reverence; they believe in their own superiority, and despise all other races. They are fine men, endowed with great powers of endurance; industrious and thrifty, they have few wants and can live on little, and that little, poor food. Absolutely indifferent to death, they are fearless and brave, and when well trained and well led they make first-rate soldiers. I have seen them under fire, and found them cool and undismayed by danger. If they were provided with a small proportion of English officers, and were organised as the Egyptian army has been by us since 1882, their army would soon be, according to my opinion, one of the finest. I recommend the employment of English officers in pre-



N.Z. "Graphic."]

## CHINESE FIREWORKS.

(Voice from the East): "You savee. Me allesame oleKluger. Me going give 'humanity' the 'stammers.'"



AFTER THE MASSACRE.

ference to those of other nations, because we seem to have greater aptitude for that sort of work among Eastern races than gentlemen of other nationalities, and we have had far greater experience at it.

This hardy, clever race, whose numbers are to be counted in hundreds of millions, needs only the quickening, guiding, controlling hand and mind of a Napoleon to be converted into the greatest and most powerful nation that has ever dictated terms to the world! But a Napoleon does not always appear when wanted.

An almond-eyed, yellow-skinned, and pig-tailed Napoleon is unthinkable; but Japanese statesmen are known to cherish the dream that Japan might do for China what Napoleon did for revolutionary France: organise it, supply it with a governing brain and a definite policy, and so build up a great world-power of the Yellow races as against the White. In this combination China will supply the brute power, Japan the brains; and the combination might have been formidable. But the present crisis has brought all the Great Powers on the stage, and Japan will certainly not be allowed to play "a lone hand" after this fashion.

#### V.—AUSTRALIA AND CHINA.

There are many circumstances which might be supposed to chill Australian interest in the Chinese struggle. The Australian does not like John Chinaman. The two races are antipathetic in every sense. The Australian dreads him as a competitor in his own labour market, and has built up a high tariff fence to keep him out. He knows, too, that geography makes the menace of the Yellow race a peril to his island-continent. The distance betwixt China and Northern Australia is short. A few days' run over summer seas alone parts the almost empty shores of Northern Australia from the swarming and multitudinous hordes of China. A great Chinese immigration into Northern Australia is possible; it would be imminent but for the shadow of the British flag. It seems a trivial thing, too, but it is a fact, that the unintelligible and unpronounceable quality of Chinese names serves to effect a breach of comprehension betwixt the popular mind in Australia and China itself. Chinese politics are uncomprehended, and no human interest can fasten on human figures burdened with such a distressful combination of syllables! Many people keep clear of Tolstoi's novels because of the unintelligibility of Russian names; and something of the same feeling is entertained by the average Australian towards all literature that deals with China.

But in spite of all this, Australian interest in the Chinese trouble is keen. For one thing, the scene of action is near. This is a "Pacific question;" and the Australian is learning to feel towards the Pacific as the Englishman feels about the Channel, the American about the Atlantic, the Frenchman and Italian about the Mediterranean.

It is in his parish! Any event occurring within its sweep has, in a sense, a "domestic" interest.

Moreover, the scale, the suddenness, and the tragical quality of events in China are exactly of the sort to arrest the Australian's attention and kindle his imagination. So a portion of the Australian squadron has been eagerly released for service in Chinese waters, and the colonies are generously willing to add naval help of their own.

The Australian colonies, it may be added, have one curious and little-noticed reason for interest in China. A great company of missionaries from these colonies are at work there. We give elsewhere a list of such missionaries, and it will be seen that the number is considerable, and every colony supplies a share. The missionary impulse beats strongly in the blood of all the Australasian Churches. They have practically Christianised the Pacific with their agents, and they are looking for new fields in which they may plant the banner of the Cross. China and India are both close at hand; but it is, perhaps, the accident of the visit a few years ago of Mr. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission, which has turned the stream of Australian missionaries towards China rather than India. These colonies have, moreover, already given martyr-blood to China. Two brave Australian girls, Lizzie and Nellie Saunders, the first agents of the Church Missionary Society sent from these colonies, were slain in a popular outbreak in 1893, and their mother then, with great heroism, herself went as a missionary to the land where her daughters had fallen. It is only too probable that, in the madness which rages now throughout China against foreigners in general, and against missionaries in particular, many brave servants of Christ may have to lay down their lives for their Master. In that case Australian missionaries will add a new and heroic company to "the noble army of martyrs." All this gives keen and pathetic interest to the photographs of Australian missionaries in China which we give in this issue.

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We are indebted for most of our photographs of Australian missionaries in China to the local representative of the China Inland Mission. This great agency was formed in 1865, by the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, to carry the Gospel to the millions in the inland provinces of China. There are now, in connection with the Mission, more than 800 missionaries and associates, 85 of whom have gone out from Australasia since the establishment of the Australasian branch, ten years ago. Through the courtesy of the Australasian Council, we are able, in this issue, to give the photographs of the Australians now in China. The Council has just published a "Missionary Album," containing the photographs of these workers, and of persons in Australasia who have been prominently connected with the Mission during the past ten years. This Album (price 1s.) can be obtained from the leading booksellers and stationers, or from the office of the Mission, 267 Collins-street, Melbourne.



THE FIRST BAND OF AUSTRALIAN MISSIONARIES SENT TO CHINA.

Mrs. Dr. Williams, Mr. Burgess, Miss Booth, Miss Faith Box, and Mrs. Gould are still in China.

Miss Fish,  
Mrs. Allen (née Aspinall).

Mr. A. S. Devenish,  
Miss Booth,

Mrs. Dr. Williams (née Lloyd),  
Mrs. Dr. Williams (née Lloyd),  
Miss Faith Box,

Mr. Burgess,

Mr. Burgess,  
Mrs. Strong (née Lorrensen),

Mr. A. C. Rogers,

Mrs. Gould née Steel).

Mr. F. Burden (S.A.)



CONFERENCE OF CHINA INLAND MISSIONARIES.

AN ENGLISH, AMERICAN, FRENCH, GERMAN, AND DUTCH CONFERENCE OF CHINA INLAND MISSIONARIES, showing how closely the missionaries who are

## IMPERILLED AUSTRALIAN MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

### A COMPLETE PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Australia has an interest compounded of many elements in the present Chinese trouble. There is the interest all spectators feel in gazing at a great and swiftly evolving drama. There is the concern born of pity, pity for gallant lives imperilled. There is the political anxiety aroused in an intelligent community by great events affecting the policy and welfare of the Empire; and there is the business concern begotten in the commercial mind by the sense of great trade interests imperilled, and a great commercial market suddenly become practically non-existent.

But there remains an even keener and more sacred reason for a deep interest in the Chinese trouble. Australia has given, as hostages to pagan China, a noble band of godly men and women, who have gone there as the messengers and missionaries of Christianity. All the Australian colonies have their representatives in the Mission schools

and stations scattered throughout that great Empire. Some of these, it is to be feared, have already perished, dying as martyrs for the faith they have taught. And all the survivors are in urgent and deadly peril. The shadow of swift-coming death, it is too plain, lies on every white face in China. But as popular hate is specially kindled against Christian teachers and their native converts, it is to be feared that all missionaries will be pursued with special fury. Under these circumstances a quite unique interest attaches to the personality of all the Australian missionaries in China. We are able to give our readers a complete collection of the portraits of these brave men and women—only three portraits, at least, are missing. The interest felt in these is already keen; it may, within a few days, be sharpened into regretful and admiring grief. The faces on these pages may turn out to be the portraits of a great company of martyrs!



Rev. Herbert R. Wells.



Miss Ethel Halley.



Miss Alice Rea.

THREE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY VICTORIANS AT SHANGHAI.



1. Mr. J. Falls (N.Z.), Gan-hwyny.
2. Miss E. M. Heaysman (S.A.), Shan-si.
3. Miss E. Bell (Vic.), Shen-si.
4. Mrs. Middleton, nee Jose (S.A.), Shen-si.
5. Mr. E. J. Farrent (S.A.), Si-eh'uen.
6. Miss E. A. B. Harding (Vic.), Shen-si.
7. Miss A. Trudinger (S.A.), Shan-tung.
8. Mrs. Platt, nee Hunt (Vic.), Si-ch'uen.
9. Miss M. E. Chapman (S.A.), Shan-si.



Miss F. Young (Q.), Kiang-si.



Miss E. E. Searell (N.Z.), Shan-si.



1. Mrs. Nicholls, nee Reid (Vic.), Yun-nan.
2. Miss H. B. Fleming (Vic.), Kiang-si.
3. Miss E. McCulloch (N.S.W.), Kiang-si.
4. Miss F. Campbell (Vic.), Yun-nan.



Mr. W. Entwistle, on Furlough.

CHINA INLAND MISSIONARY REPRESENTATIVES.



Miss L. Reid (N.Z.), Gan-hwuy.  
Miss B. Webster (N.Z.), Gan-hwuy.  
Miss H. Reid (N.Z.), Gan-hwuy.



Mrs. Davies, nee Roberts, Si-ch'uen.  
Miss J. Blakeley (N.Z.), Kiang-si.



Mrs. Burgess, nee Thomson (Vic.), Shen-si.



Miss Cozens (S.A.), Kiang-su.



1. Mr. T. O. Radford (S.A.), Si-ch'uen.
2. Mr. H. Lyons (Vic.), Gan-hwuy.
3. Mr. G. H. Williams (Vic.), Si-ch'uen.
4. Mr. W. T. Herbert (Vic.), Si-ch'uen.
5. Mr. J. H. Edgar (N.Z.), Gan-hwuy.
6. Miss J. E. Kidman (Vic.), Ho-nan.
7. Miss E. I. Ferguson (Vic.), Gan-hwuy.
8. Miss J. A. Warner, Returned.
9. Mr. C. N. Lack (N.S.W.), Ho-nan.



Mr. T. A. P. Clinton (Vic.), Hu-nan.  
Mr. R. W. Middleton (S.A.), Shen-si.



Mr. C. B. Barnett (Tas.), Gan-hwuy.  
Mr. A. G. Nicholls (S.A.), Yun-nan.



1. Miss Henry (Vic.), Kiang-su.  
2. Miss K. Fleming (Vic.), Kiang-si.  
3. Mrs. Carwardine, nee Goold (Vic.), Shen-si.  
4. Miss Bavin (N.S.W.), Ho-nan.



Mr. R. A. McCulloch (N.S.W.), Kiang-si.



Mr. D. Barrett (Tas.), Shan-si.

CHINA INLAND MISSIONARY REPRESENTATIVES.



Mr. J. C. Platt (Vic.),  
Si-ch'uen.



Mr. N. E. King (Vic.),  
Si-ch'uen.



1. Miss E. Trudinger (S.A.), Kiang-su.  
2. Mr. A. E. Arnott (Vic.), Gan-hwuy.  
3. Miss M. E. Way (Vic.), Shan-si.  
4. Mr. C. B. Hannah (Vic.), Si-ch'uen.  
5. Mr. G. Rogers (Vic.), Gan-hwuy.  
6. Miss S. A. Phillips (Vic.), Shen-si.  
7. Miss M. E. McCormack (Vic.), Kiang-su.  
8. Miss M. Batterham (Vic.), Shen-si.  
9. Mr. H. B. Stewart (Vic.), Gan-hwuy.



Mr. A. H. Sanders (S.A.),  
Yun-nan.



Rev. W. R. Malcolm (N.Z.),  
Gan-hwuy.

CHINA INLAND MISSIONARY REPRESENTATIVES.



Mr. W. S. Strong (Vic.),  
Si-ch'uen.



Mr. P. V. Ambler (N.S.W.),  
Kiang-si.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. Mrs. King, nee Kerr (Vic.), Si-ch'uen | 5. Mr. A. Trudinger (S.A.), Shen-si.   |
| 2. Miss M. A. Reid (N.Z.), Kiang-su.     | 6. Miss L. Jensen (N.Z.), Kiang-si.    |
| 3. Mr. A. Biggs (S.A.), Ho-nan.          | 7. Mr. J. R. Bruce (Vic.), Hu-nan.     |
| 4. Mr. R. Powell (Vic.), Ho-nan.         | 8. Miss G. Trudinger (S.A.), Kiang-su. |



Miss Coleman (N.S.W.),  
Shen-si.



Miss A. Harrison (N.Z.),  
Shen-si.



Mr. and Mrs. Jose.  
(Left, C. I. Mission.)



Miss Emilie Stevens,  
(Tas.)



Miss R. Bachelor,  
(N.S.W.)



Miss Oxley,  
(N.S.W.)



Miss Minna Searle,  
(Tas.)



Miss Suttor (N.S.W.)



1. Miss Mort (Vic.)  
2. Miss Nicholson (Vic.)  
3. Miss Amy Smith (Vic.)  
4. Miss Sears (Vic.)  
5. Miss Coleston (Vic.)



Miss Kingsmill (Tas.)



Miss Molloy,  
(Vic.)



Miss Newton,  
(N.S.W.)



Miss Leila Bibb,  
(N.S.W.)



Rev. E. J. and Mrs. Barnett,  
(Vic.)

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY REPRESENTATIVES IN SOUTH CHINA.



PRESIDENT KRUGER ON APRIL 24, 1900.

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PRESIDENT KRUGER ON APRIL 24, 1900.  
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THE EFFECT OF THE CAMPAIGN ON PRESIDENT KRUGER.

## WITH THE MEN IN KHAKI.

We do not in this issue attempt any detailed account of the fighting of the month. For one thing China throws South Africa into the shade. For another thing there has been no important engagement during the month. Lord Roberts is plainly indulging in one of those mysterious pauses which, in his strategy, precede some overwhelming stroke. He must have marched his infantry, and ridden his cavalry, to a standstill in the swift movements and fierce fighting which led up to the capture of Pretoria. He has since been resting his hard-pressed battalions, remounting his cavalry, and regathering his supplies before he undertakes what will be the closing effort of the campaign. The Boers have maintained, during the month, a spluttering warfare, of a guerilla sort, in Lord Roberts' rear, and have cut off a few English outposts. But such microscopic successes are of absolutely no importance. To the east of the line betwixt Bloemfontein and Pretoria a ring is slowing closing round the vagrant Boer commandoes still carrying on the war there. They will be quickly crushed. Mr. Kruger announces that "he will fight while he has 100 burghers left." But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Kruger himself does no fighting. His stern-sounding announcement suggests Artemus Ward's famous declaration that he was "prepared to sacrifice all his first wife's relations on the altar of his country rather than allow the war to close"!

Meanwhile, we give some very picturesque and interesting extracts from the letters of Mr. James Barnes, the representative in South Africa of the American "Outlook." Mr. Barnes is a master of easy and vivid description, and no better sketches of South African warfare than his have yet appeared:

### WITH THE HIGHLANDERS AT KOODOESBERG.

It seems a long jump backwards now to the little battle at Koodoosberg, Cape Colony, and it is in miles and time. Those who read this probably have forgotten that there was ever such a place; small blame, perhaps, for it was not of such importance. But I shall not forget it, and it will long be remembered in bonnie Scotland and old England, in a few homes where they now wear black and yet look with tears at pictures of stalwart young fellows in kilt and sporran, gay and gallant in all the bravery of Highland soldiers.

### Among the Kopjes.

There would be little use in making reference to the map, I take it, for Koodoosberg is only a

kopje, and few South African maps—even those furnished to commanding officers—show kopjes! But they are famous places in which to find Boers, or, better, for Boers to find Englishmen; and all the young Cronjes and Jouberts, Pretoriuses and Bothas, know them by heart, and when they leave one they go to the next, which, likely enough, is as good.

They melt in among the friendly rocks like marmots in a burrow hill; and thence they take pot shots at advancing lines of dusty gray men who carry horses' loads on their backs and wear heavy helmets that pain their sweaty brows and fall over their eyes—alas! interfering sadly with their aim, when accuracy is valuable.

Sometimes, however, Brother Boer gets on a kopje when the next is a good distance off, and then comes the dusty man's chance. If he is quick enough with his rumbling, dusty guns and his jolting, galumphing horses, he may get round behind, and if he does so (before he is found out), things look better for the dusty man. But it is seldom he is quick enough—he's hampered so with straps, and his horses have so long been jolting and galumphing without water, and attempting to thrive on uncrushed oats (which they cannot properly digest), that he is sometimes too late, and Brother Boer, who knows no straps except those that hold his cartridges, and whose horses get no oats, but grow fat on veldtgrass and karoobush—Brother Boer is a cloud of dust, making for the next good place that is not on the map.

It took some time for the man in the helmet to learn that there was any back door to a kopje. His generals used to tell him to go over the top from the front, and he always tried his best, with the result that he gave the Netley nurses at Wynburg no end of work, and the War Office in London not a little trouble and worry into the bargain.

A great deal must be said for the man in the rocks also; as long as his front alone was threatened, he held his ground like a good one. While there was any promise of good shooting, he would not budge, and stood such a pounding with iron and lead and vile-smelling, ear-splitting projectiles, that it seemed a fair waste of cordite and energy to attempt to move him. He never ventured out; he slept in his clothes, and cooked in his trenches—for these he learned to use early in the game; he lived like a cave man; but his Mauser was never out of his reach, and he hoped all the time that the dusty man would try the front door again.

This is digression and generality, you may think; and yet it is not altogether, for "Koodoosberg" is the story of how the back door was left open by the Boers, and how the English failed to take advantage of it.

### A Hot March.

The morning of the fourth broke clear and cool, as South African mornings dawn, not a cloud in the sky, the thirsty rising sun drinking up the dew. The moon sank in as the sun lifted, and the camp awoke with the usual lighting of fires—plain to view, I suspect, from the Boers' stronghold of Magersfontein. There were shaking of blankets, snatches of song, rattle of accoutrements, and bawling of mule-drivers. Breakfast, coffee and a biscuit, and the brigade moved down from the bush-covered hill to the open veldt that stretched for miles to the south of the river, ending in a chain of sharp kopjes that trimmed the sky-line to the west.

Many a Highlander will never forget that day's march. How finely it began! The wide skirmish-line followed the screen of cavalry; the dark kilts of the Black Watch and the plaids of the Seaforths drew a smear of colour against the gray-green of the veldt. The flankers were out on either side in proper formation, and the artillery and transport, followed by the rearguard, were in their places. Disdaining the road that followed the bend of the river trending north, the little army extended across the plain. A herd of cattle caught between the lines kept pace with us. Then men went on like marching machines; for two hours they kept a perfect alignment. There was no halt.

But there was a subtle change taking place in the sky and air. The blue almost faded overhead into a glaring bronze, the slight breeze died, and a heated, shimmering oven's-breath settled down to earth. The dry warmth ached the throat and nostrils, and the sun blazed down on the marching column as if it rayed through a burning-glass.

The men began to falter; here and there they sat half hid in the scorched, brittle grass; arms were carried anyhow; the officers and a few sergeants tried to keep the straggling line in shape, but it would straggle. The tinned things and the long weeks of inaction at Modder began to tell. The men were out of condition; they were soft, in bad training—and there was another reason.

On this march, at least, they were laden like pack animals: blankets and great-coats, pouches, slings, haversacks, rifle and bayonet of course, and the heavy kilt that weighs nine pounds alone, with its yards of close-woven cloth; add to this one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition! The river was now a long way to the right, and the water-bottles were empty; the water-carts were in the rear.

I have tried to remember if I ever felt a hotter day, and I can recall none, and I can remember few times when I was thirstier. But as the head of the column struck into a dusty road, it was seen that we were approaching the river again. Men continued falling out; some crawled in under the shade of little bushes, others lay there in the sun panting. A short halt and the brigade was ordered on again. A bend brought the river nearer. Stragglers made out from the lines towards it, and it was just at this time that a lancer brought back word that the Drift was occupied by the enemy.

The position appeared serious. Of the kilted regiments a large percentage were back on the road or now down by the river bank. Despite the efforts of the officers, the men went there; they smelled water and they would have it. It was hard to keep them away. The Highland Light Infantry, who wear trousers instead of kilts, stood the march better; few left the ranks. I think they had marched slower. Soon along came the artillery; caissons and guns littered with accoutrements, tired men staggering along beside them. The ambulances followed next, filled with bad cases; and then came the waggons with more. With the prospect of a fight ahead, the situation was not enlivening. It might be hard to say what would have happened if the troops had been called into action. But there was no fight this day. The Lancers had found a half-score of Boers at the Drift, exchanged shots with them, and driven them off across the plain in the direction of Kamelhoek.

### A Skirmish.

The next morning we were up bright and early, and I crossed the river to take breakfast with the officers of the Black Watch. I had good friends there, and finer fellows never wore kilts or carried the Queen's commission. Out of the twenty-nine gallant soldiers who formed that mess when the transport landed them at the Cape, but seven now remain. The regiment on the march looks like a half battalion.

Returning to the diary: "Wednesday, February 5. . . . At 3.45 a Lancer came dashing down the hill, plashed through stream, and the word flew about that the Boers were approaching in big force. Only the Black Watch and the Lancers were north of river. Men in swimming and scattered about, but quickly they formed. Lancers went out. . . . I followed them. Firing began on front and east of kopje; continued for some time heavily. One lancer (McNickoll) killed and two horses wounded."

It was but a skirmish, after all—in fact, the whole affair was hardly more—but remarkable for the fact that the Boers were apparently attacking,

FOUR GENERATIONS IN OOM PAUL'S HOME.

Baby Jacobz.

Mrs. Eloff.

Mrs. President Krueger.



THE ENTRANCE TO OOM PAUL'S HOME.





THE PRESIDENCY, PRETORIA, APRIL 24, 1900

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and the notes made for reference are hardly necessary, for I shall never forget several incidents of the day.

When they brought in the body of poor McNicoll, a tall trooper was walking beside the stretcher. His sun-bronzed face was drawn; he helped one of the bearers as if to ease the jolting, although the burly figure lying there was past all pain.

"So, Bill, you've lost your pal," said another trooper who came up. He spoke in a half-whisper, commiseratingly.

"Aye, we'll miss him sore," was the answer.

"Was he your pal?" someone asked.

"Aye! and, man! you should 'ave 'eard 'im play the penny whistle!"

### A Cool Battle-Leader.

Less than three thousand yards from the drift or ford across the river rose the high, flat-topped kopje. Its highest point was the nearest, and it stretched back to the northward in a succession of rocky ridges for perhaps two miles. On the east were two smaller crests, and these, with the high south ridge and a line from them to the river bank, were held by a detachment of the Highland Light Infantry, the Seaforths, and the Black Watch. The whole elevation rose like a small mountain range out of the dead level of the plain. The artillery,

with the exception of two guns, were on line with the Black Watch, and up to this day had not fired a shot, as the General did not wish to disclose his strength or position.

We were at breakfast in the shelter of a waggon near the river-bank, and still speculating as to what the whole adventure meant, when a bubble of firing was heard from across the river.

One soon learns to recognise the difference between the Mauser, the Lee-Metford, and the Martini; the first goes "ca-pow!" with a harmless-sounding, double report; the second is sharper to the ear; it seems to say "crack-it" or "whack-er" quite distinctly; while the Martini whangs and bangs like an ordinary fire-iron. The Martini sometimes burns black powder, which must be distressful to its owner, but it is a bad thing to try to step in front of.

No attention was paid to the bubbling until there came a loud report, followed by a still louder, from the kopje; at the same time brisk firing broke out down the river. We rushed from the shelter of the trees. A round ball of smoke hung over the crest, and as we watched there came another, bursting over the heads of our men, who could be seen perching among the rocks quite distinctly. The Boers had mounted a gun on the kopje during the night (or, better, early morning, as I subsequently

talked with a man who helped to drag it there); from the increasing rifle fire it was evident that they were gathered in some force and were also ensconced down the river, for the fire had redoubled.

General Macdonald walked out from his breakfast carefully prepared by his Indian servants; the General is an epicure. He smiled, and adjusted his field-glasses.

"Hello!" said he, "seem to have mounted a gun up there, eh?"

He did not appear to be alarmed. I don't think he was ever alarmed in his life; he did not even appear worried. I am not sure that he went back to his breakfast, but he gave an order, and two companies of the Highland Light Infantry that had moved north the river were sent up the kopje to reinforce the specks on the ridge.

A regiment takes its cue from its colonel, and an army reflects its leader. General Macdonald walked up and down near the signal-station back of headquarters, with his sleeves rolled up and a quiet smile half hid under his short, heavy moustache. His responsibility did not appear to weigh on him, and yet he had said the day before that our position was not a good one. Anyone could go up and speak to him; he was surrounded with no barrier of red-labelled staff officers. He had a word for all, and would join in a conversation as naturally as if he were a mere spectator. But if you noticed his eyes, you perceived that he saw everything. He gave his orders slowly but firmly, more in the tones with which one gives advice. I recall one or two incidents:—

The forces on the kopje edge, who were catching it rather hot, sent down a request for reinforcements. The officer who bore the message was a bit excited.

"Tell them," said the man who had won his way up from the ranks, "tell them that they've got to hold it." He spoke as if he had rather a good joke on them. "Send them up plenty of food and water," he added. "Tell them to sit tight."

The officer saluted and went off, but I really think he looked quite as relieved as if he received a hurried order for a regiment. As he left, the General spoke casually to those near him.

"They can't get away," he said. "They've got to hold it."

He called up one of the army guides and asked a few questions as to distances, roads, and so on—just as a tourist might who had an interest in the country. All this bore result. The non-combatant element took up its usual work. A mess-cook began plucking a fowl; some men went down to the river-bank and commenced washing clothes. Yet all the time the whacking, bubbling, and thrumming went on down

the river and on the kopje opposite, and in the rear the mules stood harnessed to the transport and ambulances.

The General had occasion to send an order to the half-battery on the left, which had now been reinforced by two more guns that had rumbled in from their position on the plain across the river.

"Tell Captain —— he might move two guns further west, but to use his own discretion in all events."

There was no official infallibility about this; such an order conveyed a compliment. Another time:

An officer, a brave and tried one, too, rode up quickly and spoke without dismounting:

"I have to report, sir, that a shell struck back here in our rear just now. I think they are training on us."

"No, I don't think that was a shell," said the General, his eyes twinkling as they always do when he talks. "I don't think that was a shell."

"Several officers saw it, sir."

"I saw it, too," was the quiet reply. "A puff of wind raised a cloud of dust out of that donga as the gun fired. It was no shell." The General smiled; the officer saluted and rode away. Strange to relate, the latter could remember the former when he wore sergeant's chevrons; now he wore crossed swords and a star.

### A Clever Plan.

All this time there was a plan in the General's mind; a plan that he probably felt was now maturing to a finish, for the telegraph had ticked a message back along our dusty, circuitous route to Modder River, and as the crow flies a horse could travel, or many horses for that matter, and make it but thirteen miles over the open country north of the river.

I do not think the General wished the Boers or their gun to leave their side of the kopje for a time.

Now to the tiresome diary again as a short cut:

" . . . Boer gun well served; got exact range of men on kopje. Can see them taking shelter, but returning steady fire. . . News brought that reinforcements were coming along north bank from Modder. We will outflank them now! Wounded brought in from kopje. All in good spirits. Say that they are giving the Boers fits. . . Report now is that 4,000 cavalry and 600 artillerymen are coming to surround the kopje. Never saw anyone so cool and collected as General MacD—. Fight handled magnificently. . . Rode out to line on east, and then, under shelter of hill, tied horse to bushes and went up the kopje side."

### From the Crest.

Going up the kopje side was an experience not to be forgotten. Not that there was any danger in

it, for the Boer shrapnel had ceased scattering, but for the reason that there was a certain loneliness about it. From a distance the rocky hill carried no idea of its great steepness; it did not suggest the roughness of its dark-brown sides nor the immensity of its boulders. There were a few wounded men being helped down some distance away, where there seemed to be a sort of path, and some labouring soldiers a good distance to the right were tugging up empty biscuit-tins full of water to the men who were fighting two or three hundred feet higher up on the crest. It was a painfully slow progress they were making; they were splashed soaking wet, and out of temper with the job. I think they would rather have been on the fighting-line than where they were.

What little breeze there was came from the east; I was well in that direction and to windward of the fighting. I could scarcely hear it, listen my best, but the space overhead was full of the whining of bullets; the sound was like the sudden tightening and loosening of fiddle-strings high in mid-air, little scurrying notes of music changing from sharp to flat and from flat to sharp again.

Now and then one whispered like a whiplash. Being at about the extreme limit of fire, some occasionally fell among the rocks with spiteful little whacks and spats. The feeling of loneliness increased. I wanted to be where there were human beings, where there was other company than the little whimpering air-devils.

Soon I was out of the hollow and under the steep crest, up which the men were still tugging at the shining tin biscuit-boxes. There were a few Highlanders sitting back of some great steep rocks. Two were munching biscuit, another was reading a ragged newspaper. They looked like men who had knocked off work for a five minutes' rest; their tools lay across their knees; not twenty feet above their heads, but some distance forward, there was a deal of whacking and cracking, and droves of the lost, crazy musical notes passed over the ridge.

I turned and looked behind me. It almost seemed as if one could jump down into the river; the white house could be reached by a tossed pebble. I could follow the dusty trail that had led us to the drift below. A group of figures in



MRS. PRESIDENT KRUGER HEARING NEWS FROM HER GRANDDAUGHTER,  
MISS NETTIE ELOFF, APRIL 24, 1900.

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the door-yard could be plainly seen. I almost thought I could distinguish the General. Off to the east rose the line of kopjes of Magersfontein, separated from Koodoosberg by a wide stretch of bush-dotted veldt. Nearer was another farmhouse at which there were a few lancers, and a company of the Black Watch could be made out, drawing a dark line over the plain to the riverbank.

But where were the reinforcements? If it were not for a slight elevation of the ground, one could have seen the white tents of Modder camp, but thirteen miles away. In this direction hung a lazy cloud of dust.

I adjusted my field-glasses and looked out over the open. It was quite startling. Several dark squares and patches that I had taken to be clumps of sun-browned bush resolved themselves into thick lines of mounted men standing in close order. What I had taken for the walled inclosure of a kraal changed into limbers, caissons, and guns, with the horses all harnessed, the bombardiers, drivers, and gunners in their places. They looked as if they were standing on parade; the lines were perfect. But they did not move! I turned to call the attention of the Highlanders to the sight. But they were rising; it was as if they had noticed that the spell of rest was over, and feared the foemen would soon miss them.

"Come, you lads," said the man who had been reading the paper, folding it into the pocket of his soiled khakitunic. "We'd better be goan' back." The others rose, dusted their kilts, shouldered their tools, and climbed up the rocky ladder to work.

It is this very every-day sort of thing that robs war of glamour. Men joke and smoke and curse and swear and sweat, and occasionally grunt if they are hit. It is not a bit grand, although it may be exciting enough to lift your heart-beats at times, to be sure; but it ceases to be horrible. It is just usual, that is all. But enough.

Filled with wonder at what I had seen down in the plain, I followed up to the crest.

There was a line of Highlanders behind dark-brown rocks stretching off to the right, and further on another line slightly more advanced and reaching up to a deep depression that crossed the rock plateau, dividing it into two sections, as it were. On the left there were some figures behind more rocks, and then a little fort or wall of stones that appeared to be quite crowded. Occasionally a man's shoulder went up, his elbow lifted, and you could quite distinguish the individual "whack-er" that belonged to him. Sometimes the man who had fired would bob his head up and bob it down again like a boy who called "coop" at hide and seek. Some of the Highlanders wore

their helmets, others worked bareheaded; now and then the little fort barked out a thrubbing volley. It sounded like the sudden slipping of a wet cable on a windlass—a jarring, blurred report.

There was a man sitting quite close to me with his back to a boulder; he was smoking a pipe, and a bloody bandage just showed beneath his kilt. I approached him, in a manner perfectly safe but not dignified. I asked him "How things were going?" which is the usual method of beginning conversation on the battlefield.

"All recht, sir. But we ha' lost some men."

"Are you badly hurt?"

"A sraatch. I fired a' ma ammuneetion."

He puffed at his pipe, and I took a peer over the rock. I could not see anything but more rocks—probably I had not looked long enough.

### A Plan that Failed.

From where we were there was still a fine view of the open plain. The brown squares were moving, the dust was rising. They were sweeping north at last. I drew the Highlander's attention to what was going on.

"Guid!" said he. "We ha' got 'em now."

He called to another man prone among the boulders and pointed. This man called to another, and soon a score or more had marked the movement and its import. If someone had led them, they would have cheered.

But my thoughts were soon on something else, for my new friend told me that Captain Blair, of H Company of the Seaforths, was killed, and that Lieutenant Tait, of the Black Watch, was badly wounded, and so was Captain Eyekyn. Blair I knew but slightly, but I admired and liked him, as did everyone who knew him. He had just taken command of his company at Modder (its first captain had been killed at Magersfontein). His body was not far from where we sat. Poor fellow! he had been struck by a fragment of shell in the neck. No doctor could reach him, for the shrapnel and rifle fire earlier in the day had been terrific. Two of his men lying beside him had tried to tie up his wound; failing in this, they had attempted in turn to staunch the flow of blood with their fingers. But it was of no avail; nothing but expert surgery, and perhaps not that, could have saved him.

When the bearers moved Blair's body down the hill later on, I went down with it to where the ambulances waited at the foot of the kopje. Eyekyn, I found out had been sent in (poor handsome Eyekyn! he died two days later), but Tait was still up on the lead-swept plateau. He had been wounded at Magersfontein, and had but lately returned to his luckless regiment. He was the same kind of a soldier as he was a sportsman.

As all know, he had been champion golfer of England—keen, eager, and cool. Such a fine fellow, with his honest blue eyes, his simple, frank manner, and a smile I never will forget. He warmed everyone's heart, did Freddy Tait; mine had gone out to him.

My dear friend Grieve, an Australian commanding a company of the Black Watch—for its officer were mowed down like ripe grass at Magersfontein—told me how it happened. Tait had repeatedly exposed himself in an effort to find the hiding-place of some Boer marksmen in front, and they found him. He lay down. "This is not Magersfontein," he said. "They've done for me this time," and with that he put his helmet over his face. He died in the field hospital that night.

Poor Grieve! he is gone too, now; he lies buried at Paardeberg. He was the finest natural soldier I ever met. I was proud of his friendship, and am proud that I can remember it. But this has no place here. Later.

That night I lay out under the great South African moon, thinking over what everyone knew by this time, that the whole thing had ended in blunder, that that magnificent onward sweep of mounted men and guns had continued "only so far," and that the officer commanding it had chosen to turn about and come in about tea-time, leaving the work half begun, and hardly that. I felt sorry for General MacDonald. His well-laid plan had gone to pieces, through no fault of his (and he had them in the palm of his hand!) What might have been an unexpected success was an unexpected failure. There is no use here in going into details or results.

The force under General MacDonald started that evening and arrived on Friday night without mishap. A few days after an officer high in the rank of the cavalry service went down the lines to a sphere of greater usefulness.

Koodoesberg is known as the battle of "what might have been."

#### "BOBS."

One day I saw Lord "Bobs." I came upon him at headquarters, surrounded by a group of staff officers. It was quite unexpectedly I ran across him. I was familiar with his appearance from his picture, and I knew his story. I knew the great grief that had so lately torn his great heart, in the loss of the brave boy over there at Colenso; and I knew that everyone, from tilted brigadier to numbered private, felt the influence of his mere presence with the army.

There was the man of Kandahar! Yet he was so simple, so good to look at, so kindly, so different from what I had expected, that I had to learn

him over again, on the spot as it were. He was not old, he was not young, he was not middle-aged. His firm mouth with its downward lines was neither hard nor soft, but purposeful. Beneath the honest breadth of brow his grey eyes were keen, frank, and youthful, but they suggested that they had seen much. He was small in stature, but he did not suggest lack of inches; he had the well-knit, compact figure of the man who rides cross-country. Manner he had none; he had the glamour of absolute self-forgetfulness that marks the truly great. He was just what he was. I wondered if he was ever different. At a glance you trusted him, but when he spoke you loved him. And it is these qualities together that make men lead other men to do big deeds.

#### Tommy Atkins.

On the occasion of the journey to Enslin I was a "bloke." It happened thus:

Dusk had fairly settled down when I scrambled over the side of the already crowded open truck, having just loaded my own horse into the box car behind. I wore an ordinary Tommy's helmet, and I settled down unnoticed on the floor. The train went on very slowly; so, at first, did the talking.



"Oom Paul" and Mr. Reitz Addressing a Burgher;  
Commando Leaving Pretoria.

[Copyright.]

"Who's that sittin' there in the corner?" asked a Glasgow lad, plainly indicating me.

"He's a bloke in charge o' t' horses," answered another.

I was delighted. I was rejoiced. I was a "bloke;" so I said nothing, and presently borrowed a fill of tobacco. They discussed everything. I listened to the broad Scotch, and did not join in, for my speech might have betrayed me. They spoke of "The Absent-minded Beggar," and did not like it. They sang songs of a sentimental turn about "mothers at home" and "brave boys on the battlefield." But they spoke of men who had been killed as if such things were merely incidental to every day. They treated death as if it were a threadbare joke. Fights they discussed as if they had been games of football, but without criticism. They always referred to their officers with respect. "My leftenant," "my captain," "said so and so," "did so and so." They made reference to the cast-iron army biscuit as "South African sponge-cake." They swore very little, but always spoke of the Boers with the sanguinary adjective. At last they called for the piper.

The piper was in a bad humour and at first would not play, but they insisted and he got to his feet—who ever saw a piper sit down to his labours? After a shake to his kilts and a few preliminary squeaks, he drooned off some tune I could not recognise. The men stopped talking.

A strange thing, the Highlander; and a stranger, the pipes! When the kilted one goes to fight, the pipes go with him. They get him up in the morning and send him to bed at night. If he goes to the river with a bathing party, a swaggering, perspiring piper plays him down and back; and when he is put away in his shallow trench, they wail a bood-bye to him, "Lochaber no more."

I shall never forget that evening—the big moon, the solitary standing figure, the groaning, nasal-voiced pipes, the bumping of the trucks along the uneven roadbed, and the sudden sweeping thoughts that all this was part of war!

### The March to Jacobsdal.

It blew a dreadful sand-storm from nine till twelve. The orders were that we should move at one in the morning. No sooner asleep than awake again! The night was a clear one, and objects were plainly discernible. Cummings came to me as I was saddling my horse. As I mentioned before, he knows Brother Boer and all his slim ways, and though, as I say, he hates him, it is a hatred mingled with little or no contempt. Said Cummings to me:

"See this kopje over here? Well, just as sure as we move without putting a guard up there, the Boers will get up there and nobble the whole convoy. It is absolutely unprotected if we go on."

"Why don't you tell them?" I suggested.

Cummings laughed.

"Have you ever tried to suggest anything to an English staff officer?" he said.

I confessed I had not.

"Well," said Cummings, "don't." However, I argued with him, and the result was that he went back. In a few minutes he returned and I asked the result. He had seen one of the young men with red labels. He was half amused, half angry, as he answered me.

"What result? I was told there wasn't a Boer within thirteen miles!" Then he added, "I didn't see the General." Shyness is Cummings' greatest fault. Now, this stopping-place is known as Waterfall on the Riet, and there, not many hours later, after the next division had passed, the Boers mounted a gun on the kopje, and there they captured two hundred and eight waggons and twelve hundred oxen. So much for that!

### An Unregarded Skirmish.

Sharp and continued firing came from the crest of the hill towards Jacobsdal. It grew nearer—the pickets, not five hundred yards away, could be seen kneeling and aiming their rifles. Yet no one paid the slightest attention.

All at once, with a little spurt of dust, a bullet struck quite close to where we were standing; another one came over at the end of the kraal; two or three riderless horses galloped in from the left; but the men still kept their places at the long line waiting to get water at the well. The skinning and slaughtering went on—it was passing all belief!

I looked at headquarters; they were having luncheon. "Probably it is not worth paying any attention to," said I to myself. But I thought it would pay to go up and knock at the door.

When I informed the officer, whose attention I had attracted, what was going on, he said, "Nonsense! quite impossible!" But when he looked out, he perceived what had happened, and informed the officer whose duty it was to be told such things. Orderlies were sent galloping, and in a quarter of an hour two squadrons of mounted infantry and four guns had been sent out to where the firing was still going on.

The Boers had retreated toward the town, and the artillery soon went back. But the mounted infantry men kept on. It had only been the beginning of a skirmish, but two men had been killed, five others wounded, and five horses killed into the bargain. We rode on slowly until we gained the

top of the kopje and could see the houses about two miles away. Again the intermittent firing broke out on the edge of the village, and soon a lively little fight was in progress almost at our very feet. We could see that the mounted infantry were being driven back, and that unless help were brought up it would go hard with them, for a little party appeared to be cut off entirely on the left. A man with a lame horse came tearing up shouting for reinforcements, and they were ridden for. Until late in the evening the Boers held their ground, and when we withdrew we found that seven or eight more of our men had been killed, a few wounded, and fourteen taken prisoners. It was only a skirmish, after all, but what was my astonishment to see, as we neared the white farmhouse, the whole division sweeping off over the veldt, and great lines of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, ambulance, ammunition, and transport, trekking over the sloping hills to the eastward. Even the troops that had been fighting in the kopje were withdrawn from their work, leaving the little band of fourteen still surrounded on the left—presented, as it were, to our friends the Boers.

But one learns that skirmishes are not allowed to interfere with the preconceived course of an army. The loss of a few men counts for little in the fulfilment of a military programme.

### A Captured Town.

Early the next morning we entered Jacobsdal. Almost every house bore a Red Cross flag, and every man on the streets not in khaki uniform wore the same peaceful badge. Not content with bearing it on the right sleeve, they had it on both, and sometimes on their hats into the bargain.

The women of the town were in absolute terror the stores and shops were locked and barricaded, and most of the dwelling-houses appeared deserted, although some of their owners were at home hiding behind closed doors.

It was the first time in this war that an English army had entered a town of the enemy. The people had been told that rapine and ruin would follow upon their coming. What was the result? What happened? The streets were filled with an orderly crowd of hawk-faced, bearded men in worn yellowish-green or faded yellow. They walked up and down in twos or threes, looking with amused wonder at the red-crossed and half-terrified people who dared to show themselves. Occasionally a Tommy would knock on a back door waiting shilling in hand, for a chance to buy a loaf of bread. They cast longing eyes on the fat chickens that were scratching about the door-yards, they looked at the fruit hanging on the trees, they now and then picked up some that had fallen.

Where was the looting, where were the wild rioters, from whom no woman or child would be safe?

Slowly doors unlocked. The thrifty people had heard the jingle of the shillings! A daring shopkeeper with a German name began to break into his own place with a hatchet. The women looked forth from doorways, still half suspicious; red-eyed children peered frightened about corners. Two hours went by, and then what?

Every store was doing business and charging fancy prices; the women were talking—if they spoke English—quite pleasantly to the soldiers; the children were out on the streets.

"Stop your weeping!" said one Dutch woman, entering the house of another who had not dared to look forth. "Stop your weeping! these English are paying a shilling a loaf for bread, and two shillings for fowls!"

It was something to wonder at. The people at first said they had nothing, that they were starving, but soon things began to appear. Many householders, as if ashamed, came out and hauled down their Red Cross flags.

The church was full of convalescents, and contained one or two English soldiers who had been sent to Jacobsdal from Magersfontein badly wounded. All of the men wounded in the fight just outside the town, two days before, we found also. They could not speak in too high praise of the treatment they had received. But they were glad to be back in the hands of their friends.

We were talking to some of the nurses about the patients when a fine-looking young Boer came up, leaning on crutches. He asked in bold English for a cigarette.

"Where were you wounded, if you don't mind telling?" I asked as I gave him one.

"Not in the least. At Koodoesberg."

"On the kopje?"

"Yes; I was with the gun."

"You fought mighty well. Did you know that we nearly had you all bagged and the gun too?" I asked.

"Yes," said he. "We thought we were taken. What was the matter with your cavalry?"

"Don't ask me. I'm only a correspondent."

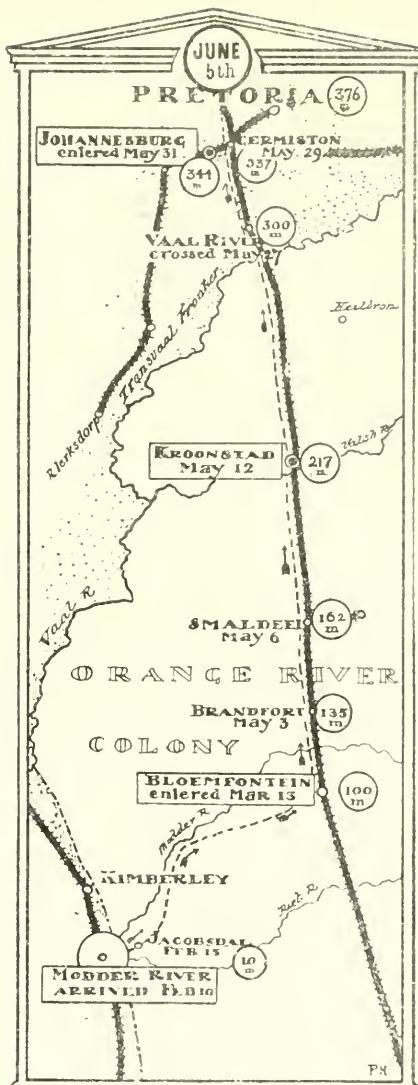
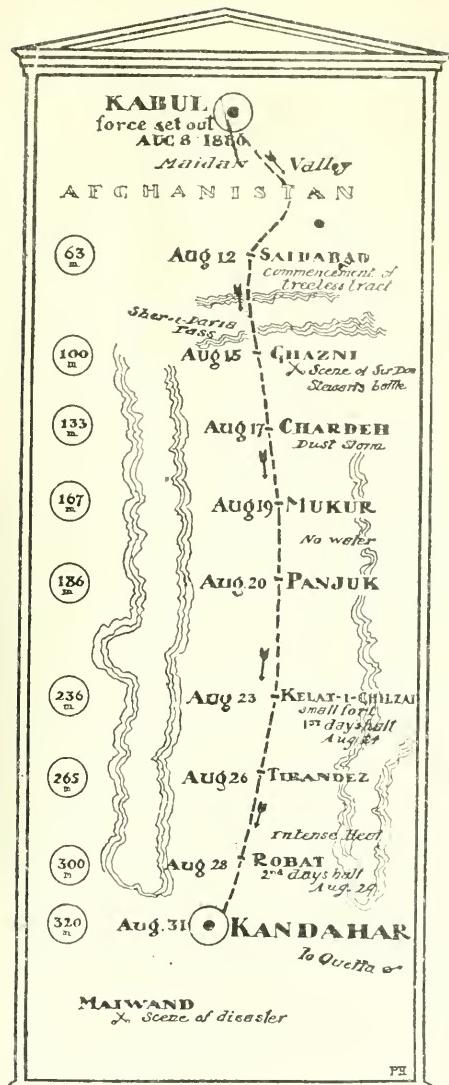
And then we drifted to the subject that all battle talk gradually draws up to—losses. After all, it is what counts in the reckoning.

"How many men did you lose altogether?" I asked.

"Two killed and eight wounded."

I felt surprised, for the young fellow's face was an open one and his answer unstudied.

"There were seven dead found on the kopje, six buried down by Sand Drift, and one died at Paynter's house. Who were they?"



"Sphere."] THE TWO HISTORIC MARCHES OF LORD ROBERTS.

FROM KABUL TO KANDAHAR.

The Kabul-Kandahar Field Force consisted of nearly 10,000 troops, with 8,000 camp followers. It covered a distance of 320 miles in 24 days. Only the more interesting stoppages are indicated on the map. During the first week General Roberts seasoned the men to their work by short marches of eight miles alternating with long marches of eighteen, which between August 16 and 23, 1880, was the daily average. During the last two days the men only marched twenty miles in order that they might be fresh for the great battle of Kandahar. General Roberts undertook to get to Kandahar within the month, and arrived there on the 31st.

FROM MODDER TO PRETORIA.

The main army of Lord Roberts has consisted of 40,000 troops. It has covered a distance of 376 miles in 114 days. For the greater part of the distance it has had to fight its way, whereas the Kandahar Force had only to contend against sickness and lack of water. It has captured one entire army, has crossed four large rivers, and has constantly compelled the enemy to retire from magnificent positions. During the seventeen days from Kroonstad to Johannesburg the army covered 120 miles. The difficulties presented by intense heat, transport over miles of waterless veldt, and sickness, have all been surmounted by Lord Roberts.

He looked surprised in his turn. He said he did not know; they "had to believe what their doctors told them."

It did seem strange. In almost every fight there had been always a lot of dead strangers found; they looked like Boers, they were dressed like them; they had guns in their hands. I intimated that it was odd they should be allowed to wander on to the battlefield if they really did not belong there.

The young Boer could not inform me upon the subject. Long since I have learned what may be an explanation. I was told by a high official of the Free State—a prisoner on parole—that the Boers kept record only of those who were actually Burghers. Rebels, volunteers, aliens, Uitlanders, were not counted in publishing the losses! So much for fighting for an oligarchy! After some pressure this official also admitted that the lists were minimised at times, "in order not to discourage the ones who were still fighting." So this is an explanation of what has always been called over here "Boer mendacity." It is my belief that the Boer people—not the officials—have no idea of the extent of their losses. A commando comes from a certain district. It hangs together like a clan and knows little of what goes on outside of its own members, and this contributes to the general ignorance upon national affairs, and is characteristic of the two Federal States.

#### THE BOER TRENCHES AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

Mr. Barnes rode over from Jacobsdal to visit the scene of the bloody fight at Magersfontein. He says:—

I saw no trenches! Here we were crossing the very hill that for two months we had looked upon from our own tent door. With a strong glass I had often seen Boer horsemen riding along the ridge. We had been told, and I, for one, believed it, that the way to Jacobsdal was crossed by heavy earthworks, that we were completely hemmed in in that direction. But, so far as we found it, the way was as open as the road from High Bridge to Yonkers! It was night, but I rode a few paces out into the lonely veldt, and I certainly looked my hardest. There came to me a better understanding of something one of the Boers in the hospital had said:

"We wondered why you had not come in before!"

It is certainly my impression that the Intelligence Department at Modder had conveyed the idea that trenches prevented us. There may have been a few up nearer the river. But, as I say, the way was certainly open over the slightly sloping hill. We passed the wire fence up to which the Boers used to come at night, a half mile further on, and—

"Halt! who comes there?" We were looking down at three ghostly creatures in khaki, whose bayonets flashed.

"Friends!" said we, and asked to be taken to the officer of the guard. We found we knew him. He gave us a drink and we gave him the news, rode on, and in a few minutes we crawled into our tent, which was standing in the same old place where it had stood for weeks. We needed no rocking that night to send us to sleep. But we awoke early.

It was early morning. I was all alone, and the old hill and the stretch of earthworks looked the same as ever. Reaching the line of bushes, beyond was the red open space where I had seen the brave Highlanders fall and lie on the battle day. It was nothing but a wide, well-travelled road, the highway to Kimberley. I was surprised to find it such a distance from the trenches. Beyond was the line of barbed wire—double in some places; the farther fence had tin cans tied to it here and there, with stones in the bottom of them. Shaking the strand raised a tremendous clatter. No one could enter that stronghold at night without awaking the watch!

I rode up to the edge of the deep pits. Here they stretched, to right and left, wide in some places, narrow in others, covered over with sheets of tin, branches of trees, bullock-skins, sheep's hides. It was a tramps' roost, a thieves' warren, a Digger Indian village, the abode of a tribe of cave men. I had been used to the English trenches, where some attempt at neatness was always evident, and sanitary precautions always taken. But, frankly, the Boer trenches and their surroundings were a wonderful, malodorous sight. They had butchered their beeves within a few paces of their holes in the ground; green hides lay about; long strips of beef biltong hung in festoons from the bush branches, and everywhere were scattered pots and pans and kettles, empty boxes, tins, old clothes, ancient bedding, odds and ends and rubbish. It was the backyard of a tenement after a fire, the debris of a deserted lumber camp, a great junkshop.

The grim black hill, a pile of great rusty boulders, rose behind. I was surprised to find that it was not so high as it looked to be from further away.

I gazed up at its seared and grimy front. The natural fortress had been made a small Gibraltar. Big rocks had been gathered to make sconces and sangas—sheltered hiding-places for riflemen. I remember my friend Cuthbertson (who saw the hill only on the day of the fight) telling me of a man who was shooting from behind an upright stand of massive stones, with a loop-hole near the top; this man had shot three of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, and a squad lying in the open had

been ordered to fire volleys at him, and they had done so as long as there was any squad to fire. There stood the sharpshooter's little fort, made of stones so big that it must have taken six or eight men to move each one. The loop-hole was no bigger than one formed by a joined thumb and forefinger. I climbed up; its front was spattered with little splotches of lead; one had struck on the corner of the loophole and glanced inside. I wondered.

I gathered a few soft-nosed and explosive bullets—devilish things—and went on towards the place where the Boers had planted their best gun.

Now, all sorts of stories and rumours had been afloat concerning the emplacement of that gun. Some had declared it was on a disappearing carriage, others that it ran on a railway back into a cave. There was nothing of the kind. It merely occupied a natural hollow in the hill, with a stone wall on the left hiding it from sight. Our admiration for the Boer gunners had been unbounded. Their courage, coolness, and obstinacy under fire had caused the British officers to wonder at them. And now that I was standing where they had stood I felt wonder also.

Four 4.7 naval guns and three five-inch howitzers had devoted their sole attention to this one position for a whole afternoon but a week or so before. In front, behind, to each side the boulders were rent and crushed and plastered with lyddite. Fragments of great shells were everywhere. They had failed to land inside the hollow. They had just missed it, that was all! But during every bombardment that stubborn little gun had barked back its answer, and sometimes the reckless man in shirt-sleeves would stand forth to watch the effect of his shot. More than one English officer had expressed the hope that such a brave chap would not get killed. A Boer prisoner afterwards told me that this was Albrecht himself; another said it might have been an ex-prize-fighter from Cape Town, Johnny something or other, who was serving at that gun.

### A Queer Story.

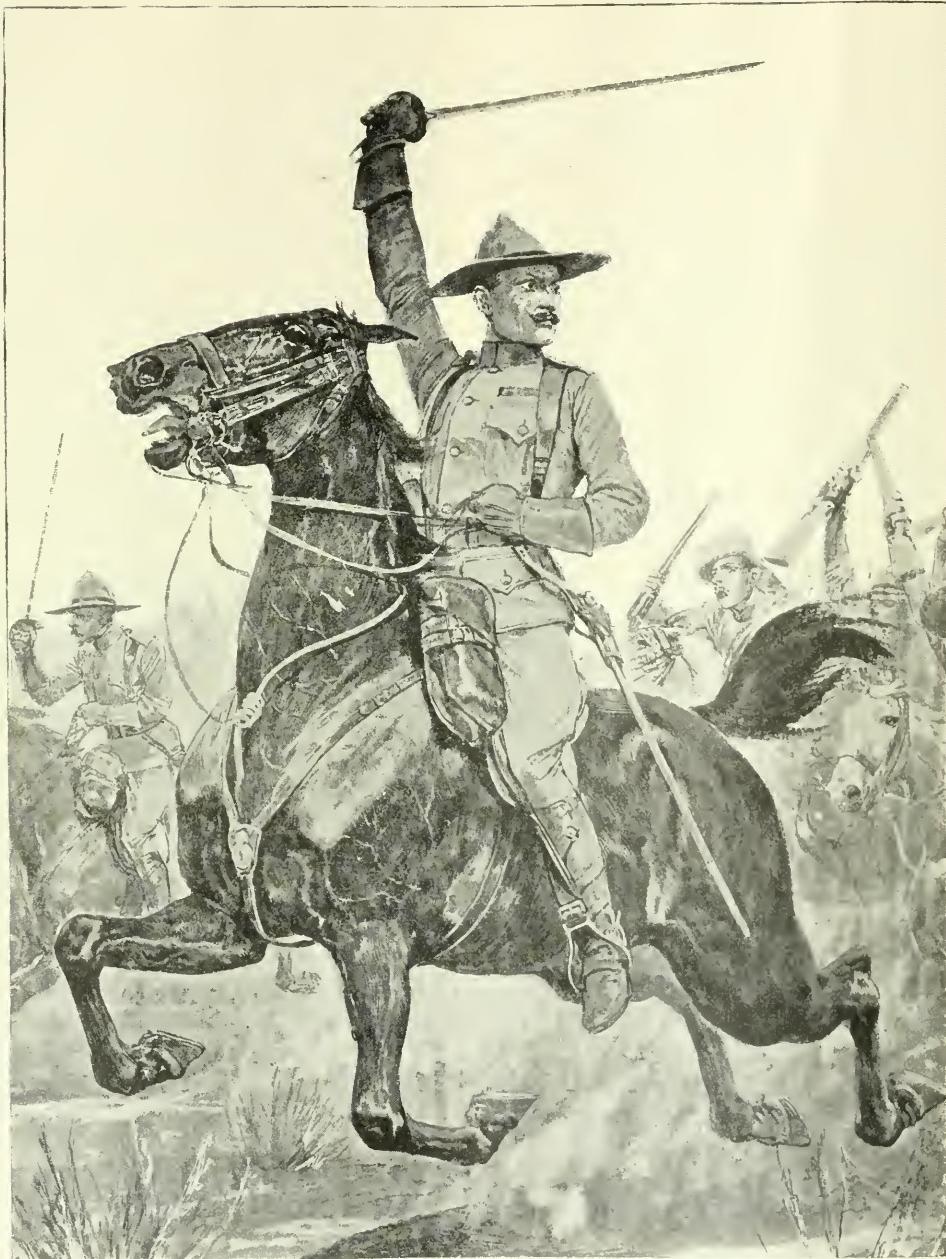
On the day of the battle I had met a wounded Highlander, a reservist private named Watts, who

told me that, with about twenty companions, he had broken through the Boer lines and occupied a spur of the hill in the rear. They had no officer with them, and, after fighting for a few minutes, those who were not killed or too badly wounded, had determined to try to get back to their regiment. Only two or three besides himself had succeeded. I had heard this story told again from another source, but few believed it. It is also well known that forty-two Highlanders, who were reported killed and buried by the enemy, afterwards were found to be prisoners in the Bloemfontein jail. So much for that, which is the preamble.

A mile or so north, and in rear of the Boer lines is Bissett's farm; the battle was fought on his ground—he is now the possessor of a battlefield. During all the Boer occupation, Bissett stayed at his house. He is a loyal old Scot, who has been in the country fifty years, but he still has a burr on his tongue and a canny eye in his head.

He told us some strange things. On the battle day, early in the morning, shortly after daylight, twenty-five "Highlanders" had got up on the kopje and had made a firm stand. Cronje's brother had afterwards told him that he had shot four with his own rifle. At ten o'clock sixty or seventy more kilts of mixed regiments had come to his well for water, a mile in the rear of the Boer lines! They said that all their officers had been killed. There was no one to lead them! They had made a fight and shot many of the Boer horses (there were a large number of old carcasses lying up in a kloof beside the road), but most of them had been compelled to surrender.

So some of the brave fellows had got through, after all. I remembered Watts' story, and the forty-two prisoners known to be at Bloemfontein. It all has since been verified. Bissett also said that at six o'clock in the evening the Boers were all clearing, and that if the English had advanced they would have found the trenches almost deserted. This I had always believed, for I had seen them going out through the nek in the kopje with my glasses. I wrote of it at the time. The mounting of that single gun had saved the situation. The Boers, seeing the English lines retire, had all returned. The soldiers under Lord Methuen had won the day and never knew it.



MAJOR-GENERAL R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL.

(From the original by R. Caton Woodville, published by Tarrant and Buckworth, 19 Ludgate Hill, E.C.)

## SOME GREAT SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN.

### II.—BADDEN-POWELL.

The "Sphere" gives a very interesting account of this youngest of Major-Generals, and most famous of living British soldiers. The account is made yet more interesting by the reproduction of some of "B.-P.'s" drawings, supplied by his mother. We reproduce some of these here:—

The defence of the little town of Mafeking from October 12, 1899, to May 18, 1900, a period of 218 days, is one of the most remarkable achievements in modern military history, and is the longest siege in living memory, with the exception of Khartoum and Sebastopol. It is scarcely necessary to describe in detail the history of the defence to a people who have been watching breathlessly the fate of the little garrison. Suffice it to say Colonel Baden-Powell made the town practically impregnable, and defied a big Boer army under Cronje and Snyman by a series of trenches and cross trenches constructed with as much ingenuity as if he had been an engineer instead of a cavalry man. The Boers hammered the place with their guns in vain. Over and over again they were hopelessly beaten in sorties organised by the defenders, and at last they gave up the task in despair. Baden-Powell kept the British flag flying over the little town not merely by dint of military genius, but by the extraordinary sense of humour that has distinguished not only his own messages, but the brief tidings that have been flashed from every one of his sorely-tried comrades up to the very last. The moral effect of this magnetic good humour has undoubtedly kept the garrison fit in spite of famine and fever, so that even at the last week of the siege the defenders were able to rout a Boer force, capturing seventy-five prisoners, including President Kruger's nephew. Baden-Powell may have gained his skill in professional tactics at Sandhurst. His high courage and humour and general capacity came from his home and hearth.

#### Baden-Powell's Father.

The defender of Mafeking comes of a family whose achievements in almost every department of activity have been of the most brilliant description. Towards the end of last century Baden-Powell was High Sheriff of Kent. His eldest son, Baden, celebrated his majority at Oxford by taking a first class in mathematics. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society by the time he was

twenty-eight, and at the age of thirty-one he was elected to the Savilian Chair of Geometry at Oxford, which he held till his death in 1869. Although he entered the Church, he will be remembered, not so much as a theologian, as for his work in optics and radiation, in which he was associated with Herschel, Babbage, and Airy. He was twice married. By his first wife he had three daughters and one son, the distinguished Indian judge. On March 10, 1846, he married Henrietta Grace Smyth



B.-P.'S FATHER, THE REV. BADEN-POWELL.  
Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford.

(the proudest woman in the Empire at this moment), the daughter of the late Vice-Admiral William Henry Smyth.

#### Baden-Powell's Mother.

The Smyths were also a remarkable family. Mrs. Baden-Powell's father was not only a notable sailor, but also a scientist of distinction especially interested in astronomy. One of Mrs. Baden-Powell's brothers, Charles Piazzi Smyth, was for many years Astronomer Royal for Scotland. Another brother, Sir Warrington Wilkinson Smyth,



B.P.'S MOTHER IN EARLIER YEARS.

who died ten years ago, made his mark as a geologist and mineralogist. A third, General Sir Henry Smyth, who is still with us, is a distinguished artilleryman, who has seen much fighting in South Africa, including the Zulu War. Mrs. Baden-Powell's sister married the late Sir William Henry Fowler, Director of the Natural History Museum, who died last July. Mrs. Baden-Powell is altogether a remarkable personality. Married at twenty, she was left a widow at the age of thirty-five, with ten children. The eldest was not fourteen, while the youngest, the authority on military kites, was only three weeks old. To her influence must be largely attributed the great success of her seven sons. There was no "old nurse" to influence the little Baden-Powells. At three years of age they were little men and women, and could duly dress and undress themselves—a training that has made for the self-reliance which distinguishes every one of them. From babyhood the children lived with their father and mother, and as soon as they could crawl up and down stairs they would go into their father's study and amuse themselves while he was writing papers for the Royal Society. They had a German attendant and could talk German fluently as mere children. Mrs. Baden-Powell's great idea in bringing up her children was to make them realise the valuable sense of responsibility. They were taught to keep a list of their expenditure—their mother, by the way, never gave them prizes—and although not one of them was limited to a stated allowance, they

never got into debt, even with all the temptations of college, the navy, and the army. They were taught at home by an English nursery governess, Miss Donaldson, from the time they were six or eight until they went to school, and were never forced to do a lesson when they were tired. In short, Mrs. Baden-Powell taught her children the supreme quality of honour, and to-day it has saved the Empire from shame.

#### Baden-Powell's Brothers.

With a combination of so many strains—the Church, the Navy, the Army, and nearly every aspect of physical science—it would have been little short of marvellous if the Baden-Powell offspring had escaped versatility. They did not escape. Her step-son, Mr. Baden Henry Baden-Powell, who lives at Oxford, made his mark as a High Court Judge in India, and his works on the land systems of India and on the growth of village communities in India are known to all experts. Her second son, Warrington, began life in the navy, and has proved himself a handy man in many ways. After thirteen years at sea he was called to the Bar, and now practises as a Queen's Counsel in the Admiralty Court. He is an authority on yachting, and even holds a master's certificate, was long an enthusiastic volunteer, and was one of the first to take up cycling in a really scientific spirit. Sir George Baden-Powell, the third son, whose career was cut off in 1898 at the premature age of fifty, rendered conspicuous service to his country, not only in Parliament, but as a publicist in every part of the Empire—in Victoria, in the West Indies, in Bechuanaland under Sir Charles Warren, in Malta, in Alaska, and in connection with the Behring Sea dispute. The fourth son, Augustus, who died young, had all the cleverness of his brothers. The fifth, Frank, who is a barrister-at-law, took honours at Oxford in chemistry and physics, has made his mark as a sea painter, and has been exhibiting in the Royal Academy since 1888. His great work, "The Wooden Walls of Queen Victoria," was presented to the nation. The sixth son, Penrose, died young. The hero of Mafeking is the seventh son, while the youngest of all, Major Baden Fletcher Smyth Baden-Powell, of the Scots Guards, who was in one of the columns advancing to the relief of his brother, served in the camel corps which set out to relieve "Chinese" Gordon. He is the chief authority on army kites used for signalling and other purposes. Major Baden-Powell has long been interested in the subject of kite-flying. He has studied the methods of the Chinese to good purpose, for he has devised kites which are not intended to revive the pleasures of boy-

hood, as someone has said, but which are of great value as a medium for helping in the use of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy and other useful purposes in connection with the duties of army scouts and the like.

### The Defender of Mafeking.

The resourceful guardian of Mafeking, Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell, was born on February 22, 1857. His father died when B.-P. was three years old. Until he was eleven years of age he was educated at home under his mother. Side by side with a gentle disposition he exhibited a most restless activity, devouring every book that came in his way, and always eager to conquer new fields of knowledge. He entered the Charterhouse in 1870 and reached the sixth form in 1874. Not only did he distinguish himself as a scholar, but he was eager in promoting every sport, got up theatricals, and sang in the choir; in fact, he exhibited the same versatility and indomitable good humour that has distinguished him throughout the siege, and kept the British flag flying over the little leaguered town, where his high spirits in the face of every disappointment have been infectious. He intended to go to Oxford, and Dean Liddell actually took rooms for him at Christ Church. Meantime, however, he went up in a casual way for the army examinations. Much to his surprise he came out second in a list of 718 men, most of whom, of course, had been specially coached, while twenty-eight had come from the universities. He at once received his commission and joined the 13th Hussars in India.

### Baden-Powell as a Soldier.

B.-P. has made his mark as a soldier, not because he has merely a soldier's instinct, but because he has brains and a conscience, which make him instinctively master whatever he sets himself to do, and separates him at once from the rule-of-thumb warriors who have done much to make us ridiculous in the present campaign. It would be impossible to describe in a small space his achievements since he entered the 13th Hussars. In 1881 he accompanied his regiment to South Africa, and published his classical book on cavalry instruction. In 1885 he made a reconnaissance (unaccompanied) over 600 miles along the Natal frontier in twenty days and published his book on pig-sticking, illustrated by himself. Exactly fourteen years ago he was acting as war judge at the Military Tournament (for which he designed the poster). So long ago as 1888, when he was secretary of the British Commission to Swaziland, the "Cape Argus," with the tone of a prophet, published a sketch of his career, under the title, "The Man of the Hour."

In 1889 he went to Malta as Assistant Military Secretary to the Governor, and helped to build a permanent club for our soldiers and sailors on the island. He returned to his regiment from special duty in 1893, and reported to the War Office on the forts in Northern Africa. In 1895 he earned a brevet-colonelcy by his spirited raising and commanding of the native levy in the Ashanti War. It will rather astonish him, perhaps, to find among the news of the day that Prempeh's subjects, which gave him such trouble, are again on the war path. In 1896 he became general staff officer to Sir Frederick Carrington in the Matabele Campaign. He became Colonel of the 5th Dragoon Guards in 1897, and made them the best scouts in our cavalry, as his famous little book on scouting, published since the war began, would lead one to expect.

### His Work at Mafeking.

Mafeking was the place for B.-P., and B.-P. was the man for Mafeking. His restless energy, his tact, his knowledge, his magnetism—all these have had to be exercised for seven and a half sleepless months, with the result we all know. Correspondent after correspondent have borne testimony to his vigilance. One of the best descriptions of the man of Mafeking was that written some time in April by the painstaking correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette":—

He is a wonderfully tireless man, ever on the alert, ever with one eye on the enemy and the other divided



MAJOR BADEN F. S. BADEN-POWELL.

B.-P.'s youngest brother: Scots Guards.

between the town and that nightmare, the native stadt. Some say that he never sleeps, and I half believe the statement. I have frequently seen him myself at the peep-of-day crossing the veldt on his return to town after visiting all the works, with the customary tune on his lips; and half an hour afterwards he was on the roof with his glasses glued to his eyes, having an early look at the enemy. Later on he takes a constitutional walk up and down before his quarters like one doing sentry-go. An hour or so later he is on the stoep writing his diary, generally with his left hand, for with his wonderful foresight he has recognised that in pursuing his trade he may lose his right, and he does not wish to be left in the lurch. Again he is on the roof once more, having another look at the enemy, and if everything is particularly quiet he trusts the lookout men and goes to his nook to dip into a novel or have a stretch under his mosquito curtain. I always know that he is there as I pass when I see a pair of tan boots sticking out.

He spends the rest of the day doing a thousand and one things, receiving reports, adjusting differences, learning from his staff all they know, powwowing with Lord

away and they know that he is the commander. Napoleon himself never kept keener vigil than B.-P., or had a greater grasp of what was going on around him. Added to this night-and-day round, our Colonel even directs the other force away up north that he never sees, yet every movement of which he is acquainted with. Nevertheless, the strain, the anxiety that must be there despite the external show of light-heartedness, the constant watchfulness, and the worries connected with the interior economy of the town, would have scoured and broken down and turned grey-headed many another man. But B.-P.'s temperament preserves him, and to-day (April) he is as fresh, as keen, and as full of vigour as when he started in October.

### Baden-Powell: Described by a Member of the Family.

The house, No. 8 St. George's Place, Hyde Park Corner, where Colonel Baden-Powell's mother and sister live, is an object-lesson of the achievements



MISS BADEN-POWELL.



BADEN-POWELL AT THE AGE OF 21.



MRS. BADEN-POWELL.

Edward Cecil, his chief staff officer, discovering how much food we have from the D.A.A.G., and suggesting how it may be conserved and how much per head shall be served out to each soul under his care—all the time with an eye fixed upon Snyman and his horde, reading their thoughts, knowing what they are about to do, and planning a checkmate. In the evening he goes up to the hospital to inquire after his wounded—he never misses this visit—and if a victim of the siege is to be buried it is ten to one that we see him at the graveside. The Colonel trusts his command, but like the good general that he is leaves nothing to chance, and always has the concentrated knowledge of every officer in his head. Many stories are told by our sentries of one who silently steals out of the blackness of the night and is on them before they have time to challenge. He asks a question or gives a suggestion and a cheery word, and then departs as silently as he came. They even tell of a bearded stranger dressed in grey tweed who has the stature of B.-P., and strolls around the works and makes such remarks as "Keep a keen eye in that direction; you never know what may be stirring or where they are." He goes

of the hero, for it is ornamented with many interesting souvenirs of the Colonel's travels and adventures. Immediately outside the drawing-room is a lion which B.-P. shot in Africa, and from which he had a narrow escape. His sister has also made quite an interesting collection of Baden-Powell's souvenirs, such as button portraits, brooches, and post cards, many of these being retailed at copper prices, and some of which effectively enable "the man in the street" to show his regard for consistent bravery and conspicuous resource. Numerous admirers have at the same time forwarded verses and other evidences of appreciation.

The story of the home life of our English heroes oftener gives us the secret of their success than

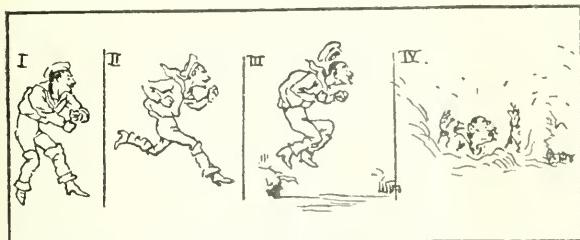
the mere bald record of their publicly reported actions. This is evidently the case with the career of Colonel Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking; and a whole volume might be written upon the home life of his mother, his sister, his brothers, and himself at St. George's Place, Hyde Park Corner.

The following story gives the keynote to their individual and collective success. When Mrs. Baden-Powell's sons were boys a cash-box was left open, from which all the family drew pocket-money as they required it, depositing a memorandum of the amount which each had withdrawn. One day, when the future Colonel Baden-Powell was quite small, his mother was surprised to find in the box a slip of paper on which was written "6s., Steve." She wondered whether this large draft upon the bank was to purchase toy soldiers or the latest model of new artillery, but like all good mothers suppressed her curiosity, preferring to be told spontaneously rather than cross-question her boy. The next day the mystery was solved. On her breakfast table she found a brown paper parcel, and in it she discovered a dictionary of biography. On enquiry she learnt that little Steve had drawn his six shillings to purchase this book for his mother, because he had seen in it a biography of his father.

Through youth and manhood Colonel Baden-Powell has been indebted to the fine educational influence of the best of mothers. She interested herself in everything the boy did, and from the date of his first trip away from home to the present day, Colonel Baden-Powell has kept up all the home customs and habits. For instance, the hero of Mafeking never leaves home without putting down in pen and pencil some narrative of his journey for the amusement and instruction of his mother and sister. Almost as well gifted in the use of his pencil as of the sword, Colonel Baden-Powell has filled numerous note-books with artistic and liter-

ary souvenirs of his many wanderings over the globe. These he sends home to his mother and sister, who are thus kept in constant touch in a peculiarly pleasant and interesting way with the adventures of the intrepid Colonel (or Major-General as he now is) by sea and land.

A pretty side of Baden-Powell's character was his one-time love for dolls. It would indeed be interesting to ascertain how many well-known men loved dolls and their accessories when they were small children. In his youth—and he may be still—Baden-Powell was as capable of discussing the niceties of doll attire as his sister and her young friends. To-day Colonel Baden-Powell is not ashamed of his love for dolls and doll life, and he is certainly very proud of his knowledge of cookery. His mother, little thinking what use her son would make of his knowledge of this art, taught him to stew, boil, and fry before he was in his teens. When the day comes for the recital of the complete story of the siege of Mafeking it will be found that Colonel Baden-Powell's knowledge of cookery more than once stood the besieged inhabitants in good stead, for it is more than possible that many of the dishes concocted from locusts and other undesirable things have been the outcome of Baden-Powell's inspiration. On this point of Baden-Powell's knowledge of cookery it is not uninteresting to quote from his book on scouting, in which he says: "A man who has lived fatly, without being hardened with exercise, in peace-time, and has never learnt to light fires and to cook food for himself, goes to pieces very quickly when he tries roughing it on service. I have seen such a man look almost horrified, with a 'what-am-I-to-do-with-this-lot?' look on his face, when given a live sheep and a helmetful of flour as his rations for the next four days. A scout getting the same would have thought himself in clover."



Baden-Powell's French Cook out at a Woodcock Shoot in Albania,  
January 18, 1894.

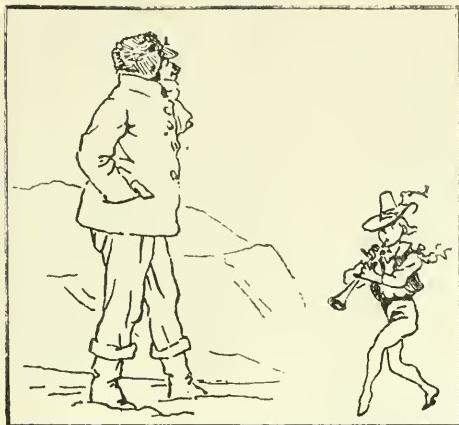
From one of Baden-Powell's Diaries.



English Tourists at Basle.

Drawn by Baden-Powell Dec. 18, 1893, en route to Italy, Albania, Greece, and Sardinia.

SPECIMENS OF BADEN-POWELL'S RAPID PEN AND INK SKETCHES.



THE MERRY SWISS BOY AS HE IS, INSTEAD OF  
WHAT HE OUGHT TO BE.

Drawn by Baden-Powell on December 29, 1893.

"Bathing Towel," a title which boyish ingenuity soon devised out of Baden-Powell, was a splendid type of an average boy at Charterhouse. There was no "side" about him; there was no unhappy brilliancy of youthful intellect; there was no like-

lihood of his educationally, at least, being one whom the gods loved. He thus escaped from dying at an early age. His popularity at school proved him no "sap." He loved his old school, and his eyes always brightened on meeting a fellow Carthusian. A letter to his mother pointedly shows his interest in Charterhouse. He wrote from Mafeking recently: "I have been trying to find any old Carthusians in the place to have a Carthusian dinner together, as it is Founders' day. But so far, for a wonder, I believe I am the only Carthusian amongst the odd thousands here."

In the "Mafeking Mail"—a native-runner got it through to Captain Kenneth McLaren with a request from Colonel Baden-Powell that it might be forwarded to his mother—we have a shrewd suspicion that the uproarious laughter at the reception of "Sherlock Holmes" and the sketch of Corney Grain at the concert described were caused by the hero of Mafeking himself.

In the whole of his letters home, written during the siege, two points are most strongly emphasised. The first is his own fear lest his position should cause those at home any anxiety; the second that it is never of himself that he speaks, but always of the gallant band who worked so loyally and unitedly to uphold England's honour.

The "Windsor" for June is full of light articles. Mr. Crockett makes confession of how "a romancer's local colour is obtained." He supplies the rough sketch which served as a reminder of the scenery of "The Raiders." But since he found his favourite camera, he has amassed some six thousand photographs in half a score of countries. These call up the scene which memory completes. Mr. J. Holt Schooling treats diagrammatically "A Century's Hard Cash." He reports that in the century 1800—1899 there have been minted in and for Great Britain as many as 2,438 million coins, in value 384 millions sterling: 397 million gold, 916 million silver, and 1,124 million bronze and copper coins. The most numerous coin is the penny, next the halfpenny, then the shilling, then the sovereign, and so on. Mr. Randal Roberts offers photographs of famous cricketers' hands; Gambier Bolton pictures some splendid Shire horses; the Queen's conveyances—coach, train, yacht, etc.—are described by George A. Wade; and Robert Machray sketches principal figures in "Our Reserve of Generals." Including brigadier-generals, we have, the writer reckons,

close upon two hundred generals. Less than forty are serving in South Africa; so the reserve of generals is about one hundred and fifty strong.

The distinction of the "Lady's Realm" for June is the commencement of a serial story by Sarah Grand, entitled "Babs the Impossible." Babs is a new edition of the Heavenly Twin with variations. She enters as a girl of fifteen in fascinating revolt against books, governess, mother, and Mrs. Grundy. One of her first escapades it is to wade knee-deep through a pool of slime to gather flowers for her mother. Mrs. Sarah Tooley writes touchingly of the Queen and the wounded, with pleasant glimpses of Netley and other homes of recovery. Neville Edwards sketches home and social life in the Transvaal; servants, dress, dances are his principal topics. Maud Rawson gives some insight into society at Ascot, while Kathleen Schlesinger tells the story of the growth of a Paris costume, from the poetic inspiration of a Walter or a Worth, until by the co-operation of many minds the artistic creation is complete. A paper on Sir Edward Burne-Jones is accompanied by excellent reproductions of some of his works.

## EPISODES IN BRITISH HISTORY.

BY W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.

[The proprietors of the Australasian "Review of Reviews" have made arrangements with Messrs. Smith and Elder, London, the publishers of "How England Saved Europe," by W. H. Fitchett, for the re-publication of a series of brief episodes from that work. The series will deal with picturesque incidents and striking figures in the Great War with France, betwixt 1793 and 1815, and will extend through twelve issues of the "Review of Reviews."]

### III.—THE GREAT BLOCKADES.

It is still vehemently disputed whether Napoleon seriously hoped to reach England by direct invasion, and to carry the Grand Army across the Straits in the flotilla he had prepared. The experts are equally positive on both sides of the question. Professor Sloane, for example, holds that everything about the flotilla—the artificial ports, the 2,000 transports, the camp of the great host on the hills, the long months of waiting, the thousand trial-embarkations, etc.—all the preparations, in a word, which filled two costly and toilsome years, were but "the dust behind which Napoleon was manoeuvring." He was, in truth, aiming at Vienna and Berlin when pretending to strike at London. He never really hoped to overthrow England except by first conquering the Continent.

Professor Sloane has, no doubt, some good authorities on his side, including Napoleon himself. Metternich, for example, always believed that the Grand Army was meant to cross the Rhine, not the Straits of Dover. It is possible to quote Napoleon himself in support of this theory: "Never would I have been such a fool," he told Metternich in 1810, "as to make a descent upon England, unless, indeed, a revolution had taken place in that country. The army assembled at Boulogne was always an army against Austria." He collected his army at Boulogne, Napoleon went on to explain, because incidentally it disquieted England; "but," he added, with a bantering smile, to Metternich, "you saw in 1805 how near Boulogne was to Vienna."

#### Napoleon's Plan.

Napoleon, however, is about the most unreliable authority on his own plans it is possible to quote. He is the most heroic and persistent liar known to history, and it is nearly always possible to disprove what he says to somebody on one day, by some equally positive assertion made to somebody else the day afterwards. Napoleon was, no doubt, capable of practising a strategic ruse on a stupendous scale, for some adequate end, for history records no other great soldier who was also so great a poseur. But there was no adequate motive

for the stupendous and costly deception, stretching through years, with which Professor Sloane credits Napoleon in connection with the Boulogne flotilla. His enemies were not so powerful, nor his end so remote, that the design of attacking them, and of reaching it, should be concealed for so long and by a method so costly.

But there yet remains the puzzle as to whether Napoleon at any time seriously hoped to reach England with the flotilla alone, and without first securing the command of the Channel by some great naval combination. Here, again, we have Napoleon's own explanation of his intentions. In September, 1805, just when the flotilla scheme was abandoned, and the march which led to Austerlitz was beginning, Napoleon wrote a memorandum headed, "What was my design in the creation of the flotilla at Boulogne?" He answers his own question thus: "I wished to assemble forty or fifty ships of the line in the harbour of Martinique, by operations combined in the harbours of Toulon, Cadiz, Ferrol, and Brest; to bring them suddenly back to Boulogne; to find myself in this way, during fifteen days, the master of the sea: to have 150,000 men encamped on the coast, 3,000 or 4,000 vessels in the flotilla, and to set sail the moment the signal was given of the arrival of the combined fleet. That project has failed." And that unhappy Villeneuve, Napoleon goes on to explain, was the guilty cause of the failure. If he had not blundered, "my army," says Napoleon, "would have embarked, and it was all over with England."

It will be seen that this explanation in 1805 blankly contradicts that supplied to Metternich in 1810; and the reason of the earlier note is clear. The Boulogne flotilla was a huge failure, and Napoleon never acknowledged a failure. He had to "explain" it, so that it should seem to be a success, or at least that the blame should lie on some other shoulders than his own. The note of September, 1805, was intended to deceive history, and to save Napoleon's fame at the expense of that of Villeneuve.

Thiers, Lanfrey, and Mahan—three writers of very diverse type—agree in declaring that Na-

poleon's correspondence during the two and a half years betwixt May, 1803, and October, 1805, proves beyond doubt that the flotilla was no mere mask, hiding from the world the intention to attack Austria. "To cross an arm of sea nearly forty miles wide, in the face of a foe whose control of the sea was for the most part undisputed," says Mahan, "was an undertaking so bold that men still doubt whether Napoleon meant it; but as surely he did."

### A Dream of Conquered England!

Meneval, Napoleon's private secretary, whose hand had transcribed thousands of letters and orders bearing on the English invasion, bears emphatic testimony to the seriousness of the Emperor's designs. "Many imagine," he says, "that the imminence of a Continental war must have made Napoleon give up all idea of absenting himself from the Continent with his best army. But, as a matter of fact, never was there more earnest or sincerer planning." "Napoleon," he explains, "expected the overthrow of England to be a mere three months' business. The first victory would have opened the road to London. Communications established in Ireland and Scotland, and a general uprising against the privileged classes of the English lords would have done the rest."

Napoleon, in a word, pictured himself entering London as a sort of French version of William of Orange; only, as he put it, "with more generosity and disinterestedness" than that cold-blooded Dutchman ever possessed! He seriously believed there would be a popular rising in his behalf. Napoleon's brain was haunted with many strange visions, but surely with none stranger than this—the subjugation of Great Britain in three months, and a general uprising of the inhabitants in aid of a French invasion, for the sake of destroying the "tyranny" of the House of Lords!

Later, indeed, Bonaparte persuaded himself that, by force of geography and by the plain intentions of Divine Providence, England was designed to become a mere joint in the tail of France! "England," he told Las Cases at St. Helena, "is naturally meant to be an appendage to France. Nature made her just as much one of our islands as Corsica or Oleron." In unscientific contempt of geography, however, and in wicked scorn of the plain intentions of Divine Providence, as interpreted by Napoleon, England has stubbornly declined to become "an appendage of France."

The naval combinations to secure the command of the Channel were really an afterthought on the part of Napoleon. He himself, in 1797, when appointed commander of the "Army of England," told the Directory that to invade England without

first securing the command of the sea would be a task too perilous to be attempted. But in 1803 his hate of England was more violent, his trust in his "star" was more complete, and, above all, he was the absolute master of France! So, for a while, he persuaded himself that what was impossible to France under the Directory of 1795 was possible to France under himself in 1803.

But an intellect on the whole so sane and so piercing as that of Napoleon could not long be blinded, even by hate. To commit the Grand Army to the Channel tides in flat-bottomed transports, without the shelter of friendly fleets, Napoleon recognised would be madness. He had seen at Boulogne the helplessness of his transports in rough weather, and the audacity of British ships and captains. "He now began," says Lanfrey, "to understand the insufficiency of the flotilla when reduced to its own strength, and decided on ensuring the co-operation of our squadrons;" and a letter written by him to Gantheaume on December 7, 1803, contains the earliest germ of the plan for the great naval combinations which followed. For the next eighteen months Napoleon was playing, so to speak, a game of stupendous chess against England, with the tossing sea for board, and mighty fleets for pawns and knights and castles.

### How the Sailors Won.

In this strategic battle Napoleon ought to have won. No more subtle or profound intellect was ever applied to the business of war than his. Strategy, too, was the field in which Napoleon most excelled. To his brooding and luminous brain the most complex and far-reaching combinations were simple. And he had opposed to him only a cluster of plain-minded British sailors, who knew their own sea-going business perfectly well, but who made no pretensions to understand the subtleties of military strategy. They had not mastered its grammar; they could not even talk its language!

Yet St. Vincent and Barham at the Admiralty, Nelson and Cornwallis and Collingwood off Toulon and Brest and Cadiz, somehow, read Napoleon's profoundest combinations, and shattered them by an art that was perhaps simpler than his, but which was also swifter and more direct. They out-planned and out-maneuvred, in a word, as well as out-fought, this greatest captain of all time. The sea-struggle of 1803-5 "has an interest wholly unique," says Mahan, "as the only great naval campaign ever planned by this foremost captain of modern times." And it ended at Trafalgar!

At the moment when Napoleon realised that his flotilla, unaided, could not cross the Channel, France possessed a fleet which, judged by mere

number of ships, was of great power. But Napoleon had sacrificed his fleet to his flotilla. He had starved his line-of-battle ships to build flat-bottomed transports. Villeneuve summed up the condition of the French fleet in the words, "We have bad masts, bad sails, bad rigging, bad officers, and bad sailors." All the resources of French dockyards had been expended on the flotilla and denied to the fleet.

St. Vincent, on the other hand, had enormously reduced the strength of the British fleet by unwise economies during the truce of Amiens. The British dockyards were disorganised, the shipyards dismantled, the supply of naval stores almost

at Rochefort, at Toulon, or at Dunkirk--was kept hermetically sealed up by sleepless blockade. The general plan of Napoleon was that one squadron should, somehow, break loose, draw off in pursuit the British squadron watching it, then double back to the French coast, raise the other blockades in turn, and thus, gathering strength as it went, at last appear a great fleet of thirty-five or forty ships of the line in the Channel. "Let us," said Napoleon, "be masters of the Straits for six hours, and we shall be masters of the world." And all the combinations and blockades, the flights and the pursuits, the evasions and the battles of more than two years eddied round the problem of gaining those



exhausted, and there were ten line-of-battle ships less than when the war began. Under Lord Melville, however, extraordinary energy was infused into naval administration, and during 1804 no less than eighty-seven ships of war were built and launched. And yet at the beginning of 1805, when the alliance with Spain put under the command of Napoleon some seventy sail of the line, Britain could only put eighty-three ships of an equal class into active commission.

The French fleet, however, was scattered in half-a-dozen ports, and over each port a British squadron kept tireless and unslumbering guard. "Our first line of defence," as Nelson put it, "is close to the enemy's ports." The enemy's fleet was helpless when each fragment of it—at Brest,

"six hours," or of preventing them being gained.

### Jack on Guard.

Nothing could surpass, nothing in sea-warfare has ever equalled, for vigilance, for endurance, for inflexibility of purpose, the British blockades. Cornwallis kept guard over Brest, on the stormy western angle of France, for nearly two and a half years, through all weathers and all seasons. Ships came and went, but still the French lookouts, gazing seaward, saw always the same sight—the English frigates, like watchdogs, tacking to and fro across the Passage de l'Iroise, while, farther out, towards the stormy cliffs at Ushant, were the topsails of the line-of-battle ships under the

flag of Cornwallis. Sometimes the furious western gales would blow the British ships beyond the horizon, but with the falling wind they crept back again. Collingwood off Rochefort, or later off Cadiz, showed a constancy as heroic. One stretch of cruising lasted for twenty months, during which he never dropped anchor. In a letter to his wife he records that he "has not seen a green leaf on a tree for fourteen months."

Nelson had a still stormier post. He kept guard in the Gulf of Lyons off Toulon. His method of blockading was characteristic. He desired rather to tempt the enemy's ships out of port than to keep them shut up in it. "Every opportunity," he wrote, "has been offered to the enemy to put to sea, for it is there we hope to realise the hopes and expectations of our country." La Touche-Treville commanded a fleet of twelve line-of-battle ships in Toulon. Outside the port nothing was visible but a single British frigate, lazily crossing to and fro—like a hawk circling idly in fields of soft air—as though to serve as a decoy to the Frenchmen.

But beyond the sea-line was Nelson's fleet, scattered over an enormous stretch of sea-space. His line-of-battle ships patrolled the whole interval betwixt the Spanish coast, as far south as the Balearen Isles, to Sardinia and Corsica. This great field was divided by Nelson into sections, each bearing a different number. At one fixed spot a frigate was always kept with the intelligence of Nelson's whereabouts. All news was carried to this, the central rendezvous. The great ships were, meanwhile, moving from point to point over the cruising-ground, but all connected, as though by an electrical thread, with each other and with their chief. Thus the scattered ships could crystallise into a solid fleet the moment the news was flashed along any line of communication that the Frenchmen were out.

Nelson's cutlying ships, when the French showed signs of putting to sea, would fall back as a lure, and La Touche chose to misunderstand this. He published a letter, in which he described himself as having "chased Nelson, who ran before him." "If my character for not running away," wrote Nelson, "is not fixed by this time, it is not worth my trouble to put the world right." Nevertheless the Frenchman's lie stung Nelson. "I have kept M. La Touche's letter," he writes, "and if I ever take him I shall never see him, or, if I do, I shall make him eat his letter!"

#### Nelson's Endurance.

For two years Nelson battled with the wild north-westers of the Gulf of Lyons, keeping watch

over Toulon. He himself, from May, 1803, to August, 1805, left his ship only three times, and for less than an hour on each occasion.

On June 20, 1805, Nelson writes in his diary: "I went on shore for the first time since June 16, 1803, and from having my foot out of the Victory, two years wanting ten days." This meant patient and hardy seamanship of the finest quality. Nelson's ships were splendidly manned, but ill-supplied. They were leaky, overstrained, with worn-out canvas and rigging, lacking almost everything, in fact, except hardy crews and gallant captains. But by the perfection of care and seamanship, Nelson kept his fleet in working order, and clung to his post.

The French squadron once, at a moment when Nelson was blown off the coast, ran out of Toulon; but after three days struggled back again half-dismantled. "These gentlemen," was Nelson's comment, "are not accustomed to a Gulf of Lyons gale, which we have buffeted for twenty-one months and not carried away a spar."

It was one of the compensations of these great blockades that they raised the standard of seamanship and endurance throughout the British fleets to the highest possible level. The lonely watches, the sustained vigilance, the remoteness from all companionship, the long wrestle with the forces of the sea, the constant watching for battle, which for English seamen marked those blockades, profoundly affected the character of English seamanship. When, indeed, has the world seen such seamen as those of the years preceding Trafalgar?—hardy, resolute, careless alike of tempest or of battle; of frames as enduring as the oaken decks they trod, and courage as iron as the guns they worked; and as familiar with sea-life and all its chances as though they had been web-footed.

If the great blockades hardened the seamanship of the British fleets, fighting for long months with the tempests of the open sea, they fatally enervated the seamanship of the French navy. The seaman's art under the tricolour decayed in the long inaction of blockaded ports. The seaman's spirit drooped. The French navy suffered a curious and fatal loss, not only of nautical skill but of fighting impulse.

These blockades, as a result, defeated Napoleon and determined the course of history. Cornwallis off Brest, and Nelson off Toulon, really held the great Boulogne flotilla imprisoned, and kept the fields of Kent in peace. "Those far-distant, storm-beaten ships," says Mahan, "upon which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the dominion\* of the world."

## CHARACTER SKETCH.

### MR. CYRIL ARTHUR PEARSON, FOUNDER OF THE "DAILY EXPRESS."

#### I—GENESIS.

In the year 1884, a dark-haired, short-sighted lad of eighteen might have been seen cycling rapidly thirty miles from Drayton, near Bletchley, to Bedford. He carried in his pocket the newly issued number of "Tit-Bits," one column of which he had eagerly scanned before he had mounted his cycle, and the contents of which were revolving in his busy brain as rapidly as the wheels of his cycle along the roads. The moment he arrived at Bedford, he made for the County Library, and for the rest of the day remained immersed in dictionaries, cyclopaedias, gazetteers, and all the other storehouses of condensed literary pemmican which were to be found on its shelves. It was difficult for the casual visitor to divine the reason for his omnivorous quest for information. He was not pursuing any particular line of study, for his investigation ranged over the most diverse fields of human knowledge.

#### A Novel Examination Paper.

If, however, you observed him closely, you would have seen him perpetually referring to the copy of "Tit-Bits" which lay at his elbow, and if you had carried your curiosity sufficiently far to glance over his shoulder, your eye would have lighted upon some questions, from which the following is an extract:—

How many bona fide manufacturers are there in Great Britain?

What is the origin of the phrase "paying the piper"?

How many significant words can be formed out of the word "Mediterranean"?

What were the "eight sorrows" of Ireland?

Who invented the heliograph?

What is the radius of the smallest curve which should be allowed on a railway?

What is the difference between "artist's proof," "four letter proof," "copy" and "print" in reference to steel engravings?

Whence came the phrase "neither hawk nor buzzard"?

How many Bank of England notes would weigh 1 oz.?

What are the modern names of paper?

What is the origin of the coronet on the mitre of the English Archbishops?

What city surrendered to a dead general?

Name the ten animals (not of the race of man) said to have been received into Paradise?

What is the age of the earth?

What is "treasure trove"?

Why is the Temple (London) so called?

At what date does modern history commence?

Who is said to have been detained on Mount Ida by the nails in his boots?

#### The Prize.

All that he wanted was to obtain the answer to each of these one hundred and thirty questions, propounded at the rate of ten every week, and arbitrarily fixed by the sphinx of "Tit-Bits." As soon as he had worked his way by the aid of much industrious research through the list of questions, he remounted his cycle and pedalled back across the country to his father's rectory. Once a week for three months he made this pilgrimage, and duly, after each visit to the Bedford County Library, he posted to Mr. Newnes' editor (in an envelope marked "Inquiry Column") a list of answers accurately filled in, according to the best of his knowledge and belief. This assiduous industry and punctuality were induced by an offer made by Mr. Newnes to the world in general to give the person who most accurately answered the questions published in thirteen consecutive weeks of his journal a situation in his office, with a salary



CYRIL ARTHUR PEARSON.

to start with of £100 a year. The situation was guaranteed for one year, but could be obtained only on condition of references as to honesty being furnished. The competition opened on May 31 and ended on August 23, and when it closed there ensued a period of painful suspense. Three thousand competitors from all parts of the kingdom had been engaged in filling in answers to their papers week by week, so that the editor in London had no fewer than 39,000 examination papers to go through before he could adjudicate the winner in the competition.

### Mr. Pearson's Debut.

At last on the eventful day (only delayed a fortnight) the award was published, when it was discovered that Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson, of Drayton Parslow Rectory, Bletchley Station, had come out top, with 414 marks to his credit. The next competitor (Mr. F. S. Knowles) had secured 362 marks. Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson was none other than the dark-haired, short-sighted youth who in the course of three months had cycled 780 miles in order to visit the nearest library from which he could obtain the information which was to give him his first step in the ladder of life. At the age of eighteen, in September, 1884, Mr. Pearson was installed accordingly as clerk in the office of Mr., now Sir, George Newnes, the editor and proprietor of "Tit-Bits."

Such was the beginning of the career of the young man who last month endowed London with a new daily paper.

The "Daily Express," the latest offshoot of the country clergyman's son who came out top in the "Tit-Bits" competition, bears some semblance to the inquiry column by which its proprietor made his debut in the journalistic world. That is to say, it is an exceedingly varied and miscellaneous publication containing, like the haggis, a vast amount of confused eating, the whole bearing testimony to the energy, industry, and restlessness of its creator's mind. The critical might perhaps complain that it lacks symmetry and that ordered relation between its various parts which the older school of journalists might have regarded as an indispensable desideratum.

### II.—EXODUS.

Mr. Pearson is no admirer of the conventional idea of education. Born at Wookey, near Wells, on February 24, 1866, he was sent to Winchester after having had four years' training in a private school at Wimbledon. When he left Winchester at the age of sixteen, he was, though an enthusiastic Wykehamist, by no means a believer in the methods pursued at Winchester or any other public

school. When he left school, he often declared he had been taught absolutely nothing that helped him to make his way in the world—neither history, nor geography, nor modern languages; neither had he been even introduced to the fringe of any science. No boy is so badly equipped for his future, says Mr. Pearson, as the English schoolboy. When he left Winchester, he went home and spent two years in miscellaneous study.

### A "Tit-Bits" University.

Towards the close of that period his eye fell upon the offer in "Tit-Bits," and before the year was over he was installed in Mr. Newnes' office, which may be regarded as the very temple of miscellaneous information. He rapidly won his way into the good graces of his employer. He was industrious, punctual, a demon of energy, who had made up his mind that, having obtained his chance, he would make the most of it. Mr. Newnes appreciated his capacity, but even Sir George was hardly prepared for the ambition of the youth whom he was introducing to the wider world. Hence it was with profound surprise that he received Mr. Pearson's application for the management of "Tit-Bits" when, six months after his arrival in the office, a vacancy occurred in that post. "Tit-Bits" was not then what it now is, but it was even then (in its fifth year) a great and flourishing concern. Mr. Newnes was at first considerably staggered by the impudence of the youth, who, at the age of nineteen, aspired to manage "Tit-Bits," but Mr. Pearson in his frank, brisk way, with his persuasive argument, succeeded in inducing his employer to give him an opportunity of showing what he could do. Hence it was that at the age of nineteen Mr. Pearson was manager of "Tit-Bits."

### "Tit-Bits" Tadpoles.

On the staff at that time there was another youth who was destined to an equally remarkable journalistic career. Alfred Harmsworth was an outside contributor to "Tit-Bits," and the manager and contributor soon struck up a friendship which, making all allowance for the rivalries of business, has continued down to the present day. Mr. Pearson continued to run "Tit-Bits" for Mr. Newnes until the end of 1889. It was in the last month of that year that the new era of periodical literature in England had its beginning. Mr. Harmsworth had two years before ceased to contribute to "Tit-Bits," and was already embarked on a fair way to making a colossal fortune as the editor and proprietor of "Answers." Mr. Pearson was still managing "Tit-Bits" at a salary of £300 a year.

### A Pilgrimage to the States.

In December, 1889, I went over to Putney to see Mr. Newnes, and ask him whether he would join me in founding the "Review of Reviews." He agreed, and told off Mr. Pearson to undertake the business side of the new venture. It was in that way that I first met Mr. Pearson, and learned to admire the energy, the adroitness, the directness and capacity which he displayed in dealing with men and things. After getting out the first number in January, Mr. Pearson was despatched on a special mission to the United States to discover an American publisher for the "Review of Reviews," for the conception of an American and an Australian "Review of Reviews" was an essential part of the design with which the magazine was started. Mr. Pearson went down to Florida to interview the head of the publishing house, Mr. Merrill, by whom the "Review of Reviews" was first introduced to the American public. The American trip had somewhat widened his ideas, and the fortnight of meditation on the Atlantic had inspired him with an ambition to do something on his own account. Almost immediately after his return, Sir George Newnes and I severed partnership, and Mr. Pearson proposed to leave "Tit-Bits" and devote himself to working up the "Review of Reviews" as my business manager, with a share in the profits. The arrangement, however, was not concluded, and Mr. Pearson applied to Sir George Newnes for an increase of salary. Sir George refused, whereupon Mr. Pearson shook the dust off his feet and departed to found "Pearson's Weekly."

### Exodus from "Tit-Bits."

He took offices in Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, engaged a cashier, borrowed £3,000 from a friend, and founded "Pearson's Weekly." It was larger than "Tit-Bits," with more liberal inducements to subscribers in the shape of insurances and prizes, but was in all essentials built upon "Tit-Bits" lines. The paper was successful from the start, and everything was booming, when suddenly the financial bottom fell out of the concern. His friend who had financed the paper at the beginning had got hit in the Argentine speculations, and wanted his money back. Mr. Pearson, however, was not a man to be daunted by this difficulty. He rushed round seeking for the necessary capital, and by good fortune was led to seek the help of Sir William Ingram of the "Illustrated London News." Sir William supplied the money, with which Mr. Pearson paid off the original loan, and he and Mr. Keary (who was then taken into the firm) devoted themselves to building up the success of "Pearson's Weekly."

### III.—"PEARSON'S WEEKLY."

Mr. Pearson worked like a slave in those early years. Afterwards he discovered that it was possible to get other people to work for him, and he laboured at leisure as a country gentleman, or spent months on the Riviera. But in the first years he put his back into his weekly as vigorously as he is now putting it into the "Daily Express." When "Pearson's Weekly" entered upon its second year it had achieved a circulation of 200,000 a week. But therewith Mr. Pearson was by no means content. "Tit-Bits" was still far ahead of him in circulation, and the laurels of Miltiades would not allow him to sleep. As attractions to force up the sale of his paper he adopted every expedient in the way of prizes that his busy brain could devise, with the result that the paper grew steadily week by week in popular favour. It would have been well for Mr. Pearson if he had been content with that steady increase in popular favour. But a chance enabled him to achieve a boom of notoriety the like of which has never been equalled since.

### The "Missing Word" Boom.

It was in the second year of the existence of "Pearson's Weekly" that, while casting about for methods of attracting readers, he hit upon the Missing Word Competition. No one could possibly have predicted that the idea would have caught on as it did, and the incident may be quoted as an instance of the element which pure chance seems to play in the affairs of men. After trying various methods of offering prizes for competition, Mr. Pearson hit upon the expedient of printing a paragraph in which a single word was omitted, and the way in which he hit upon it was this. He was busy one day correcting the page proofs of his paper, and found it advisable to take out the last word of the last paragraph on a page, as it occurred in the line above. While casting about for a suitable word to fill the gap the idea of the Missing Word came upon him like a flash. Readers were invited to cut out the paragraph, and send it up with the shilling, and the missing word filled in. All the shillings were then collected, and the sum thus realised was divided without deduction among those who correctly guessed the missing word. It is a very simple expedient, and one which has been tried time and again in America, without achieving any particular success. Nor did it at first in "Pearson's Weekly." The Missing Word Competition was a fairly successful draw for some weeks. It gained steadily in popular favour, until one week the sum divided between the successful competitors exceeded £70 each. This fact suddenly fascinated the imagination of the man in the street. The idea of netting £70 by a successful guess led every

one to wish to have a try. The circulation of the paper did not merely advance by leaps and bounds; it soared up with the rapidity of a balloon. The printing presses which were in ordinary use were in vain worked to their utmost capacity. The circulation went up by hundreds of thousands a week.

### A Ruinous Success.

It soon became evident that the Missing Word Competition was little better than a gigantic gamble or lottery. Instead of merely buying a single copy of "Pearson's Weekly" and having one guess, people bought dozens, scores, and even in some cases hundreds of copies, and filled in all imaginable words that would fit the missing space. To such an extent did the craze extend, that before long Mr. Pearson was printing no fewer than a million and a quarter copies a week. It was a ruinous success. The advertising rates, which were remunerative when the circulation was running at a quarter of a million, became absolutely worthless when it reached a million. In order to produce this enormous number of papers, the pages were stereotyped and forms sent down to printing establishments in Birmingham, Bath, Norwich, Manchester, Edinburgh, and elsewhere. All the printers were being paid overtime, and the paper was produced regardless of expense or of any consideration except that of getting out the maximum number in the minimum time. Of course it was in no sense a bona fide circulation, for those who bought a hundred copies of "Pearson's Weekly" merely cut out the paragraph containing the missing word and threw the rest of the paper away. The sale was a lottery ticket sale, neither more nor less. Imitators sprang up on every side, but "Pearson's Weekly" still kept ahead of all others, until at last the affair became a public scandal.

### How the Gamble was Stopped.

The Courts were invoked. An action was brought against one of the two hundred papers which had imitated "Pearson's Weekly," and one fine day the world learned that Missing Word Competitions were declared on the highest legal and judicial authority to be an infraction of the law of the land. At the moment when this decision was pronounced Mr. Pearson was in full swing, and had at that very moment in his hands no less than £40,000, which represented 800,000 guesses sent in by the speculative public. Mr. Pearson had distributed in the Missing Word Competition craze £170,000, and in order to deal fairly with his guessers he had to improvise a staff of five hundred women, each of whom received £1 a week for the purpose of selecting from the mass of missing words that which really filled in the blank. The

moment the Missing Word Competition was declared to be illegal the question arose as to what should be done with the money in hand. It was referred to the Court, and the Court decided that, as the competition was illegal, the £40,000 belonged to no one. Mr. Justice Stirling paid Mr. Pearson the high compliment of telling him that he had decided to give him back the £40,000 "to deal with as he felt in honour bound." He distributed the money, therefore, in accordance with the principles of the Missing Word Competition. His envious competitors gloated over the judicial interdict which terminated Mr. Pearson's great boom, but they were not half so grateful for the intervention of this *deus ex machina* as Mr. Pearson. If it had gone on much longer it would have ruined him; as it was, it cost him £7,000, and nearly broke down the whole administration of his office under the immense excitement of the lottery. If it was not bona fide journalism, it was at least the most gigantic advertisement that ever fell by chance into the lap of the favourite of fortune.

### What is "Pearson's"?

As one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, it is probable that many of those who belong to the cultured class in this country have never seen either "Tit-Bits," "Answers," or "Pearson's Weekly." This does not deter many of them from commenting in more or less disparaging terms upon the efforts which Sir George Newnes, Mr. Harmsworth and Mr. Pearson have made to supply the great mass of readers turned out by our elementary schools with interesting reading matter. As a matter of fact, the "Tit-Bits" family of the papers, although somewhat scrappy, are by no means to be despised. First and foremost, they are quite unobjectionable from the point of view of morality. They are all what the Americans would call "clean" papers. There is no dancing upon the border line of indecency. Whether in dealing with fiction or fact, even Mrs. Grundy herself could find nothing to object to in the way in which the editors of those papers discharge their duties.

### A Sample Number.

Taking the current number of "Pearson's Weekly" as a sample of a class, we find it consists of sixteen pages, not including the four-page coloured wrapper, and a four-page supplement, both devoted to advertisements. Of these pages one is devoted to a short story entitled "Tales of Lloyd's," "Gunrunning for the Dutch." Three pages are given up to a serial tale, "The Invaders," a story of Britain's peril. This, which is illustrated, is an imaginative romance describing how the allied French and German army invaded England by way

of Liverpool. It is brightly written, and much more interesting than many of the serials which are published in the monthly magazines. Four pages, therefore, are devoted to fiction. Of the more serious articles in "Pearson's," there are a couple of columns devoted to a summary, not badly written, of the article which I contributed to the "Windsor Magazine" on "The Cape to Cairo Railway." Another couple of columns are devoted to accounts of Arizona and the Ashantis. Of the other miscellaneous articles one column describes how soldiers are punished in war-time; another describes the antipathy which is supposed to exist between the hippopotamus and the horse; the third describes a novelty in domestic evolution by which foot-women are being substituted for foot-men in country-houses; a fourth revives the memories of the Mohawks, and half a page is devoted to a sketch of the Cunard Line. Besides this there are from three to four pages devoted to paragraphs, facetious and otherwise; a column under the head of "Many Happy Returns" gives "something of interest about big people whose birthdays happen this week," and in addition to this there is one staple feature which has never failed to appear in every number of "Pearson's Weekly" since the start.

### A Popular Examination Paper.

It is entitled "Questions Worth Answering," and Mr. Pearson started and maintained it as a continuation of the "'Tit-Bits' Inquiry Column" which gave him his start, and which he conducted during the whole of his stay with Sir George Newnes. Every week ten questions are printed to be answered by the readers of "Pearson's Weekly." These questions are supplied by the readers themselves. Anyone can send in a suggested question, and if it is adopted by the editor, he receives half a crown for his suggestion. Anyone who likes can answer the questions, and if his answer is selected as the best, it is printed in a subsequent number of the paper, and paid for at the rate of two guineas a column. It is true that many of the questions which are thought to be worth answering are such as would hardly occur to an educationalist as the best calculated to stimulate thought or to provoke research. Nevertheless, in their way, undoubtedly they do both. Here, for instance, are the questions which are asked in the number for the week ending May 5, 1900:—

- 5041. How did "marionettes" originate?
- 5042. Which insect can move its wings most rapidly?
- 5043. What is the origin of the title "Kaisar-i-Hind"?
- 5044. Is there any reason to believe that America was, in prehistoric times, inhabited by a race of men in a comparatively high state of civilisation?
- 5045. In which part of this country is the land let under the most curious conditions?

5046. Which Colonial enterprise was most disastrous to Scotland?

5047. Which kind of feathers is the most expensive?

5048. Why is the external underside of many wild animals of a white colour?

Looking at this varied bill of fare served up week by week by Mr. Pearson, it must be said that it compares favourably with the contents of an ordinary daily paper. It is much more interesting than the contents of the old provincial weekly, which it has largely displaced. There is nothing malicious about it, and there is very little that is dull. It is perfectly proper, and anyone who reads it from cover to cover will acquire a vast store of miscellaneous information. It is a kind of mix-max of all manner of information upon all manner of subjects; but it excludes everything that is either political or religious. It has no doctrine to preach, it has no party to rally, it has no system of philosophy to explain or defend. It is as nondidactic as the menu of a restaurant. Mr. Pearson is as little anxious to convert his readers as the chef de cuisine is anxious to influence the politics of those for whom he prepares his appetising dishes.

### IV.—PEARSON'S PERIODICALS.

After this Mr. Pearson went to America, where he was received as the one man who had succeeded in engineering a missing word boom where all others had failed. After his return his restless ingenuity found vent in the production in rapid succession of a series of publications, some of which lived, some of which did not. Among the latter was a threepenny magazine called "Searchlight," the aim of which was to preserve the cream of the most interesting articles in the newspapers in a permanent form, together with some original features of its own. It was the pioneer of the threepenny magazine, but although it lasted a year or two it did not achieve a permanent success.

On July 15, 1893, Mr. Pearson published the first number of the penny weekly entitled "Short Stories," which was entirely devoted to fiction of the kind indicated by the title. This achieved considerable success, and is still running; but it was not until the beginning of the following year that he achieved his next great success, when he began the publication of "Home Notes," a periodical devoted, as its name implies, entirely to the world of home. This had a great and instant success, and is even now one of the chief sources of revenue of Pearson's, Limited. Out of "Home Notes" twelve months later there grew a 1½d. monthly, entitled "Dressmaking at Home," and six months later again a similar publication, "Fashions for Children," which was published at the same price.

In the beginning of the following year, January, 1896, he began the publication of "Pearson's Magazine," which was issued then, and has continued to be issued to this day, at sixpence net monthly. "Pearson's Magazine" is so familiar a feature on the bookstalls that there is no need to describe it here. Like the "Strand," which Sir George Newnes founded immediately after he sold out of the "Review of Reviews," it is entirely devoid of political bias. It is slightly thicker, published on better paper, and altogether is produced in a style which seemed to render it impossible that it should ever become a paying property. I remember expressing an opinion to that effect when Mr. Pearson showed me a specimen number; but its merits commended themselves to the public, and it has been a continuous success ever since.

At the same time that he started "Pearson's Magazine" he brought out another penny monthly, which grew naturally out of "Home Notes." It was entitled "Home Cookery," and the following year he produced three new penny weeklies, the "Sunday Reader," the "Athletic Record," and the "Big Budget," and in 1898 again he brought out his only halfpenny weekly, "Dan Leno's Comic Journal." In June he began the publication of "M.A.P.," edited by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and then in October he attempted again to realise his old ideal of a 3d. monthly by producing the "Royal Magazine." This was more successful than "Searchlight," better illustrated, and largely composed of fiction.

### Pearsons, Limited.

As might well be imagined, this continuous creation of new periodicals, monthly and weekly, necessitated the placing of the financial side of the business on a wider basis. In July, 1898, Pearson's business was converted into a limited liability company, with a share capital of £400,000. The ordinary stock of 125,000 £1 shares was held entirely by the original members of the firm, Mr. Pearson, Sir William Ingram, and Mr. Keary, 50,000  $\frac{5}{8}$  per cent. preference shares of £5 each were eagerly subscribed by the public, nor have those who selected Pearson's as a mode of investment had any reason to regret their confidence in the business. The following table shows the amount of profit declared each financial year ending May 31:— 1897, £40,874; 1898, £42,649; 1899, £44,998.

### The "Illustrated Weekly News."

Since 1898 he has established several other weeklies, among which the "Illustrated Weekly News" is conspicuous. This paper calls for special note at present because of an experiment which he has made as recently as April 28. Mr. Sheldon having attempted to publish a daily paper edited as Christ

would edit it, Mr. Keary asked Dr. Parker to try his hand at editing a weekly paper for one week, on the same principles. The number for April 28 undertook to show what, in his opinion, an ideal illustrated paper should be. Dr. Parker has succeeded better in his task than did Mr. Sheldon. The "Topeka Capital" was little better than a huge tract, and in no sense a newspaper. Dr. Parker's ideal illustrated weekly paper is much better worthy of the name of a newspaper. It consists of twenty-four copiously illustrated pages.

### Dr. Parker's Editing.

The "Illustrated Weekly News" has been in existence for a little more than six months. It is a twenty-four page paper, which differs from "Pearson's Weekly" chiefly in being illustrated. The typical number which Dr. Parker edits has a frontispiece showing the Boer prisoners on their way to St. Helena, and six pages of war news. It has an article of some sensationalism entitled "Slaves of the Opium Pipe," and is illustrated by a picture of a West End belle enjoying the dreamy drug, which we are somewhat surprised to find in a paper with which Dr. Parker is identified. The same page contains an article with a suggestive heading, "If Man Sins, Why Not Woman?" by a woman. The only religious articles in the paper are an account of "Quo Vadis," a great religious play to be produced at the Adelphi; and another upon "What the Child Jesus saw and heard." Some of the headlines hardly bear a trace of Dr. Parker's editorship. It is only just to Dr. Parker to say that in his editorial he says: "To regard this as my conception of an ideal newspaper would be absurd. I have simply accepted my limitations, and done the best I could within their four corners." Looking at the paper as a whole, I should have thought that Dr. Parker had nothing to do with it except writing the editorial, in which he suggests that "archbishops and presidents of all organised communions should invite a number of brewers, distillers, and others to a conference upon the moral aspects of the drink problem." In addition to his editorial, he gives us a motto, "The wasp has no friends," and a message which runs as follows:—

Do you say that "one world" is enough for you? So it may be, or may not be, but either way you must first find it. I know nothing of "one world." There is always a world within a world, and a world above a world. There is no solitary, isolated, orphaned world. The worlds are set in groups and clusters, and must be accepted and interpreted in their reciprocal relations.

It was not until he had tried and succeeded in establishing all manner of weekly and monthly publications that Mr. Pearson decided at the middle of last year that he would see whether he could not be equally successful in founding and

conducting a daily paper. Hence the "Daily Express."

#### V.—THE "DAILY EXPRESS."

Eleven years ago, as I have already mentioned, I had the advantage of bringing out my first number in co-operation with Mr. C. Arthur Pearson. What a time it was! The first number was printed by the Hansard Company, and we sat up day and night until we saw it to press. Mr. Pearson did without any sleep for two days and nights; but about five o'clock on the second day I stretched myself on a table in the printing-office, put a Gladstone bag under my head, and went sound asleep for an hour in the midst of all the noise of the composing-room. Mr. Pearson did not even need that temporary re-invigoration; but we were both thoroughly well done up when the last page of the "Review" was passed for the press.

I was forcibly reminded of that time of stress and strain when I went down Tudor-street on Wednesday, April 25, to see how Mr. Pearson had succeeded in bringing out the first two numbers of a new halfpenny, the "Daily Express." I found Mr. Pearson, although eleven years older, as wiry, as energetic and as sleepless as ever. A daily paper is a much more serious matter to put to press than a monthly review, and Mr. Pearson admitted that he had only been able to snatch seven hours' sleep in the previous three days.

"It is the mechanical part of the paper," he said, "which wears you out. To organise a literary staff, to arrange for the supply of journalistic news—that is all an agreeable occupation: but to wrestle with compositors, to stand in your shirt and trousers in a hot room, making up the paper and rushing the formes to press, that is no child's play. It is enough to turn a man's hair grey," said Mr. Pearson, "to have five hundred agents clamouring for papers outside the door, and to find your machines, which have been going beautifully, suddenly stop for five-and-twenty minutes. We got through No. 1, however, with difficulty, and each successive number will be easier."

#### A Record First Number.

A very creditable first number was the "Daily Express," which owes its origin to the enterprise, energy, and journalistic ambition of Mr. Pearson. According to the statements published in the second number, the orders for No. 1 surpassed all records, no fewer than a million and a half copies having been demanded as a means of satisfying the public curiosity. To turn out so huge a mass of printed matter as the eight hundred thousand odd which were actually produced before the machines gave out on the very first day of going to press was an achievement upon which Mr. Pearson naturally

prided himself. That he will be able to keep up the circulation to anything approaching that figure is not to be hoped for. No paper prints a million and a half a day in any part of the world. The "New York Journal" comes near it, and the "Daily Mail" printed, in the height of the war fever, a million and a quarter, but it did this by duplicating machinery and printing part of the edition in provincial centres. To print eight hundred thousand on the first day on which the paper was offered to the public was a record in the journalism of the world.

#### The Politics of the New Paper.

It is, perhaps, not very surprising that there should have been so much curiosity concerning the "Daily Express," because no one had the least idea of the line the paper would take about any conceivable subject under heaven. Mr. Pearson has long been known as one of the most energetic and enterprising of the new publishing school, but hitherto if he had any political opinions he kept them religiously to himself. "Pearson's Weekly" has been running for nearly ten years without affording its innumerable readers even a hint as to how its proprietor votes at election times. Our daily papers hitherto have always had decided political leanings. They are either Whigs or Tories, Radicals or Jingoies, Little Englanders or Imperialists; but the "Daily Express" was started without affording the public any hint as to the line it would take upon any of the burning questions of the day. It was to be Pearson's paper, and that was all the public knew.

Mr. Pearson is, above all things, a business journalist. He was reared in the school of Sir George Newnes. Sir George Newnes, it is true, is a Liberal. He was a Liberal Member of Parliament, and is now the owner of the most powerful and influential Liberal journal in Great Britain. But the publication of the "Westminster Gazette" was not one of the original enterprises by which Sir George Newnes made his fame. "Tit-Bits" was as impersonal and as non-political as "Pearson's Weekly." And so for the matter of that was Mr. Harmsworth's "Answers." The object of all three of these successful weekly miscellanies was to provide inoffensive, interesting reading to pass the leisure hour by the imparting of amusement and information without any direct bearing upon the questions of the day. Any political contents which alienated those of the opposite view militated against the first object of the paper's existence.

#### Editor and Seventy-five per cent. Proprietor.

"Yes," said Mr. Pearson, "I am editor as well as proprietor. Surely the recent experience of the

"Daily Chronicle" is sufficient to convince anyone that the combination of offices is the only security for continuity of purpose and of policy in the editing of a paper. I do not mean to say," continued Mr. Pearson, cheerfully, "that I am the sole proprietor. I hold about seventy-five per cent. of the stock. The rest is shared by two persons—my partner, Mr. Keary, of Henrietta-street, and one other, whose holding, however, is not sufficient to enable him to influence the policy of the paper, even if he so desired it. Practically I am my own proprietor, a position which every editor covets, and which very few are fortunate enough to attain."

"Very few, indeed," I thought, "at least, before they are forty."

### The Journalism of Youth.

Mr. Pearson is not yet thirty-five, and he is throwing himself into the task of founding a great daily paper with all the energy of youth tempered by the wide and varied experience of nearly twenty years spent in publishing. Mr. Pearson began early. In that he resembled Mr. Harmsworth of the "Daily Mail," who edited a schoolboys' paper when he was scarcely in his teens, and is now the proprietor and editor of the most widely circulated daily paper in the British Empire. Journalism to-day in England, as in America, tends more and more to be a career for youth. The Roman Church presents a signal contrast to this. In Rome, with one or two exceptions, the machine is in the hands of greybeards, or rather of men who would have grey beards if they allowed them to grow. In American and English journalism almost all the great new papers have been founded and are conducted by men under forty. This gives them energy, originality, audacity, all great qualities, which, however, are not always combined with steadiness of conviction and maturity of judgment. Hence it may be that many of the younger papers edited by young men, although they have immense circulations, have by no means commensurate political influence. Mr. Pearson is, I suspect, going in for circulation rather than power.

"I do not see," said a journalist the other day, "what place the 'Daily Express' comes to fill."

"That is plain enough," said another. "The place it has to fill is Mr. Pearson's pocket, although of course there is always the grim possibility that lies before all such ventures—it may be a pocket-emptying machine."

### The Rise in the Price of Paper.

It is rather unlike Mr. Pearson that he should have brought out the "Express" at a time when the price of paper has been going up by leaps and

bounds, as all those who deal with printed matter—whether books, magazines, or daily papers—know to their cost.

"Bad luck, no doubt," said Mr. Pearson lightly. "The rise was not dreamt of when I started to organise the 'Express.' Not so very bad for me as it might have been, for I was fortunate enough in making a contract which, although not so favourable as those of some of my neighbours, which date further back, is nevertheless immensely better than anything that would have been possible if I had to go into the market and buy paper at the current rates to-day. I buy my paper from Mr. Frank Lloyd, the only paper-maker in the whole world who would enter into a contract to supply me with the quantity that I wanted at any price."

Mr. Lloyd is cheerfully fulfilling his contracts, sending in tons upon tons of paper to the offices of the "Newspaper town" which lies in the neighbourhood of Tudor-street, at prices which are said to represent a sum of £150,000 a year less than what the paper would fetch if it could be sold in the open market at ruling prices of to-day. Hence it is that Mr. Pearson does not feel that he is absolutely facing blue ruin in producing one of the largest half-penny papers in the Empire when the market price of paper is mounting towards the fatal 2d. per lb.

### The Editor on His Paper.

"What is there that you can regard as the distinctive feature of the 'Express'?"

"The distinctive feature of the 'Express,'" said Mr. Pearson, "it is a 'news' paper; but I interpret that term in a somewhat different sense from that in which it is used by many journalists. It is a monstrous superstition of the sub-editorial room that news that comes by telegraph is always more interesting than news that comes by post. I never knew a sub-editor yet who would not give precedence to the most uninteresting telegram, especially if it cost a great deal to transmit, over the most interesting item which lay ready to his hand in a newspaper cutting or in a letter of a few days old. No doubt there is much intelligence, such as news from the seat of war, or articles on a subject on which public interest is keenly excited, on which to have the latest news hot from the wires is essential, but if you glance at any paper you will see columns of news sent by telegram which possesses very little interest for anybody excepting in the mere fact that it happened the previous day, and was sent over the wires. What I am after is interesting news, and an item which interests everybody will take precedence over an item arrived at the last moment by telegram from Pekin or San Francisco, if the intrinsic

interest of the latter is not equal to the intrinsic interest of the former. Of course, other things being equal, it is as well to have yesterday's news, and nothing but yesterday's news, if you can always get yesterday's news in time for to-day's paper. But there are columns and columns of good, newsy paragraphs, interesting items which no one would dream of sending by telegram, which will interest a thousand readers, for one of the messages which are collected at such cost and transmitted with such care from the utmost ends of the world. I intend that in all the real vital news of the day we shall not be a whit behind the briskest of our compatriots in serving up intelligence hot for the reader; but I am going to set my face as a flint against the superstition that the fact that a thing happened yesterday entitles it to precedence over a much more interesting item that happened last week, if the latter has only come to hand since our last issue was printed. Above everything, be interesting. Never have a dull paragraph in the whole sheet if you can help it. Serve up living news, and the life of news is not the chronological date of its birth, but its freshness and novelty to the reader. Everything is news to a man who has not heard it before."

"You are quite right," I said, "and you will render a great service to the general reader if you break down the tyranny of the telegram."

### Novelties.

"And another thing," said Mr. Pearson, "is that we are going in for novelties of all kinds. For instance, instead of confining ourselves to the beaten paths by which most editors expect to gather news which they must share with their neighbours, we are striking out into a new field. We have sent off four special correspondents into those parts of the world where we expect to find interesting copy which other papers do not get. For instance, look at the papers which we are publishing concerning the breakdown of the Black Government in Hayti."

"Well," I said, "it must be admitted that it required audacity to print an article about Hayti in your first number. Why, one half of your readers have no idea where Hayti is, have never heard of it, take no interest in it."

"No," he said; "but what a capital story it is which our correspondent has to tell about Hayti! It is full of life and interest, and touches upon a very vital question as to whether the black races

can be left to govern themselves without the guidance and control of the whites. In Hayti they have had a hundred years' experiment, and look what a mess they have made of it. The experiment seems to me conclusive. We have an immense number of correspondents all over the world, a most elaborate system of collecting news, which has, of course, the inevitable result that we receive every day ever so much more than we can possibly publish, and this necessitates the curtailing of many of the older and more conventional items which you will find in every newspaper, stodgy, stupid old stories which interest nobody, which have gone on appearing with monotonous punctuality ever since the first newspaper was published."

### VI.—THE MANNER OF MAN HE IS.

And what kind of manner of man is Mr. Pearson, who before he is thirty-five has established a dozen weeklies and monthlies, who pours forth from his printing-presses every week nearly two million copies of unobjectionable literature, and every month deluges Great Britain with so many millions of magazines, and who now, while still a young man, has provided the British public with a new daily paper?

Mr. Pearson is a man who takes a keen interest in all kinds of athletic sports. He excels in golf, cricket, lawn-tennis, and hockey, and this is the more remarkable because he is so short-sighted that he has to always wear very strong glasses, and from constantly reading in the train was threatened not long ago with complete loss of sight. He is passionately fond of country life and is never so happy as when he can spend the whole day in the open air, or when riding or driving or following any of the vigorous amusements by which he is able to work off his surplus energy. At one time he went in for horse-breeding and breaking, and had as many as a hundred and twenty horses on his farm at once. He has now given up his stud.

It used to be his theory one time that when a man was thirty he should have made his pile, and spend the rest of his life in leisure. He has cultivated to a rare extent the gift of making other people work for him, and has often admonished me as to the absurdity of slaving away at tasks which had much better be deputed to other people. It remains to be seen whether he will be able to carry out his principle in the conduct of a daily paper.

## LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

### Our Conduct of War.

IN PRAISE OF THE WAR OFFICE.

The "Pall Mall Magazine" for June publishes an article entitled "The War Office and the War," by a Staff Officer who signs himself "Searchlight." Official optimism is the chief characteristic of the essay. The writer describes the War Office as "an institution handling and accounting in normal times for some £20,000,000 sterling annually, with a close Treasury audit at its back, to which every penny spent has to be satisfactorily accounted for." "Notoriously the War Department gets a very good class of goods for the money it expends, and makes very few bad bargains." Whatever complaints there may be as to our artillery, the Ordnance Committee is "a very powerful one, and it is difficult to see how its composition can well be improved upon." The writer appropriately is strong on jam:—

The army ration for soldiers on service is ample, comprising such luxuries as 4 oz. of jam per diem for each man. Jam is a new issue for campaigns; but as fresh vegetables, butter and milk are difficult or impossible to obtain, jam has proved a very grateful and healthy substitute, and has been excellently reported upon, both by the doctors and by the men. From all the reports that have so far come to hand, never in the annals of the British Army has any campaign been so successfully conducted in regard to foodstuffs of all descriptions.

The Army Service Corps was actually despatched to the seat of the war "in advance of the rest of the troops." As to the tactics pursued on the field, the writer reminds us that generals have, and must have, a free hand until they are recalled; and the War Office is in their hands, not they in its. The Intelligence Department has been, he maintains, unjustly abused. It has so accurately reported on the preparations made by the Boers "that Mr. Stead now quotes this information as irrefutable evidence that the British Government has long had hostile designs on both Republics." The writer refers with satisfaction to the "complete success" of the calling out of the Reserves, and gives as his comprehensive conclusion: "The War Office, with the means at its command, has done well."

### The Teachings of the Magazine Rifle.

"Searchlight" is, however, prepared to learn lessons from the war, chiefly those taught by the magazine rifle. He says:—

The writer is of opinion that a comparatively small body of determined men, armed with magazine rifles and behind cover, can keep at bay an enormously superior

opposing force; and that direct attacks, except by overwhelming numbers, on positions thus defended are practically impossible. Present methods must be modified to meet these altered conditions: commanders must manoeuvre to strike at lines of communication, and so force the enemy to attack or retire: the spade will attain a prominence now given to the bayonet, and cavalry largely give way to mounted infantry.

### AN AMERICAN ON THE NATAL FIGHTING.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis in "Scribner's Magazine" describes the battle of Pieter's Hill—he had just arrived in Natal, having travelled "15,000 miles to see Ladysmith relieved." On his train journey from the coast to Colenso he was haunted by the fear that he would miss the relief "after five weeks of travel by a margin of five hours." Some of his observations on the soldiers and how they fought are too good to be lost. Speaking of khaki, he says:—

Khaki is the English soldier's sole protection. It saves him in spite of himself, for he apparently cannot learn to advance under cover, and a skyine is the one place where he selects to stand erect and stretch his weary limbs.

The soldiers away from the "front" are quite indifferent to the firing, and appear much more interested in their own business than in the fighting. The wounded men being carried to the rear only help to swell the confusion on the road. But, says Mr. Davis:—

It is only when the figure on the stretcher lies under a blanket that the tumult and push and sweltering mass comes to a quick pause, while the dead man's comrade stands at attention, and the officer raises his fingers to his helmet.

Mr. Davis tells us that now commanding generals do not charge up hills waving swords, but "they sit on rocks and wink out their orders by a flashing hand mirror." That the new conditions are not much safer than the old is evident from the following incident which happened while the Boer shells were falling round the Staff position:—

One of them tears the overcoat upon which Colonel Stuart-Wortley is seated, another destroys his diary. His men, dozing at his feet among the red rocks, observe this with wide eyes. But he does not shift his position. His answer is, that his men cannot shift theirs.

Mr. Davis shows also very clearly what kind of country it was through which Buller had to march, and how hopeless it was to work out a definite and complete plan beforehand.

### THE TRAINING OF OUR OFFICERS.

An unsigned paper in "Cornhill" for June, bearing the title of "The 'New Model' Officer," does not deal with Cromwell's creation, but with a newer model yet to be. The writer complains that

"at present the Army is only a serious profession for those who personally choose to make it so." An officer is not expected to live on his pay, is openly required to have private means, and consequently the nation hardly feels in a position to insist that his large leisure be spent in professional study. The result appears in the present war:—

A very large section of a very well-disposed public is becoming rather weary and not a little impatient of the list of traps, losses, captures, mishaps, and all the rest of it, apparently due to forgetfulness or neglect of what ought to be common form; reverses which are only ascribable to defective training, because the self-sacrifice, heroism, and endurance of the officers employed command their warmest admiration and respect. A most striking instance of absent-mindedness in garrison duty previous to the war is pointed out with unconscious humour by General Buller. He issued an address commanding, and very justly commanding, his troops for effecting the relief of Ladysmith, not only in the face of a determined enemy, but "through an unknown country." This unknown country extended for a distance of from sixteen miles to three miles from the Aldershot of Natal, where for months before the war a million pounds' worth of supplies had been collected, and where artillery and infantry and the nucleus of a small army had been cantoned for half a year. Yet, though the force stationed there knew they had no reliable map, they had made no surveys, no sketches (or French would have brought them out when he left Ladysmith), and when Buller, with thirty thousand men, was trying to fight through, he never knew when he stormed a hill what there was on the other side.

The writer urges more easy promotion by merit, and the payment of a proper and adequate salary.

#### KITCHENER AS TRANSPORT REORGANISER.

The article in "Blackwood's Magazine" for June on "The War Operations in South Africa" deals largely this month with the question of transport organisation, the success in which has changed what was described as a wreck of an army into a machine of mobility even exceeding that of the Boers. This reorganisation, which had to be begun anew after the occupation of Bloemfontein, the writer thinks, has been carried out so successfully by the genius for detail and untiring energy of Lord Kitchener:—

All distinctions of transport, regimental, departmental, ammunition, or ambulance, were done away with and swamped in a single general corps—a gigantic undertaking, only to be attempted by a man of the most unswerving determination. In an army each unit is allowed by regulation its own transport: regiments, staff, departments are allotted waggons "by scale," laid down in many red books, which is pertinaciously stuck to by those to whom it applies. For example, the waggons told off to a battalion are arrived at as follows: the colonel, the adjutant, and orderly-room get a tent each, every three officers have another, and fourteen men cram into one more; staff-sergeants, bat-men, and other details have claims to more; mounted officers are allowed 80 lb. baggage, smaller fry 40 lb., each company puts in another 80 lb. for cooking-pots, giving a transport allowance, roughly speaking, of 15 waggons—a brigade asking for 70 and a division for perhaps 180—so that an army of 100,000 men would be entitled, for combatants only, to about 2,000 waggons, with 30,000 oxen and 4,000 native drivers, and would occupy road-space for each division of nearly six miles.

It was to cut down this that Lord Kitchener set to work. Each unit was tackled separately—the reg-

iments, as the most tractable, coming first, to be told, probably, that instead of the regulation fifteen waggons they must do with ten. Then came staff and departments, supply, transport, medical, pay, and what not, each of them being liberally supplied on paper "by regulation," according to the relative rank of the members, bristling with field-officers, every one of them most tenacious about the substantial rights which his unsubstantial rank allows him to demand.

#### A PLEA FOR THE WOUNDED HORSE.

Mr. Laurence W. Pike sets forth, in the "Nineteenth Century," "The Cruel Case of the Wounded War Horses," and quotes some very terrible passages as to the sufferings inflicted upon animals during the war. The following are Mr. Pike's recommendations:—

1. The Army Veterinary Department should be reorganised and put on the same footing as all the other departments in the Army, such as the medical, school, pay, and ordnance departments.

2. The extension of the protection of the terms of the Geneva Convention should be obtained for those who care for wounded animals.

3. This protection having been obtained by international agreement, or temporarily for a campaign by agreement between commanders-in-chief of opposing forces, all badly wounded animals should be destroyed by the veterinary staff without avoidable delay.

#### The Surrender of Cronje.

A tragic interest attaches to the article entitled "The Cavalry Rush to Kimberley," which takes the third place among the articles in the "Nineteenth Century" for June. It was written shortly before his death by the late Captain Boyle, of the Imperial Yeomanry, who was killed during the engagement at Boshof on April 4 when Colonel Villebois de Mareuil was also killed. The article is a description of the operations of General French's dash to the relief of Kimberley, and ends with the surrender of General Cronje at Paardeberg. It gives an excellent account of the operations, and mentions an incident of the defence at Paardeberg which I have not seen elsewhere:—

All that day, without intermission, till seven p.m. the guns threw shrapnel and lyddite into the laager and the river bed. Waggon after waggon of ammunition exploded like a terrific fusillade for over an hour, and meanwhile the infantry began their attack across the open and up the river bed. It seemed as if no living man could ever come out of that laager. Shell after shell, the livelong day, dropped into their very centre, yet no surrender, no white flag was shown. One prisoner, who walked quietly up to Roberts Hill with his rifle slung, raised his hat and gave himself up. On being questioned he said Cronje was still there, sitting disconsolate but defiant, "holding Mrs. Cronje's hand and comforting her in the river bed," for there were about sixty women and girls in the laager throughout that Sunday and all those successive terrible days.

Like all really brave men, Captain Boyle was able to admire what was admirable in his enemies, and his judgment as to the Paardeberg defence is noteworthy:

Thus was the beleaguered from Magersfontein in turn beleaguered, and the reverse of the glass must have offered but a sorry picture. Day after day, and during the night time, the shells kept pouring into his laager.

but day after day he sullenly refused to give in; and a lesson of the most heroic endurance, of splendid battling against the most hopeless circumstances, a defense which will be remembered when this young century has grown old, was offered to all Englishmen alike.

#### A CONFEDERATE PARALLEL.

Mr. Spenser Wilkinson writes in the "Contemporary" on "The War in South Africa and the American Civil War." His parallel is both political and military, and is in some respects very close and instructive. Both were in essence a conflict of ideals and traditions. As to the military problem Mr. Wilkinson says:—

The Boers, like the Confederate States, were ready first, and, fighting in country familiar to them, of great extent and with poor communications, have made a stubborn resistance. But, like the Confederates, they have under-estimated the determination of the adversary with whom they have to deal. They have failed to grasp that the British cause is as vital to Great Britain as their own cause to themselves, and that, therefore, the energy and the resources of the British Empire will be placed without stint at the disposal of its generals until the war has been finished. At the commencement of the war, the British statesmen who had charge of it were no better qualified for the conduct of military operations on a great scale than was Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet when he took office, and it may be doubted whether the British Ministry contains any man so capable of learning as he goes along as was the American statesman. But the whole British nation, which term includes the population of the great colonies, is practically resolved and united, at least as much so as were the Northern States in 1861.

Mr. Wilkinson has no faith in the capacity of the Boers to postpone submission by means of guerilla warfare, which could only be effective if accompanied by regular defensive operations.

#### The Struggle for the Presidency.

##### AN AMERICAN VIEW OF REPUBLICAN CHANCES.

In the "Forum" for May Mr. H. L. West has a very interesting article on the prospects of the two parties in the coming Presidential Election. It is evident that he regards the chances of Republican success as much weaker than most Republicans profess to believe them to be. Within the last few months a great many conditions have arisen to check Republican confidence, and it is with these conditions, and the effect they are likely to have on the campaign, that Mr. West deals.

##### Mr. Bryan's Chance.

While Mr. Bryan will enter upon the struggle handicapped by the wide margin between his last vote and the necessary majority, President McKinley can lose forty-five electoral votes, and still be saved from defeat. In addition to this, reviving prosperity will tell against Mr. Bryan:—

It does not seem to me that he can now command the support of the great army of the unemployed who, in 1896, flocked to his standard in the hope of improving their forlorn condition, nor that the farmers, then dissatisfied and in debt, will again look to him as the panacea for their real and fancied ills. The prices of wheat, corn, and cotton have been shown to be regulated

by other causes than the coinage of gold and silver, and the millions of dollars paid upon mortgages in the granger States indicate that the pecuniary status of the agriculturists has wonderfully improved. I know that the working classes are proverbially short-sighted and, perhaps, indifferent to material argument, for I recall that they defeated Harrison in 1892, while enjoying great prosperity. Their action, then, however, was influenced by the Homestead strike. At the present time there is nothing to threaten a similar hostile sentiment.

To the credit side of the Republicans will also be set the successful conduct of the war with Spain. The Americans only need to be convinced that their new possessions are valuable, and they will decide for their retention by an overwhelming majority.

##### The Other Side.

If the political ledger were closed at this point, Mr. West thinks that the success of the Republicans would be assured. But this prospect is menaced by other facts. In the first place, no President has successfully sought re-election since the days of Grant. The other factors which tend to imperil the prospects of the Republicans Mr. West defines as follows:—

The hostility created by the Administration's friendly attitude toward England.

The fact that the enactment of the gold standard law removes the fear of the free coinage of silver.

The widespread resentment against the injustice of a tariff between the United States and Puerto Rico, with which is coupled the question whether our Constitution follows our Flag to our new possessions.

The hostility to England, Mr. West says, is universal, and not confined to party. "Only for international reasons has Congress been prevented from giving official expression to the sympathy privately and universally felt for the Boers."

In addition to the Irish, who are Democrats, and naturally opposed to Great Britain, the President has alienated the Germans, and these—what is much more serious—are generally Republicans. The German Press is now, with rare exceptions, antagonistic to the Government.

##### The Bimetallist Factor.

Devotion to the gold standard, which was so effective in helping Mr. McKinley four years ago, will not necessarily mean a rally to his banners in the present year:—

The passage of the gold standard law banishes from the approaching campaign the all-potent arguments of 1896; it returns to the closet the skeleton which was so effective in frightening the people four years ago. The present majority of twenty in the United States Senate against the free coinage of silver cannot be changed within four years unless a political revolution of unforeseen extent occurs, so that between Bryan as President and the repeal of the gold standard law a hostile Senate may be expected to stand as an insurmountable barrier. The country is just beginning to realise this fact, and by next November will thoroughly understand it. What will be the result? The Democrats, who opposed free coinage of silver in 1896 will have their opportunity to return to the political affiliation from which they then departed—an opportunity which they will welcome as natural free-traders and anti-imperialists—while the Germans, always

to be found on the conservative side of the financial question, cannot be alarmed by the bugaboo of a depreciated currency founded on silver monometallism.

#### Puerto Rico.

The popular indignation roused by the President's subserviency to the protected interests over the Puerto Rican Bill will be another factor against the Republicans, and the Republicans in consequence have been threatened with serious defections from their ranks:—

The innate sense of justice in the American mind was outraged at the selfish closing of our doors against the Puerto Ricans, even in small degree. The latter have been barred from the Spanish markets, and the proposition to treat them with the same harshness, and to forget the cordiality with which they received their American liberators, seemed neither generous nor just. In defiance of this public opinion—a defiance which is not apt to be forgotten—the Republican majority insisted upon the tariff, and will, undoubtedly, be called upon to answer for its action.

The excuses offered rather inflamed than decreased the widespread belief that the Republican majority in Congress was under the domination of the sugar and tobacco trusts. On the latter subject Mr. West says:—

The enormous combinations of capital created during the term of President McKinley, commonly known as trusts, offer another vulnerable point of attack for the opponents of the Republican party. Congress, with a Republican majority in both branches, has attempted no remedial legislation, and, in view of this fact, any condemnation which the party national platform may utter will be accepted as nothing more than the tinkling of brass and the sounding of cymbals. The bond of sympathy between the trusts and the Republican party is too broad and strong to be hidden by the narrow curtain of a few lines of meaningless denunciation. The trusts are now a political issue; and against them are the people who are compelled to pay higher prices for trust-made articles, the commercial travellers who have been forced out of employment, and the labourers who have been sent into idleness through the closing of establishments which interfered with the plans of the corporate managers. The enormous profits revealed in the Frieck-Carnegie suit will also be a potent argument against trusts.

Mr. West does not predict the triumph of either party. But he concludes his article by saying that the re-election of Mr. McKinley, which twelve months ago was regarded as certain, is now a question of doubt.

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## President Kruger: a Character Sketch.

Mr. F. Edmund Garrett contributes to the "Fortnightly Review" for June a character sketch of President Kruger, which is by no means so unsympathetic as might be expected from Mr. Garrett's pen. Indeed, he seems to think that, with the exception of the taint of corruption, the old President is a very admirable if somewhat contradictory figure. He is "one of the few really significant and forceful personalities of our time," resembling in many respects Mr. Cecil Rhodes, in others Lincoln, and perhaps Bismarck most of all.

#### His Origin.

The Krugers originally came to the Cape from Berlin, and the President was born a British subject. His father was a frontier grazier. At twelve years old he was present at Vecht Kop, and at fourteen he actually took part in a punitive expedition against the Matabele. Indeed—

In all the troubles of those times Paul Kruger is found pushing to the front. His name crops up in the record, like a stormy petrel, wherever the tale is of turbulent and high-handed action, whether against natives, missionaries, or fellow-emigrants. At sixteen he was already Field Cornet of Potchefstroom, which shows that by the rough standards of the place and time the lad was already judged a man among men. Not many years later he became a commandant. By an irony of fate, the characters in which history first shows us the future President are those of an "Uitlander," a reformer, and a raid-maker. In a sense, all the "voortrekkers" began as "Uitlanders," newcomers from outside, for they had to supplant and dispossess the blacks. But Paul Kruger was for some time an "Uitlander" in the Transvaal in a closer meaning. His family was not of the earliest batch, and those who came in before and managed affairs through a volks-raad held at Lydenburg, were not disposed to share power or authority with later arrivals.

#### Middle Life.

From this thirtieth to his fortieth year the Transvaal was an administrative chaos, and from the first he took a commanding part, emerging at the end as Commandant-General. Then came the presidency of Burgers, with Kruger as Vice-President and in entire opposition:—

Burgers handled the pen, Kruger the gun. Burgers was profuse and quixotic, Kruger acquisitive and practical. Burgers was an agnostic; Kruger was a "Dopper." Burgers had imbibed culture and modernity at Utrecht University; Kruger could painfully write his name. The republicanism of Burgers was as ambitious, patriotic, and independent as anybody's; at first it was as anti-English; but it was a republicanism of railways, of education, of national solvency, and immigration and development. Kruger's conception of the State, then as ever, envisaged one race only and one class only—his own. Burgers was full of ardour and enthusiastic impulse, but he craved for sympathy; he lacked staying power; he easily despaired. Kruger, once aroused, knew an even deeper ardour, a more flaming passion; but he had also the callous nerves of the camp, the power to wait and tire men out, and a will that closed upon its object with a grip of steel.

#### The President as Visionary.

Then comes the British annexation, and Kruger as the leading spirit of the war of liberation. Since 1882 he has only been once threatened seriously—in 1893—and then, Mr. Garrett says, he triumphed by very questionable means. His authority has never been questioned since. He is a visionary, and his vision is—

A sort of oligarchic theocracy, with Paul Kruger as its Melch-sedek, priest, and king in one. He sees the faithful sitting each under his own gumtree, on his own stoop, and as far as his eye ranges that is his own farm, and his cattle are on a score of hills. The young men are stalwart, great hunters before the Lord, and the young women are grossly built and fruitful. And to each farm there is a made road and a dam, and the stranger keeps to himself in the city, and is more or less godless, for he is not of the chosen in the Promised Land. But he gives no trouble, for he is "well disposed," and

looks to the Raad for his laws in due season. The burgher has his Kaffirs, who do his work; but they are not cruelly used, because they obey. The sons of the soil are not too much educated, because that spoils an Africander; but enough so to be able to hold all offices of State, that these may be purged of the Hollander and the German, no less than the accursed English or "English hearted Africander." And the nations of the earth come vying the one with the other for favours, Germany and France and England, all on the one footing.

And above all sits Paul Kruger, father of his people, dwelling in the house that the concessionnaire Nellmapius gave him, wealthy but thrifty, living as simply as he used to live on the farm, save that sheep's head and trotters—come round somewhat oftener. And the judges come to him to know how they shall judge, and the Raad members to know what laws they shall make; and on Sundays all come to the little chapel near to hear him expound the Word of God and the truth as set forth by the Separatist Reformed Brethren. And there is peace in the earth. And it is flat, and the sun goes round it.

## Why Europe Hates England.

The editor of the "Quarterly Review" admits in his April issue "that our neighbours on the Continent see us, at present, in an extremely disagreeable light. In no previous epoch of our history, it may probably be said, has there occurred so general an outbreak of animosity against this country." In order to supply some explanation of this unpleasant fact, he has adopted the wise course of securing two papers by eminent foreign publicists.

### "VIOLENT IRRITATION" IN GERMANY.

The first is by Herr Julius Rodenberg, editor of the "Deutsche Rundschau." He cannot, he says, conceal "the fact that the German people, as a whole, is in a condition of violent irritation against England." With this feeling he contrasts the "Belle Alliance" between English and Prussian peoples signalised at Waterloo, and the admiration for England which in subsequent decades pervaded German professors and people.

### Our Unfriendly Acts.

Yet in the days before the Crimean War England showed the coolest ignorance of Germany, judging the nation by the specimens resident in Leicester Square. And "no sooner did we take the first step towards realising our political aspirations than we encountered the jealous opposition of Great Britain." The first unfriendly act specified by the writer was the humiliation experienced by Germany, and "largely due to the attitude of England," when Denmark seized Schleswig-Holstein in 1848. The movement towards Italian unity won enthusiastic plaudits from England, which yet showed little liking for German unification. "The war of 1866 was the outcome and conclusion of the war of 1864; it laid the foundation of the new German Empire. But what reproaches,

what abuse, had we to bear, especially from England, during those critical years! . . . Again, it was England whose veiled opposition we encountered, a year later, in the Luxemburg question." So early as 1866 "Mr. Gladstone had used all his influence to hurl Bismarck, 'the peace-destroyer,' from his place." When the Franco-German war broke out, "the same statesman did not scruple to declare the war to be the most abominable of the century." The British Government refused to prohibit during that war the export of coal, arms, and ammunition to France, and thus enabled France to prolong the war at the expense of Germany. Public opinion, with few exceptions, was hostile to Prussia. After 1871, when German and English commercial interests came into collision, British contempt was transformed into dislike, jealousy, and hatred.

### The German Heart with the Boers!

On this soreness came the resentment roused by the present war:—

The movement in Germany against the policy which England has followed in South Africa arises almost exclusively from ethical grounds, from indignation at the proceedings of a great Power against a handful of men fighting for their freedom and independence, and from the suspicions which the mixture of financial with political questions has aroused. But in the leading circles of Germany, even during the period of English defeats, there was not a moment when it was thought possible that the general position of England could be endangered by the struggle. The heart of the German people—if there can be no kind of doubt—was, and is, with the Boers. But even in the time of our greatest irritation, in our own interest we could not desire the downfall of Eng-land.

### THE ANTI-PATHY OF FRENCH-SPEAKING EUROPE.

M. F. Brunetiere declares that, without doubt, public opinion in France, as in Switzerland and as in Belgium, to speak only of French-speaking lands, has taken sides against the English. The first reason he assigns is this:—

At the end of a century which will be called in history the century of the awakening, or the re-birth of nationalities, and in which, consequently, the great political crime, the great international crime, is the destroying of a nationality, that is just what the English have not feared to undertake.

The writer grants that men are not angels, and the extension of English power and wealth has undoubtedly excited the jealousy of other peoples. Their ears have of late been fairly deafened with the "superiority of the Anglo-Saxons," and the amour propre of the nations has been consequently exasperated. Success after all is not always a proof of superiority. A millionaire may be an imbecile. Another reason for English unpopularity is the attitude assumed by almost the whole of the English press in the Dreyfus case.

The writer complains that while the English are the most liberal of peoples, their liberalism is only for themselves: it is "not for exportation." Eng-

lish interests alone are considered. They constitute a veritable "national religion," with one article instead of thirty-nine; which is, that no regard be paid to the allowed or the forbidden, to good or evil, just or unjust, human or inhuman, but only to English interests. And these interests are, alas! only economic.

The writer admits freely that the individual conscience is nowhere more tender, more restless, more afraid than in England; and then ventures on the paradox that the personal morality of the English and the immorality of their foreign policy come from the same source—namely, a consciousness and a conviction of the superiority of their race:—

Brachycephalic or dolichocephalic, light or dark, Celt or Saxon, Norman or German, manufacturer of Manchester or City merchant, Minister of the Cape or Peer of England, the contemporary Englishman is in his own eyes a sort of man apart: the product of a unique "selection"; and so to speak the aristocratic variety of the human species. This is what we have sometimes called his "insolence"; but the word is only half just. The insolence of other men is intentional; that of the Englishman seems to be involuntary and even unconscious. One cannot precisely say that he despises the rest of mankind; he ignores them. But from that ignorance or that insolence one consequence results. The Englishman does not apply the same measure to his actions as he does to those of other men. He does not allow in himself things he would tolerate in other men, and there is the principle of the respect he has for himself! but he allows himself to do to others what he would never tolerate them doing to him; and there is the principle of his foreign policy!

So convinced are the English of the superiority of their civilisation that they are prepared in the name of that civilisation to annihilate a small hundred people. The Anglicisation of the world has become, in their minds, a condition of its future progress. M. Brunetiere refuses to allow the superiority of the British to the German or to the French civilisation. On the contrary:—

Strictly economic, Manchesterian and Liberal, Darwinian and individualist, English civilisation suits England alone; and because the world at last begins to feel that, because the importations of English habits threaten the European nations in the feeling they have for their own personality, because that "superiority" often consists only in the facilities which these habits offer for the development of egotism, England has seen let loose against her the almost unanimous opinion of Europe.

## The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. AN AMERICAN DEFENCE.

The "Forum" for May contains an article by Mr. Henry Wade Rogers on "The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty," which is in essence a defence of the treaty against its assailants. In providing for the neutralisation of the Canal, the new treaty, he holds, is in accord with the historic American position. From 1825 to 1880 American statesmen favoured an interoceanic canal which should be open on equal terms to all nations, and be neutralised by

the joint guarantee of all. The same policy has been observed by the nations of Europe, and of the two Central Asian governments most closely concerned.

In reply to the objection that the Treaty merely revives the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, Mr. Rogers says that the United States have never either convinced themselves or Great Britain that that Treaty is dead, and he holds that it has never ceased to be obligatory upon the American Government. This was categorically admitted by Mr. Blaine as late as 1881, and never openly questioned since then.

### England Also Restricted.

Since the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty binds not only America but ourselves, Mr. Rogers holds that it would be folly for America to dispute its validity:

England, like the United States, has coasts and seaports on both oceans, and may some time desire a canal across Nicaragua under her exclusive control. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty prohibits her from constructing it, and does not allow her to acquire even a coaling or a naval station anywhere in Central America. The treaty, so far as it restrains the power of Great Britain, is a treaty to be enforced. So far as it unwise restricts the power of the United States it is a treaty to be modified. Under no circumstances is it a treaty to be given up if satisfactory modifications can be secured. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty without amendment secures such modifications as the interests of the United States require.

### The Monroe Doctrine.

The objection to the Treaty as subversive of the Monroe doctrine is equally untenable:—

The Monroe doctrine prohibits European interference intended to alter by force the constitution or form of government in an American State. It also prohibits any future European colonisation of the American Continent. As understood by President Polk and President Cleveland, the doctrine also precludes the acquisition of additional territory on the American continent by any European State. This is all there is to the Monroe doctrine, and in not a single particular does this treaty conflict with it. On the contrary, it is in full accord with it. The neutralisation of the canal is an agreement to keep hands off, and that is exactly what the European States are required by the Monroe doctrine to do.

### Fortification.

As to the agreement not to fortify, Mr. Rogers says that it—

does not involve the surrender of a right which the United States now possesses. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty says: "No fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjacent." But in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty the contracting parties had agreed that neither would ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same (the canal) or in the vicinity thereof. The question of whether we shall or shall not fortify is, therefore, not an open question. We have already agreed that we shall not fortify, and from the obligation we have never been released.

The real control of the canal in any case cannot be insured by fortification, but only by the command of the sea, and predominance in the Caribbean Sea, and not on land, is the key to the situation. Mr. Rogers sums up the question as follows:

Those who have studied the subject carefully have come to the conclusion that the wiser policy is to re-

gard an interoceanic canal as always open to the ships of the world on terms of perfect equality. That was the policy which the nations adopted as to the Suez Canal. It is the policy which the Hay-Paunceforte treaty proposes for the Nicaragua waterway. Reflection will convince most persons that it is wiser to allow the ships of all nations to enter the canal upon an equality—and thus secure its neutralisation—than to deny them that privilege, thereby endangering the safety of the canal while involving the United States in the enormous expense contingent on the fortification and defence of the waterway, to say nothing of the political complications that would ensue.

## The Problem of Central Asia.

### A PLEA FOR A SETTLED POLICY.

In the "Fortnightly Review" for June Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger makes a plea for a definite agreement with the Afghan Ameer as to the defence of his country, and at the same time for a definite declaration to Russia of our determination to uphold its integrity. The article is a very reasonable one, and is interesting just now as recalling the fact that the Far East is not the only spot over which we may at any moment find ourselves in acute antagonism to Russia.

#### The Two Policies.

Practically there are only two policies which we can adopt with regard to Afghanistan: the first is the maintenance of its integrity, and the second the division of the country with Russia. It is the former policy which Mr. Boulger advocates; and the further purpose of his article is to show how to make this policy definite and effective. We should, he says, first give a definite pledge to the Ameer to uphold his sovereignty under all circumstances. Our present pledge is merely a qualified one. We should then make a definite statement that we should regard a Russian advance as a *casus belli*. We should pacify the Ameer by receiving a diplomatic agent in London.

#### No Division.

The advantage of this policy is that it would conciliate the Ameer and remove his doubts as to our reliability; thus drawing him probably to our side, and making him our ally. Russia could not resent this step, as she has often declared Afghanistan to be outside her sphere of interest.

For the alternative policy of dividing the country with Russia there is nothing to be said. The most difficult and intractable part of the population would fall to our share. If Russians were to seize Herat, the Afghans would not regard it as a serious blow to their independence; whereas if we, acquiescing in the Russian advance, were to seize Cabul and Kandahar as compensation, they would look on their independence as destroyed. Such a step would alienate the Afghans, and assist the Russians. Our prudent course would be to keep

witnain our present frontiers and allow Russia to advance, leaving it to the Ameer to decide when the Anglo-Indian army should advance to his support. Any other policy might result in throwing the Afghans into Russia's arms, and there would be no reason why they should not act as Russia's advance guard of invasion as they did for Asiatic invaders in the past.

#### A Claim for Telegraphs.

In return for a definite guarantee against invasion we might ask the Ameer to allow the construction of telegraphs and the establishment of agents along the frontiers we had undertaken to defend, at the same time leaving the defence of the frontier primarily to the Afghans themselves.

## Wonders of the Electric Age:

### VISIONS OF A SCIENTIFIC SEER.

Nikola Tesla, the world-renowned electrician, contributes to the "Century" for June some thirty-five pages of extraordinary reading. It is a treatise rather than an article: a philosophy of morals and of social life interlaced with the record of startling experiments and partly suggested by them; an apocalyptic vision of things shortly to come to pass. The writer gives as his subject "the problem of increasing human energy," and proceeds to throw some of the deepest practical questions of philosophy into dynamic formulae. The factors of his problem are the mass which is humanity, the impelling force, and the resisting force. Human energy is the outcome of these factors. It can only be increased in three ways: by increasing the mass, by diminishing the resistance, by increasing the impelling force.

#### Plenty of Food.

The human mass is decreased by everything that is against the teaching of religion and hygiene. The writer favours moderation rather than abstinence in regard to stimulants. Temperance reformers should work to provide pure water. "For every person who perishes from the effects of a stimulant, at least a thousand die from the consequences of drinking impure water." To increase the human mass means to supply plenty of food—good healthful nutriment. The key to the food problem lies in the cheap production of compounds of nitrogen, which make the soil productive. This key is supplied by electricity. The writer has succeeded by means of a small brush discharge in setting fire to the nitrogen of the atmosphere, which has blazed out in a flame 60 or 70 feet long:—

The result illustrated makes it practicable to oxidise the atmospheric nitrogen in unlimited quantities, merely

by the use of cheap mechanical power and simple electrical apparatus. In this manner many compounds of nitrogen may be manufactured all over the world, at a small cost, and in any desired amount, and by means of these compounds the soil can be fertilised and its productiveness indefinitely increased.

#### How War Will Cease.

The retarding force is made up of frictional forces like ignorance, and of negative forces like war. Education and peace would by diminishing these resistants swell the sum of human energy. The writer's chief expectation of the end of war is based on the tendency to produce war-machines requiring even fewer and fewer individuals to work them. He has himself produced what he calls a practical telautomaton—a crewless boat, with its own motive power and complete machinery, controlled by electric currents transmitted from a distance without wires. He says:—

The continuous development in this direction must ultimately make a war a mere contest of machines without men and without loss of life—a condition which would have been impossible without this new departure, and which, in my opinion, must be reached as preliminary to permanent peace.

#### The Three Essentials.

To increase the force accelerating the human mass—its motive power—means the increase of work. The electrician becomes the evangelist, when he goes on to say:—

So we find that the three possible solutions of the great problem of increasing human energy are answered by the three words: "food, peace, work." These three words sound the key-notes of the Christian religion. Their scientific meaning and purpose are now clear to me; food to increase the mass, peace to diminish the retarding force, and work to increase the force accelerating human movement.

The source of all human energy being the sun, the writer finds only three channels by which that energy can be derived: the use of fuel; the use of the ambient medium; the transportation of energy.

All three processes now require iron. But the writer proclaims the doom of copper and the advent of aluminium. We are approaching the age of aluminium:—

The future belongs to aluminium, and in times to come it will be the chief means of increasing human performance. It has in this respect capacities greater by far than those of any other metal. I should estimate its civilising potency at fully one hundred times that of iron.

#### "The Electrical Oscillator."

The writer's principal contribution to his own problem is suggested by his "electrical oscillator," an instrument which can discharge or explode its stored energy in an inconceivably short time:—

The explosion of dynamite is only the breath of a consumptive compared with its discharge. It is the means of producing the strongest current, the highest electrical pressure, the greatest commotion in the medium. Another of its properties, equally valuable, is that its discharge may vibrate at any rate desired up to many millions per second.

#### Transoceanic and Interplanetary.

To electric waves sent by this apparatus the earth responds as the echo to the voice. The writer proceeds:—

With these developments we have every reason to anticipate that in a time not very distant most telegraphic messages across the oceans will be transmitted without cables. For short distances we need a "wireless" telephone, which requires no expert operators. The greater the spaces to be bridged, the more rational becomes communication without wires.

Transoceanic communication without wires is not all. Electric movements of such magnitude could be induced on our planet as to be perceptible in Venus and Mars. "Interplanetary communication has entered on the stage of probability."

#### Wireless Transmission of Force.

The writer has made another discovery,—that the conductivity imparted to the air by electrical impulses of many millions of volts increased very rapidly with the degree of rarefaction, so that air strata at very moderate altitudes, which are easily accessible, offer, to all experimental evidence, a perfect conducting path, better than a copper wire, for currents of this character. The experiments have shown conclusively that, with two terminals maintained at an elevation of not more than thirty thousand to thirty-five thousand feet above sea-level, and with an electrical pressure of fifteen to twenty million volts, the energy over distances of horse-power can be transmitted over distances which may be hundreds and, if necessary, thousands of miles.

From that moment when it was observed that, contrary to the established opinion, low and easily accessible strata of the atmosphere are capable of conducting electricity, the transmission of electrical energy without wires has become a rational task of the engineer, and one surpassing all others in importance. Its practical consummation would mean that energy would be available for the uses of man at any point of the globe, not in small amounts such as might be derived from the ambient medium by suitable machinery, but in quantities virtually unlimited, from waterfalls. Export of power would then become the chief source of income for many happily situated countries, as the United States, Canada, Central and South America, Switzerland and Sweden. Men could settle down everywhere, fertilise and irrigate the soil with little effort, and convert barren deserts into gardens, and thus the entire globe could be transformed and made a fitter abode for mankind.

#### Ungilding the Iron Duke.

Whatever record leap to light,  
He never shall be shamed.

This poetic assurance concerning the Hero of Waterloo is vigorously combated by this month's "Quarterly Review." The paper on Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Life of Wellington" is one long stripping-off of the tinsel with which "countless panegyrics" have decorated a not very estimable character. The writer takes as his text the dictum of Lord Roberts, that "the more we study the Duke's life in detail, the more we respect him as a general, and the less we like him as a man." He goes on to show how the records that have come to light do put the Duke to shame. As political leader as friend and husband and father and brother, his conduct is held up to reprobation.

### An Unattractive Character.

Here are a few of the verdicts passed by the reviewer on the conqueror of Bonaparte:—

On the whole he was a friendless man. For none of the old Peninsular officers who had served him so faithfully does he seem to have shown any special regard.

The Duke was always prone to regard any criticisms of his views as insubordination, and too ready to impute discreditable motives to those who were guilty of them. It was almost impossible to serve under him without incurring his displeasure. We need not wonder if we find that, though he had many allies, he had no friends among the Tory Ministers of his day.

### His Family Life.

Wellington's home life leaves an even less happy impression upon us. He had made an unwise marriage with a pretty, flighty, brainless wife, who, though affectionate enough, was utterly unable to understand him or to help him.

Nor was Wellington consoled for his matrimonial infelicity by the sympathy and companionship of his sons. . . . There is no sign that Wellington devoted any special attention to his sons; he appears to have left them to their mother and their own inclinations.

If there was any member of his family with whom Wellington might have been expected to dwell on terms of constant and cordial affection, it was certainly his brother Richard, the great Governor-General of India.

. . . The whole of the Duke's career had been founded on the patronage which his elder brother had been able to extend to him in India. . . . It is lamentable therefore to find that in late middle age Wellington quarrelled so bitterly with his brother that he would not meet him for a long term of years. It was not till 1839 that they were reconciled: they then had an interview at Wellesley's house at Fulham, "cordial, but with no explanations," as the Duke's confidante, Lady Salisbury, writes in her journal.

### His Relations with Women.

But the crucial index of a man's character is, as a rule, his relations to the opposite sex. From this test the fame of the great general does not emerge unscathed. The reviewer says:—

When such was Wellington's temper, it is not to be marvelled at that an acute observer remarked that "Apsley House was never a 'home.'" There should be much pathos in the picture of the great man sitting lonely in the bleak and comfortless surroundings that he chose, while friendship and family affection passed him by; but the sadness of the situation is discounted by the fact that Wellington sought his consolations elsewhere. He was a man of the eighteenth century in many aspects of his character: "his relations with women," writes Sir Herbert Maxwell, "have been the subject of endless gossip. It must be admitted that they were numerous, and, with two or three notable exceptions, not of a kind on which it profits to dwell." We do not think that the biographer makes the case for his hero any the better by the extenuating clause which he adds:—"Unlike many men who have played great parts in the world's history, Wellington never submitted his will to a woman's; although very susceptible of the influence of beauty and wit, he treated women either as agreeable companions or as playthings. He never allowed them to control his actions, nor, with two exceptions, did he feel acute sorrow when death or other circumstances put an end to the intimacy." (ii. 375.)

### Ungrateful to His Troops.

The picture which we have had to draw of Wellington is not an amiable one: but there is yet one trait to add which is perhaps the most distressing of all—the ingratitude which he showed to the soldiers and officers who had made him what he was. There are words of

his on record concerning his men which can never be pardoned, and words too not spoken in the heat of action but in the leisure of his later years. Take, for example, a passage from Lord Stanhope's "Conversations with the Duke of Wellington," where he is speaking of the rank and file: "They are the scum of the earth; English soldiers are fellows who have all enlisted for drink." Again, speaking of non-commissioned officers, he observed: "Nothing would be so valuable as the English soldiers of that rank if you could get them sober, which is impossible." . . . It was not only on the rank and file that the Duke's indiscriminate censures used to fall. He was quite as reckless in denouncing his officers en masse.

### The Peril on the Indian Frontier.

An article in the "Quarterly" on "Our North-West Frontier Policy" depicts the situation in no very pleasing colours. The writer says:—

Our position in India now is, in a sense, stronger than it was twenty years ago, but that of Russia is much more threatening. Her railways enable her now to mass tens of thousands of men at Kushk within striking distance of Herat. We were warned in time, and have had twenty years to put our house in order. In a great measure we have failed to take advantage of the time given us. We have, it is true, in Quetta and Pishin—or ought to have—a position of great strength, against which invading armies should beat themselves to pieces. We have command of the main passes, and our communications are better, though by no means perfect. But our force is dangerously small; and in India, as elsewhere, we have played a gambler's game of bluff. At the present moment we are eight thousand British troops short in India; and no steps have been taken to replace those withdrawn to South Africa. . . . To meet the contingency of a determined Russian advance on India we must entirely reorganise the native army, and reduce the useless southern troops, thus obtaining money for the up-keep of better troops. We must improve the frontier communications, fortify the passes, and largely increase and modernise our artillery. The number of British officers with native regiments should be doubled—they are now nominally eight; practically regiments often go into action with four or five, enough to last, with luck, through one battle—and we must organise large bodies of mounted infantry. Finally, we must be prepared, the moment danger threatens, to throw a mass of Imperial troops—they need not be regulars—into India.

This means money, and plenty of it, and India cannot find it all; but the existence of the Empire is at stake, and England must be prepared to help. . . . There must be none of that deplorable lack of common-sense preparation on the part of our statesmen, none of that dilettante treatment of vital questions, of which they have so recently been guilty. From a defeat at Magersfontein or Colenso the nation can recover, but a crash at Quetta or at the mouth of the Khyber might bring down the Empire in India.

### The Late Duke of Argyll.

Dr. Donald Macleod contributes to his own "Good Words" for June a frank and plain-spoken character-sketch of the late Duke. He refers to the low state of the family fortunes, due to previous extravagance and existing depression, at the time the late Duke entered on the Dukedom. Dr. Macleod says:—

He set himself bravely to the task of retrieving the fortunes of his house, and being by conviction a dis-

ciple of the most uncompromising school of political economy, he made no pretence of sentiment, but dealt with his tenantry on purely business principles, driving the best bargains he could. There was no doubt as to his integrity, nor as to the intelligence with which he managed his affairs, but his relationship with his people lost much of the character of the paternal government which we associate with a Highland chief. And it was unfortunate that the circumstances of him who bore the historic title of "Mac Callum More" should have been such that political economy had to take the place of old feudal sentiment. Not that the Duke lacked Highland sentiment. No one was more intimate than he with the history of his country, and he had at heart a true enthusiasm for its traditions, legends and scenery. When so inclined he could unfold the riches of his knowledge of localities and families. He enjoyed to the full the glory of Highland scenery, and was ready with pencil as well as pen to record his impressions. But business was business, and bad times had to be borne, and so he failed, of necessity almost, in making himself the centre of popular enthusiasm—and he did not seek it.

#### Parallel with Gladstone.

It is a suggestive comparison which Dr. Macleod goes on to draw. He says:—

When we recollect the versatility of his powers and the variety of his achievements the only public man of his time who presents a parallel is Mr. Gladstone. In many respects they had points of marked similarity. Both were intensely earnest in their beliefs and almost encyclopaedic in knowledge. Mr. Gladstone was by far the greater classical scholar, but the Duke of Argyll was to an equal extent his superior in scientific attainment. Both were keen ecclesiastics as well as politicians, the Duke being as instructed an adherent and as devoted by conviction to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland as Mr. Gladstone was the learned and devout defender of the Episcopal Church of England. One of the last acts of the late Duke was the munificent gift of the ruins of Iona to the Church of Scotland. Both were by temperament men of war, delighting in debate; but the peer had not the magnetic attractiveness of the great Commoner. He had not the touch of human sympathy, or, at least, not the art of awaking the sympathy which is so essential for popular influence. The one strove to win enthusiasm for himself as well as his cause—the ambition of the other lay rather towards intellectual victory, without much caring for mere popular applause. This was perhaps a defect, for had he cultivated the art which the other had at his command, the Duke would have been perhaps the most potent moral and political force of our time. And this is the more provoking because they who knew him best recognised the great warmth of his convictions and the nobility of his aims.

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## Who will Succeed Lord Salisbury?

Writing under the title of "Lord Rosebery and a National Cabinet," an anonymous contributor to the "Fortnightly Review" raises the momentous question as to what is to come after the General Election, now imminent.

#### The Result of the Election.

The writer begins by making two suppositions, both of which he regards as absolutely certain: the first is that the coming Election will result in an overwhelming triumph for the Government, and the second that that triumph will witness the retirement of Lord Salisbury from political life. The question as to who is to succeed him becomes,

therefore, of first-rate importance; and the writer says that if a plebiscite were taken there is no doubt whatever that Lord Rosebery would be elected.

#### What is to Come After?

But if the country wants Lord Rosebery and does not want his Party, how is the country to be satisfied? Mr. Chamberlain is the disturbing factor. Not only has he pushed himself forward as the real master of the Cabinet, but he is, apart from oratory, their most effective speaker; while Mr. Balfour, the writer considers, by his academic shufflings has put himself out of court altogether. The country, on the other hand, is not prepared to see Mr. Chamberlain Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary after his recent exhibitions. His diplomacy has been maladroit, and his references to foreign countries either vulgar and insolent or offensively effusive. A Government with Mr. Balfour as figure-head and Mr. Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire as his associates would lack balance, and would be weak in diplomatic prestige.

#### A National Cabinet.

The remedy is to construct a so-called National Cabinet, in which Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain would be the two most prominent members. Mr. Chamberlain might be Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Rosebery Foreign Minister, while Mr. Balfour might be figure-head Premier. This would truly be a National Cabinet, with a national policy. Lord Rosebery, says the writer, is the born Foreign Minister, and Mr. Chamberlain "the strongest statesman of the Empire." A Cabinet formed on such a basis is the only one which gives hope of reform of the Government departments, reorganisation of the army, and education of the people.

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## The Ideals of School Children.

### AN INTERESTING ANALYSIS

Miss Catherine Dodd contributes to a recent number of the "National Review" one of the most amusing and interesting papers in any of the monthly miscellanies. It is the report of an attempt to ascertain what are the ideals of our school children. About six hundred children in a number of selected schools, both in the North and South of England, were asked to fill in answers to the questions. First "Would you rather be a man or a woman, and why?" Second, "What man or woman you have ever heard or read of would you rather be, and why?" The boys and girls selected were between the ages of eleven and thirteen. They were all town children. The result of the examination of their replies is very interest-

ing. Thirty of the three hundred girls wished to be men, while only two of the boys in the same number wished to be women. Of these 300 only ten girls wished to be women, because they were convinced of the superiority of their sex:—

"I wish to be a woman because they have much more sense than men," writes one. "A woman, because they are braver than men; they can do things quickly. Men are clumsy; besides, men drink," writes another. "A woman," because women just do things while men are talking," writes a third.

Three per cent. of the girls were shocked at being asked such a question, thinking it almost impious to suggest a choice in the matter. One girl would rather be a man because a man is more useful and respectable than a woman, especially if a woman takes to drink. Then she makes home miserable. Another would be a man because he has no worry preying on his mind such as women have, while the general opinion was that a man had more liberty, was stronger, and was less cheated than women.

#### The Economic Revolt.

The economic injustice to which their sex is subject weighs heavily upon most of the children. For instance, "people believes in you," writes one, "if you is a man, and they pays you accordingly. There are great women who do better work than men, but men don't think so, and they pay them shamefully." Thirty per cent. wanted to do some good in the world as women, and one would rather be a woman because "a woman is feeling for other people, and men has just feeling for themselves. She is patient, but men just swears when things go wrong, and they kick the furniture." Another of twelve wants to be a woman so as to train her children up the way they should go. Men just hits children, and swears at them, and makes them worse." Another thirty per cent. wished to be women, because women, in their opinion, had an easier life than men. They don't dig coal, and drain streets like men, and make the parlour carpet a disgrace with their dirty boots. Another girl writes that she would rather be a woman because "she can always get her own way if she cries and has hystericks! Men do not cry." While another prefers to be a woman, "for woman is weaker than men, and she is not so much punished in the case of wrongdoing."

#### The Wishes of the Boys.

Some of the answers of the boys are rather odd. One remarks that "women gets the best of it because she gets all the wages on Saturday. Women does not waste money, and men does; but I wish I had some money to waste." One boy was sure he wished to be a man, for "men have more sense than a woman, and you want sense when you go to fight for your country"—a fundamental truth

which some of our generals have forgotten. Seventy-six per cent. of the boys were quite sure that woman's life was extremely unpleasant. Women are dull and can't have adventurous lives. They must go and mind babies, and do the dull work. "Women earn hardly any money," says another, "and can't be commercial travellers, and soldiers, and explorers, and these are the best trades there are." Home life is evidently not much idealised by these children. "If a woman has children," says one, "there is nothing but fighting and crying, for they are bad tempered, and she has to put up with it." Out of 302 boys only two wished to be women:—

The first boy is a humourist, and at eleven years of age he indulges in a masculine irony. "I would sooner be a woman," he writes; "it is an easy life. You gets married, and takes all your husband's wage that comes in, and spends it how you like, and have a charwoman if there is any work to do, and sells your husband as much as you like if he comes home late."

When we come to the question of heroes and heroines most favoured by the children we get some odd results:—

Florence Nightingale and Mr. Gladstone are the ideal personages which the girls most admire. About 15 per cent. wish to be Florence Nightingale, "because she was brave and heroic."

Next to Mr. Gladstone, the Queen is the most admired person in the experience of these little school girls. One girl, who thinks with Becky Sharp on matters of morality, writes: "I should like to be the Queen because she is such a good, noble lady, and it is easy to be good when you have lots of money."

The following is a table of the persons whom the boys would like to be, arranged in order of popularity, from which it is evident that the census was taken since the war fever set in hard:—

Sir Redyers Buller,	Gladstone.
Lord Kitchener,	Sir Thomas Lipton.
Lord Nelson,	Lord Methuen.
Wellington,	Cecil Rhodes.
Shakespeare,	Baron Rothschild.
Sir G. White,	Kipling.
Baden-Powell,	

The reason why the boy wished to be Sir Thomas Lipton is "because he has a yacht, and a lot of money in shops." Cecil Rhodes is admired "because he has done a great deal for England in these last few years, and because he has made a company of Boers, and they find gold for him. Now they want to shoot him, and we have a war about it"—an explanation which is quite as accurate as most of the history which is served up by the advocates of the present war. "I would like to be Kipling," writes one, "to write good poetry books like the 'Absent-Minded Beggar,' and make lots of money by it." I am glad to see that some children are superior to the temptations of fanatical patriotism, although the reasons given for wishing to be Kruger are not exactly edifying:—

One boy wants to be "Kruger, because he just sits down and smokes his pipe, and takes things easy." One youth wants to be "Emperor of Germany, because

he is an absolute monarch, and has the largest army in the world. I should march it all out to South Africa and show Kruger something." One boy of eleven says with entire self-confidence: "I would rather be myself; first, because I cannot be someone else; and, second, because I shall do great deeds when I grow up." One who dreads the perils of greatness writes: "I would rather be an ordinary man, because most likely someone would form plots against you if you was high up in State." In times of peace I would like to be a king," writes a very cautious and odious youth, "but in war I should like to be a commercial traveller."

Altogether the paper, as these extracts prove, is quite one of the brightest and most suggestive that I have read for some time.

## Professor Max Muller at Home.

In the "Temple Magazine" for June, Mr. Hugh W. Strong gives us a little picture of Professor Max Muller in his workshop. He writes:—

Books everywhere! Not a square foot of wall space but is occupied with the varieties among writings in every language, and out of every nation and people, which have gone to increase Professor Max Muller's mastery of that profoundly interesting subject, "The Religions of the World."

Of Max Muller it is peculiarly true that the study reveals the student. This "German Workshop," from whence the "Chips," were wont to come with a regularity and sustained interest which bespoke the concentration and enthusiasm of the worker, is distinguished in all its details by practicality and purposefulness. Everything in its place and a place for everything. The arrangement of the works of reference with which the tall bookcases are packed and piled to the very ceiling is directly designed to facilitate methodical writing.

In reply to various questions, Professor Muller told his interviewer:—

My work is done. There is the "Rig-Veda" in six large volumes, and the "Sacred Books of the East" in fifty volumes of translations—my commission from the Oxford University. These really form my life's work. Beyond them are numerous other books and translations, my history of Sanskrit Literature, my Science of Language, Science of Religion, Science of Mythology, History of Indian Philosophy, etc., while most of my shorter writings are collected in "Chips from a German Workshop." Now I feel it high time that I drew in my sails.

I shall probably go on with my Recollections—"Auld Lang Syne," you know. But I shall abstain from any great effort. I am asked to contribute to both English and American publications, but can only occasionally comply.

My methods of work are very simple. "When I have nothing to do I work." Story? I have none to tell you. I was always at work. Here were my pen and paper and books daily, hourly awaiting me. These and my thoughts were sufficient inspiration and incentive. I didn't want recreations. As soon as I felt exhausted I gave up and rested.

In connection with the Professor's recent illness, the following communication from an old and learned Brahmin at Madras has a special interest. The Brahmin writes:—

When I saw the Professor was seriously ill, tears trickled down my cheeks unconsciously. When I told my friends who are spending the last days of their life with me, and read with me the "Bhagavad-gita," and similar religious books, they were all very much overpowered with grief. Last night, when we were all going to our temple as usual, it was suggested to me that we should have some special service performed

by the temple priest for his complete restoration. All my friends followed me to the temple; but when we told the priest our wish he raised various objections. He could not, he said, offer prayers and chant hymns in the name of one who is not Hindu by birth, and if he did so, he would be dismissed from the service and excommunicated by his caste.

We discussed the subject with him at length, and told him that Professor Max Muller, though a European by birth and in garb, was virtually more than a Hindu. When some of my friends offered to pay him ample remuneration, he at last consented, and when the next day, at eleven o'clock at night, we came to the temple with cocoanuts, flowers, betel-leaves, nuts and camphor, which we handed to the priest, he began to chant the Mantras and offer prayers to God for about an hour or so. After everything was done the priest returned to us some of our gifts, and requested that we should send them to Professor Muller.

To this Professor Muller adds:—

It is perfectly true that I was well after that prayer, and, what is more to be remarked—you may say it is mere coincidence, if you will—after five months of misery alone there was a complete change in my constitution within twenty-four hours, when the great German specialists had unanimously anticipated a fatal termination to my illness. I hear that these prayers are continued even now, week after week.

## The Late Archibald Forbes.

### How HIS CAREER BEGAN.

Mr. H. W. Massingham contributes a sketch to the "Leisure Hour" for June of Archibald Forbes. Thus dramatically he describes Forbes' entry upon London daily journalism:—

"Archibald Forbes from Metz." In these words scribbled on a bit of writing-paper, Archibald Forbes made his entry into the great world of war-journalism. Fortunately, they were addressed to an excellent judge of men, Sir John Robinson, the manager of the "Daily News," was—in common with the rest of the world—deeply concerned to know what was happening in the great Prussian "laager" round the French stronghold. So the traveller was promptly shown up to the managerial room. He came in with his dragoon's swagger, his big moustache, his rather fierce grey eyes alight with anger and impatience, a shabby, travel-stained figure. He had been to more than one great newspaper office, and had been repulsed, notwithstanding the obvious value of his work. "Nice place, London: no one will see you!" he grumbled. Smoothing down the ruffled man, Sir John in a few minutes had his story in plain, abrupt phrases. It was a windfall indeed. Forbes had come straight from the Prussian lines. Though he did not speak German, and represented no paper of first-rate importance, he appeared to have the complete confidence of the authorities. He had passed right through their lines. But he was bothered about a little paper which he owned, the "London Scotsman"—long since dead. "I'll talk it over," cried Sir John and he did. Forbes was fasting; food and tobacco were found him, and he was set to work in an adjoining room. Sir John watching anxiously over his new-found treasure. Hour after hour he wrote, a clear masterly account of the entire military situation. When he finished, he proposed another task. The Germans were being wrongly accused of ill-treatment of the French, and, full of his subject, he wished to convince the English public of the truth. Sir John shook his head, and Forbes stared fiercely at the refusal. "You will not do that," continued Sir John; "you will do something much better. You will go straight back to Metz as our correspondent." Forbes asked for £100 in five-franc pieces. In the evening they were found for him. Of his own capacity he made one modest remark: "I've one pull over the other fellows—no compliments, please—and that is that when the day's work is over I can

walk forty miles without tiring. And when your horse is requisitioned by the military, as it often is, that is always a help." Thus began the career of the most brilliant of war correspondents.

Mr. Massingham thus estimates Forbes' genius:

Brilliancy was indeed Forbes' special quality. His work had the fine flash and go, the power of instant observation, the gift of easy, adroit expression, the spirit and feeling both of the battle and of the larger task of campaigning, which make the ideal correspondent. Politics troubled him little. He had the soldier's eye for the objective fact—what lay behind it was less important.

The writer refers to Mr. MacGahan, and says:—

Working together, these two men made a singularly perfect combination. MacGahan had the larger power of generalisation, the more reflective eye, the stronger grasp of the great drama of war and politics that was being played out in 1877 and 1878. But he had hardly Forbes' soldier sense, his love and knowledge of military detail, and he certainly possessed a less wonderful physique.

## Madame Sarah Grand on Women and Their Clubs.

The most interesting article in the "Woman at Home" is that by Madame Sarah Grand, entitled "On Clubs and the Development of Intelligence"—woman's intelligence, be it understood. In the writer's opinion women, although they have advanced, have yet far to go along the path of progress. The article is, indeed, somewhat of a sermon, yet withhold a wholesome sermon, to the feminine world. The average woman, says Madame Sarah Grand,

should not underrate herself. She should not imagine that what she does and says is unimportant. The woman is still at large who exclaims: "Oh, it doesn't matter what I think, I'm only a woman!" It is pitiful that there should be women at this time of day with so little sense of responsibility and so little self-respect as is implied by such remarks.

One of her chief arguments in favour of women's clubs is that the more varied social intercourse afforded by them gives every woman an opportunity of enlarging her mind—an opportunity formerly commanded only by the rich:—

One of the advantages of the more democratic of these clubs is that women meet there, all sorts and conditions of women in some of them, each bringing from her own class something to help the others—the working-woman her energy and industry; the gentlewoman her culture and refinement; and by discussing questions of all kinds, they learn to look at life in the large, and not from the point of view of their own family circle only.

In the course of her article she administers some sharp rebukes to her own sex:—

There are plenty of women nowadays who have had advantages, but they have not turned them to good account. They do not really interest themselves in any vital questions, and are not public-spirited at all. How very few women, comparatively speaking, read the newspapers intelligently or trouble themselves about art or social matters to the extent of having any firm grip of such subjects? How very few can carry on any conversation worth listening to on varied topics such as men continually discuss among themselves?

She roundly accuses women of letting their intelligence die of atrophy, of being apathetic; and of allowing themselves to be "overcome by intellectual indolence much more than men do." A woman on a railway journey will read a flimsy novelette or a cheap fashion paper, whereas the average young man would buy something at least as intellectually stimulating as a daily paper. This difference between the sexes Madame Sarah Grand considers no mere external divergence:—

At the end of the journey the young man has added some trifle to his stock of knowledge; he has found food for discussion with other men; his outlook on life is a little enlarged. But the girl has only excited her fancy, and is sighing for more sensation, for more intellectual opium, and the consequence is that, in the long run, she sinks into sensuous apathy, while the young man is making his way in the world. She gradually becomes incapable of helping herself, and as to helping others—she never dreams of such a thing. One knows this sort of girl grown elderly, and always occupied with little pieces of fancy work. Her incapacity betrays itself in every relation of life, and is a misery-making factor—to be reckoned with.

This type of women the club, with its members drawn from various grades of society, and its debates on current topics, will gradually abolish, and the day may even now be within sight when women will no longer "suffer patiently from causes which they might easily remove," and "servile submission to evils against which they should have rebelled" will have gone the way of the old stage-coaches. Women will find that they must either keep abreast of the political and intellectual questions of the day or lag behind in the race of life.

## A Disciple of Napoleon in South Africa.

General French is the subject of a readable article in the "Woman at Home" by Sarah Tooley. Like Lord Kitchener and several of our generals in South Africa, General French is of Irish descent, although in this case the Irish strain is tempered with French blood. Although trained for the navy, he never rested till he entered the army—to him a far more congenial calling. Napoleon, we are told, "was his great hero, and he studied the methods of the man of destiny to some purpose, as the present campaign has proved." Being a short man, it was satisfaction to him "to remember that both Napoleon and Wellington were men of his own size. General French knows the Napoleonic wars by heart, and has probably read every life of Napoleon, or history bearing on his campaigns, which has ever been written. It will be remembered that he brought his men up in waggons during the Colesberg operations, so that they should be fresh for the fight, instead of arriving to meet

the enemy after a weary march. This was copied from Napoleon's methods."

The following anecdote of the assistant reliever at Ladysmith will appeal to everyone:—

When the besiegers were closing around Ladysmith, and there was no hope of his being of further service to make reconnaissances, General French jumped into the last train in order to carry despatches from Sir George White to Sir Redvers Buller. In vain did the Boers inspect every carriage when the train passed their lines. Apparently there was no person of importance travelling; for, indeed, the only person of consequence was the gallant cavalry officer, hidden beneath the seat of his railway carriage. The despatches of which he was the bearer he had put into a crevice of the train, so that if he had been discovered they would not have been found on him. This somewhat undignified position of concealment was maintained by General French until he was well out into the open country, when he once more breathed freely. In writing home he said that it was the most anxious twenty minutes he ever spent in his life.

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## On the Origin of English Trade Unions.

Mr. J. Slater Lewis, in a concluding paper on Works Management, which appears in the "Engineering Magazine" for May, treats of various factors in his problem, the first being trade unions. This is his account of their origin:—

Not many decades ago the bulk of the masters in Great Britain believed, unfortunately, in the short sighted policy of regarding their men as so many machines, unworthy altogether of human consideration. Questions of hygiene, such as sanitation, light, and warmth, never concerned them, much less did questions of instruction. To lower wages and to keep their men in a state of subjection was the ideal principle of their profession. Any calculation with a view to proving the wisdom of providing for the comforts and the social and moral well-being of their men was beneath contempt. And what was the result? The best-skilled men, discouraged by that sort of thing, sought wider spheres, where their energies and intelligence not only met with due reward but have been the means of bringing home to us, and in very drastic form, the folly of attempting to stem the tide of progress. It is, therefore, to the principles of that ancient species that we are indebted for trade unions. Revolutions are brought about by oppression and the grindstone of tyranny—never by trusting the people, nor by making a cringing community into full-blown men. America has, comparatively speaking, had little trouble with trade unions, all because careful observation, enlightened management, and scientific inquiry have taught her that urbanity of motive and cosmopolitanism of thought produce in the long run the best results, financial and otherwise.

Even when trade unions had established themselves in Great Britain, English employers affected to ignore their claims and "had a sublime disregard for any kind of defensive organisation." Eventually "a combination of the engineering employers and a costly lock-out became inevitable." Of that well-remembered struggle the writer observes:—

It has put the British engineering trades on a sounder footing and has enabled manufacturers to begin the process of measuring swords with their foreign competitors. And, further, it has led to a better understanding between master and man, and has removed much of the

deadly friction which hitherto existed. Whether this happy result in any way accounts for the abnormal success of the country during the past two years I cannot say, but the imports and engineering exports have beaten all previous records, and the revenue of the country is millions of pounds in excess of any previous financial period. Whatever may be said to the contrary, there can be no doubt that masters' unions and men's unions are alike desirable and necessary for the regulation of labour traffic, and those who think otherwise only deceive themselves.

In the same number Mr. C. B. Going compares the British engineers' strike in 1897 with the American machinists' strike of 1900, and counsels American employers to combine as did the British employers. Mr. H. W. Hoyt illustrates from the happy experience of the National Founders Association the advantage of co-operation between associated masters and labour unions.

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## On the Language of Birds.

In the "Revue des Revues" there is a curious article on "The Language of Birds." At the end of last century a distinguished political economist, M. Dupont de Nemours, sallied forth into the fields to learn the languages of the crow and the nightingale. After two winters' shivering about the highways and hedges he had made out twenty-five words of crow-language. It must not be supposed, however, that crow-language is poor because its words number but five-and-twenty. "The crows have only to combine them by twos, by threes, by fours, or by fives, and they will get a number of combinations surpassing the number of words contained by the richest language in the universe." M. Nemours does not think, however, that the crows do actually make so many, or even any, combinations of the words in their dictionary. Their twenty-five words are quite enough to express "here," "there," "hot," "cold," "take care" "armed man," "a nest," and a score or more of expressions which crows might naturally be supposed to need. "After which, crows have not much left to say." M. Nemours' dictionary was not a crow-French or a French-crow dictionary; rather, he translated his crow words into verse. M. Nemours made many other discoveries while with the birds. The goldfinch, linnet, and garden-warbler he found sang of nothing but their loves; while the chaffinch sang also of its amour-propre—conceited bird; while the male lark pours out its soul in a hymn on the beauties of nature, and the vigour with which it soars aloft, rising higher and higher before the eyes of its admiring mate. The nightingale was very communicative; it told the French naturalist three of its songs.

But German naturalists, always *grundlich*, have pursued their researches into comparative bird-philology even farther. One of their celebrated or-

nithologists tells us that the language of the sparrow may be used as a standard of comparison for that of several species:—

"Dieb" is the cry which they utter when on the wing, "schilp" when perching, and these are their two cries for attracting attention. When they are eating, or at rest, they may be continually heard repeating "dieb, bilp or bioum." Their cries of tenderness are "durr and die, die; terr," pronounced with force and rolling of the "r" means the approach of danger; it is a signal of warning. Should the peril increase, or an enemy have suddenly appeared, they utter another cry, which may be distinguished: tellereltellertell." If the sparrow is safe, the bird of prey or the cat having disappeared, he repeats gently, several times over, "durr." When the male birds are disputing the possession of a female, "tell, tell silp, den, dell, dieb, schilk," etc., comes from every throat, producing the deafening noise heard especially in spring.

All simple words enough, except one, which will probably be found peculiar to sparrows of German origin.

Mr. Barington, vice-president of the Royal Society of London, also an acute bird observer, is quoted as saying that hardly two birds of the same kind have a song exactly similar. Locality also influences their songs, the same bird singing differently in the mountains and in the plains. Tracing back the language of man to its most primitive beginnings, is it so very different in nature or in origin from the language of the crows and nightingales?

## Automobiles for the Average Man.

### ELECTRICITY, GASOLINE, STEAM.

Under the above title Mr. Cleveland Moffett contributes a most interesting and instructive article to the American "Review of Reviews." He writes not for the expert, but for the man in the street, for busy non-scientific people who are wavering on the edge of a resolve to buy an automobile, and would welcome a little light on the subject:—

At the start (says Mr. Moffett) we may take it as true that only three kinds of self-propelling carriages are offered for our choice—electric carriages, gasoline carriages, and steam carriages. Other kinds, driven by compressed air, alcohol, acetylene gas, etc., may be disregarded as still in the experimental stage and not for us. What we want is something that has gone through the inevitable period of groping and mistakes, and developed the three essential qualities of safety, simplicity, and efficiency. Given these three we may let cost or beauty decide; without these three no automobile shall tempt us, be it ever so swift or cheap.

One of the greatest elements of danger in "automobiling" is in the lack of nerve of the driver. Many men—and many women—are quite unfit for such responsibility, and even a man who boasts of no nerves may find some in him when four wheels jump forward under him at the rate of forty miles an hour. To be sure of yourself, then, as well as of your carriage, is a good rule of the road for this new diversion.

### The Best Carriage.

Of the three types of automobiles the electric stands without rival for use in cities. No other automobile offers such variety of style and finish, and on good roads in populous districts no other can show such advantages. On the whole, the writer seems to prefer the steam carriages, which are an American invention. The gasoline carriage has, however, won its spurs, whilst the steam carriage is only doing so. Hundreds now argue for gasoline where tens favour steam. Steam carriages are cheaper by twenty-five per cent. and lighter by forty per cent., but they do not equal the gasoline carriage in convenience for touring. The electric automobile is by far the most simple of operation; it runs smoothly without noise or vibration, there is no fire in it, no smell about it, nothing to break or get out of order, no gauges to watch, no tangle of oily, grimy parts. On the other hand, it cannot climb moderate hills; its charge only lasts for twenty miles, and the recharging occupies from two to three hours. It may be pressure of demand will give more efficient storage batteries and establish re-charging stations all over the country, but such is not the case to-day—quite the contrary. It costs two or three times as much per mile to run as its rivals, and its initial expense is much greater.

### Gasoline v. Steam.

Comparing the steam with the gasoline carriage, Mr. Moffett says:—

The gasoline carriage has been on the market now for several years, while the steam carriage, in light road waggon form, is a baby born in the summer of 1899; the one is a French product, the other American. Both claim to do about the same work, and carry out their claims reasonably well. The steam carriage weighs much less than the electric carriage, is more compactly built, is capable of greater speed, is somewhat superior in hill-climbing, and costs less. On the other hand, the gasoline carriage is more widely used than any other in the world, and can show substantial reasons for its popularity. It is a carriage a man may put his trust in. In spite of its clumsy and complicated mechanism, it does not easily get out of order. It will climb all ordinary hills; it will run through sand, mud, or snow: it makes good speed over long distances—say, an average of fifteen miles an hour. It carries gasoline enough for a seventy-mile journey, and nearly any country store can replenish the supply. The chief drawbacks to the gasoline carriage are the noise, vibration, and odour. At any rate, the steam carriage enjoys superiority here, for it moves almost as smoothly and quietly as the electric carriage. Another feature in the gasoline carriage that may justify objection, though a small thing, is this: that, when the carriage is brought to a standstill, the engine must go on with its noisy beating; or else, if the engine be stopped, it can be started only by the rapid turning of a crank, which necessitates the rider's dismounting. The steam carriage, on the contrary, will stand silently for an hour or more, and be ready to start in an instant—a low fire keeping sufficient steam up during this time.

The steam carriage consumes much less gasoline than the gasoline car. The latter, however, only

requires recharging with gasoline, whereas the former's boiler needs replenishing with water, and this every twenty miles. Impure water and burned-out tubes appear to cause endless trouble in the steam car. Mr. Moffett touches upon the probable competition between automobiles and the present freight-carrying vehicles, and forecasts the triumph of the former.

#### Every Driver an Engineer.

Throughout the article he insists upon the necessity there is of the driver having a thorough knowledge of his machine; he notes with approval that the New York law requires that "any person who would operate a steam carriage in this city or state shall obtain an engineer's license, issued only to those who have passed a prescribed examination." On the electric automobile this is not so necessary, but of the gasoline or steam-driven cars he says:—

The driver must learn to do the thing himself; cannot possibly pay someone else to do it for him. He—or she—must know how to fire up; how to leave the engine during a stop for luncheon; how to turn the starting-crank briskly in the gasoline carriage after a stop; how to blow off steam, and adjust the sparking-device, and test the air-pressure, and change the gear connections, and "hook her up," and reverse her, and pick dust out of her check-valve, and a dozen other things, besides interpreting every message of the gauges. He—or she—must have a practical familiarity with each working part, and know what to do if something goes wrong and what not to do; also be willing to face oil and grime with hands and clothes.

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### The Oriental's Love of Railway Travel.

Mr. Wm. B. Parsons, writing in the "Engineering Magazine" for May, knocks on the head a widely-spread delusion. His subject is "Railway Opportunities in the Orient," and his aim is to find in the opening up of Japan and India a prophecy of China's future. And he shows that so far from the Eastern being opposed to railway travel as a Western intrusion on his immemorial habits of repose, he takes to it rather more eagerly than does the enterprising Westerner himself. After pointing out that in Japan, India, and China the passenger receipts exceed those from freight, Mr. Parsons proceeds:—

Contrary to the ordinarily accepted belief, the Oriental is by nature a traveller when he gets the opportunity, and the extent to which he will travel is enormous. On the 660 miles of government lines in Japan, for the year 1898, there were carried no fewer than 28,000,000 passengers, an average per mile of 42,000. The average number of passengers per mile of railway in the United States is about 3,000. Taking a more striking comparison, the whole Japanese system, government and private, in 1898 aggregating 2,468 miles, carried 84,040,963 passengers, while the New York Central, in the same year, with 2,395 miles—or almost exactly the same length—carried 24,074,254 passengers, giving a relative density in favour of the Japanese of more than three

to one; and this in spite of the fact that the New York Central had the benefit of including among its passengers all the traffic received from western, New England, and other connecting lines. Even when making a comparison as to passenger mileage, the volume of business is in favour of the Japanese systems as two to one; the passengers carried one mile being in one case 1,438,014,632, and in the other 712,115,222.

Nor are the rates of fare at which this business is done so very low; in fact, some of the charges are so high as to excite the envy of an ordinary American traffic manager. In India there are four classes of passenger accommodation, the rates per mile ranging from 0.3 cent to 2.4 cents. In Japan there are three classes, the charges being 0.7 cent for the third class, 1.1 cents for the second, and 2.1 cents for the first; these last rates, adopted one year since, are an increase of one-third over the previous figures; it being found that the natives demanded better facilities and were willing to pay for them. On the Chinese Imperial Railway the rates are  $\frac{1}{2}$  cents for first-class and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cent second-class, at which prices, considering the shortness of the line, an enormous business is done.

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### Three Tries at a World State.

"Nations and the Decalogue" is the title of a plain and straight appeal which Mr. H. D. Sedgwick, junr., addresses to his countrymen through the May number of the "Atlantic Monthly." It is occasioned by Philippine expansion. It is a plea for the Ten Commandments in politics as opposed to greed disguised as "destiny," "economic development," "racial tendency," etc.: an appeal from what the writer calls "the national belly" to the national conscience. Towards the close he indulges in the following forecast:—

There are signs that this system of nations is breaking up, to make way for a cosmopolitan system. Science with its locomotive forces commences with its maxim "Ubi bene, ibi patria," democracy with its brotherhood of men, are daily undermining the national system. World's fairs, peace conferences, international labour societies, drawings together of Latins and of Anglo-Saxons,—all indicate the coming of a new system, without need of weapons of offence and defence, and with no national belly to be filled.

#### 1. Empire.

The substitution of a cosmopolitan system, with its ethical laws, in the place of our national system, with its individualistic laws, will no doubt be a long task. Two famous endeavours to effect that substitution have been made in the past by the European world. The first was the Roman attempt at universal empire, which failed because no one people can supply and adjust the amount of capacity necessary to administer the affairs of the world. The lesson from this attempt is that, not empire, but federation is the true political step toward a cosmopolitan system.

#### 2. Papacy.

The second was the attempt of the Roman Church to make a political Christendom, by bringing all nations into a common obedience to an ecclesiastical Christianity. But the evil conduct of her great priests weakened the Church, and the strong instincts of nationality foiled the attempt. The lesson from this failure is that the fruits of religion cannot grow upon political graftings. An attempt at universal empire is not likely to be made again by one nation; but it may well be that Christianity, embodying as it does the great truths of human experience, will be the chief factor in the federation of the world; that that cosmopolitanism which shall sup-

plant the crew of nations will be a new name for Christendom that Christian laws will oust national instincts.

### 3. Christendom.

For though cosmopolitanism does not prevent, nor pretend to prevent, the struggles among individuals, it substitutes symbols of peace in place of national flags, those great exemplars of the brute struggle for dominion: it annuls the sanction given by national customs, by bloody victories, by vulgar history, to the doctrine that might makes right; it brings in the reign of law and of a public opinion which is continually more and more affected by Christianity. Centuries may have to pass into a millennium first, but the longer the road the greater the need of haste.

## Browning's Last Days at Asolo.

It is a vivid sketch, full of reverent affection, which Katherine C. Bronson contributes to the April "Century" of Browning in Asolo. The writer deals only with what occurred during the year of the poet's death. So far as she can judge, she says she believes that Browning's last visit to Asolo was one of unalloyed pleasure.

### The Poet's Daily Routine.

Possibly readers will be surprised to hear of "Browning's routine." The writer says:—

The great poet, perhaps because he was so great, ruled his days with a precision and regularity such as one would more naturally attribute to a mathematician. At Asolo he began his day at the early hour of seven, took his cold bath, scarcely tempered even in chilly weather, then his simple breakfast, served punctually at eight of the clock, then with his sister—here, as elsewhere, his inseparable companion—he wandered over the hills, seeking and finding such points of view and interest as he had known in his first youth. After their long walks the brother and sister returned to the morning readings and writings: the former were alternately English newspapers, the memoirs in Italian of Carlo Gozzi—a book which he said he continued to read to the end "out of sheer obstinacy," but which he did not find to his taste "in the very least"—and the reading, entirely to his mind, of various Greek plays.

### His Punctuality.

About midday luncheon was served with much the same menu as he was wont to choose in Venice in previous years—namely, local Italian dishes and native wines. He wrote and read again after this light repast, and at three o'clock appeared on the loggia of La Mura, his favourite place in Asolo.

Soon after three o'clock we went to drive, and explored the country for miles around. He seemed to take the same unfailing delight in the daily drive at Asolo as in the daily row in Venice. Neither carriage nor gondola was ever kept one moment waiting, such was the poet's punctuality, and such the punctuality of those who wished to please him.

### The Old Man at the Spinet.

The evenings at Asolo were spent very quietly, and with no visits to interrupt the agreeable monotony. Immediately after dinner Browning played on the spinet, the same one he had used in Venice in other years. It is a curious instrument, not only for its tone, which is like a mandolin in some notes, in others like a guitar, but also because it bears the maker's name, "Ferdinando Ferrari, Ravenna, 1522," inside the sounding-board. Browning played in a dreamy manner, generally recalling old music he had heard in early youth, English ballads and Russian folk-songs, the airs always melodious, often melancholy; and he would occasionally sing his favour-

ite "Chanson de Roland," and seemed troubled because he could remember only one or two verses.

### What He Loved to Read Aloud.

Here is a glimpse of the old man's intense and unselfish enjoyment of other poets' works:—

After playing for some time on the spinet, his fingers, so long out of practice, would get tired, and he would leave the instrument, saying, "Now I will read to you. What would you like?" "Any poem signed 'R. B.'" "No, no; no R. B. to-night." Then, with a smile, "Let us have some real poetry." So saying, he would take Shelley or Keats, Coleridge or Tennyson, from the book-shelves, read aloud some of his favourite poems, and say: "This is poetry; don't you know it is?"

### How a Poem was Born.

The circumstances attending the birth of a poem arouse a strange curiosity in minds for ever barren of poetry. Here is the genesis of one of Browning's last creations:—

One day, on returning from a drive to Bassano, the poet was unusually silent; no one spoke. I felt anxious lest he should not feel quite well, but forbore to question him, and consoled myself by thinking, "He is tired; perhaps he is resting his brain." We had nearly reached home when he said: "I have written a poem since we left Bassano."

"A poem! How? When?"

"Oh, it is all in my head. I shall write it out presently, as soon as I can find a bit of paper."

"The subject? Please tell?"

"No, not now; you will see it quite soon enough when it is printed."

"Will you not even say what inspired it?"

Then, smiling: "Well, since you are so inquisitive, the birds twittering in the trees have suggested it to me. You know I don't like women to wear those wings in their bonnets." It was "The Lady and the Painter."

### Known to be a Great Poet by—His Shirt!

On a visit to the "Rocca" fortress to find again the echo which he had heard fifty years ago and had mentioned in "Pippa Passes," he was chatting with the portress of the castle, who lived in a hut hard by:—

Suddenly the woman addressed him with, "I know who you are."

"Who am I?" he inquired.

"You are a great English poet."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I see your shirt; one of my friends ironed it last week, and no one else has one like it down in Asolo."

This appealed to Browning's sense of humour. The garment in question was of a very simple pattern, white with fine blue lines. He laughed aloud, and said,

"Well, upon my word, this is the very first time I was ever recognised by my shirt!" and he told the story to others afterwards with great glee.

### "My Ambition and My Hope."

The vigour of the aged poet is amazing. He is shown taking long walks and drives, reading aloud, playing the spinet, creating poetry, and, what is more, cherishing still a great literary ambition:—

He always found time for his favourite Greek plays, which he read from a small edition, the fine print of which would have wearied any eyes less remarkable than his own. He said to me one day, speaking of his delight in such reading: "Shall I whisper to you my ambition and my hope? It is to write a tragedy better than anything I have done yet. I think of it constantly."

## "Real" Teaching for Rural Scholars.

A very strong plea is put forward by Mr. P. Anderson Graham in "Longman's" in favour of country teaching for country schools. The writer warmly supports Sir John Lubbock's contention that botany should be taught in rural schools, but pleads that it should not be done out of books:—

It will be enough at first, and a magnificent basis for later work, if the pupils be taught to find and name the common wild flowers, the grasses and clovers, the rushes and weeds of their locality. They have to know their county—let them know their fields as well. Every school should have a plot of ground for real object lessons and actual experiment. The utilitarian aspect of the matter is too patent to require comment at a time when botany is doing so much for agriculture.

### Entomology is commended for the same purpose:

There may not be much suitable to juvenile teaching in bee-keeping itself (though children would readily interest themselves in wasps and wild bees), but it is only one department of a large subject. Moths and butterflies will afford wider scope for their curiosity. Very few children do not take very readily to what the Americans call "bug-hunting."

This would yield its value in fruitgrowing; children so taught would be able to use the knowledge which the Board of Agriculture disseminates for the protection of fruit trees from harmful parasites. Ornithology is another science which might be made interesting and practical. At present the country boy "has come to look upon a cheap trip to town as his only amusement. To him the country is only a place wherein to dig potatoes." The writer summarily affirms:—

The object of country teaching for country schools is to awaken an interest in natural objects, to lay a foundation on which scientific knowledge may be afterwards built, and to impart to country folk habits of observation and some knowledge of their surroundings. They are at present dull chiefly because they are ignorant of the very things amid which their lives are passed. The school is not a suitable preparation.

Even before Government takes the matter up, teachers and clergymen might do much in the directions specified by the writer.

## Radioculture:

### A NEW DEPARTMENT IN GARDENING.

This is the name which the astronomer, M. Camille Flammarion, has given to the branch of physical research suggested by his experiments with plant-growing in coloured light. Mr. G. Clarke Nuttall furnishes a most interesting account of these experiments in "Pearson's" for June. The astronomer erected four small greenhouses in the grounds of the Observatory of Juvisy, glazed red, green, blue, white, respectively. In these he put seedlings of uniform age and development of the sensitive plant (*mimosa*), and left them to grow for three months, with these results:—

The plants in the ordinary conservatory had grown in a normal manner, and had attained a height of nearly four inches.

### Under Blue Glass.

Those in the blue glasshouse had not made the slightest improvement; they were precisely as they had been planted three months before; in fact, they can best be described as plants in a trance. They were alive and seemingly quite healthy, but absolutely undeveloped; as they had been planted so they remained; to all appearance they might have fallen asleep on the day of their entry into blueness, and never have awakened to set about growing.

### Under Green.

In the green glass-house the plants had shown a large amount of energy, and had pushed up to a height half as great again as that attained by those in the ordinary conservatory. There was no doubt that the atmosphere of green had stimulated their growth upwards, though, on the other hand, they were not so well developed or so bushy as the others.

### Under Red.

But it was in the red glasshouse that the most striking results were apparent. In this the seedlings had simply leapt into stature; they were four times as tall as their contemporaries of normal growth, and they were actually more than fifteen times the size of the little plants which had slept in the blue light. Moreover, they alone of all the seedlings had flowered.

Their sensitiveness had under the red rays become hyper-sensitiveness, while under the blue rays it has passed into complete insensitivity. These differences might, it was thought, be due to the differences in luminosity and temperature; so all four houses were made identical in temperature and intensity of light, and the results were practically the same. Similar experiments with other plants produced differences as remarkable.

### Utility of Red Glasshouses.

The writer naturally concludes that radioculture has a future before it, and that we are only on the threshold of the transformations which it may effect. He proceeds:—

As far as real practical use is concerned, it is early yet to predict, but it certainly seems as though red glasshouses might with great advantage become part of the stock-in-trade of the florist and gardener as an additional and most useful adjunct to his present forcing arrangements. Such a remarkable stimulant to plant life as red light proves to be, cannot be overlooked long.

### Effect of Colour on Silkworms.

An even more tempting glimpse into further knowledge is offered by experiments with animal organisms:—

Silkworms were kept under variously coloured glasses and their development carefully watched. It was found that the quantity of silk produced, the number of eggs, even the actual proportion of the sexes, were largely affected by the colour of the light in which they lived.

## The Lake of Fatal Chill.

It is a readable article which Mr. W. S. Harwood contributes to the June "Pall Mall" on the politically well-worn topic of Canadian fisheries. The great inland seas between Canada and the United States contain, he says, a food supply which "will never be exhausted through all the cen-

turies to come," if only "avarice shall keep its hands off." He urges the need of uniform and sufficient regulations on both southern and northern shores. But the interest of the paper is not political, but natural. His account of the cold, clear depths of Lake Superior almost makes one shudder. Its waters supply an admirable texture of fish, but no human being can live in them. He says:—

So cold, so deep, so very cold and deep, is this greatest lake on the globe, that no corpse comes back from its green-blue depths. . . . You need not be surprised that not a man of the crew who makes his livelihood on this immense body of water can swim. Winter and summer, so cold is it that no bathing is possible, and the boys grow into men along its rocky north coast without ever having an opportunity of learning to swim. It would be of scant avail, however, if they should know how, for no man could live in these icy waters even in midsummer. If you hold your head above water in Lake Superior half an hour, or even fifteen minutes, without something to cling to, you may be sure you have sterling powers of endurance.

Yet fishing is carried on in the winter by means of dog-sleighs and holes in the ice.

## The Question of Copyright.

The "Nineteenth Century" for June contains an article by Lord Thring, outlining the present condition of International Copyright Law, and giving a summary of the copyright bills which are now being considered by a Select Committee of the House of Lords.

### The Berne Convention.

The present state of international copyright dates from the Berne Convention of 1886. The countries at the present time parties to the Berne Convention are Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, Spain, France, Haiti, Italy, Switzerland, Tunis, Monaco, Norway, Luxembourg, and Japan. The main principle recognised at Berne was that a foreign author is entitled to copyright in the other States of the Union in the same manner as if he were a native of such States, the term of his copyright, however, not to exceed the term accorded to him by the law of the country of origin.

### The Existing Law.

The existing law gives the author of a book copyright for life, or for forty-two years from the date of production, whichever is the longer term. Performing right obtains for the same term, and lecturing right for twenty-eight years. The copyright in engravings and prints is also for twenty-eight years, and for sculpture fourteen years, with a further term of fourteen years if the sculptor survives the first term. For paintings and photographs the copyright lasts for the life of the artists and seven years after.

### The Literary Bill.

The bills now under discussion are two, the first dealing with literary and the second with artistic copyright. The Literary Bill decides affirmatively the vexed question whether abridgments, translations, the novelisation of dramas, and the dramatisation of novels are infringements of copyright. It makes the term of copyright the same for all descriptions of literary copyright—namely, the life of the author and thirty years after his death, posthumous works being entitled to thirty years copyright from the date of publication. Perhaps the most important provision is that news is protected for eighteen hours after the date of publication, a provision which will compel the evening newspapers to combine with the dailies which procure foreign news at a great price in contributing to the expense thus incurred. The second part of the Bill deals with the Berne Convention, and enables the Government to make special arrangements with countries unwilling to accede to that Convention.

### Artistic Copyright.

The Artistic Copyright Bill adopts the recommendation of the Copyright Commission of 1878, and grants to the author of any artistic work the same term of copyright as is given to literary work. Photographs are included in the same category as other artistic works. The person who makes the plate is declared to be the author of an engraving or print, while the author of a photograph is defined to mean the owner of the negative.

## Shipbuilding Extraordinary.

It has been reserved for a Scotch engineer to reconstruct a steamer at an elevation of 13,000 feet above the level of the sea—not a shallow-draught boat, but a twin-screw steamer of 550 tons gross tonnage. Mr. John Wilson's account of how this seemingly impossible feat was accomplished appears in the "Engineering Times" under the heading of "Novel Engineering Feat above the Clouds, on Lake Titicaca, Peru."

The various difficulties to be overcome are graphically described by Mr. Wilson. Among these may be mentioned the difficulties of landing machinery and boilers, the latter weighing fifteen tons each, in an open bay, and the dangers of conveying such large and unwieldy masses of metal along the narrow-gauge railway from the port of Mollenda to Puno, on Lake Titicaca.

Natives were largely employed as riveters, and had to be taught many of the most elementary methods of work before they were of any real assistance. For twelve months the work went on, requiring the closest attention from Mr. Wilson all

the time, until at last the *Coya* was successfully launched:—

It may be well here to give the principal particulars: length between perpendiculars 170 ft., beam 26 ft., moulded depth 12 ft. She has accommodation for forty-five first-class, and from thirty to forty second-class passengers.

The difficulties of working at so high an elevation are described by Mr. Wilson in the following passage:—

As can be easily understood, owing to the great elevation of this fascinating country, vegetation is poor and stunted, and, in the rarefied atmosphere, sotroche troubles all foreigners, and frequently, if their lungs are not of the soundest, will produce an illness which will terminate fatally. Severe pains in the forehead, great difficulty in breathing, a parched tongue, and in many cases bleeding at the nostrils and gums, are the symptoms experienced.

Mr. Wilson may be congratulated upon having succeeded in such a task, which, as he says, occurs but once in a lifetime.

### "American Free Park Libraries."

Miss Elizabeth L. Banks has an article on this subject in the "Quiver" for May which is particularly pleasant reading. The excellent idea of having free libraries in Brooklyn, which lend books to the poor who crowd to the parks for a breath of cool air, originated in the mind of Mrs. Mary E. Craigie, a member of the Board of Directors of Brooklyn Public Library. So successful was the experiment, that—

during the coming summer there are likely to be many of these outdoor libraries in the parks of the various cities of the United States, and if they all prove as successful as have those of Brooklyn, it is more than possible that the idea may be taken up in London.

This is how the first Free Park Library came into existence: Mrs. Craigie, always interested in philanthropic work, was struck with the idea that the city children lounging in the Brooklyn parks might read as well as play to while away the long hot summer days:—

She interested five other prominent women in her scheme. They held meetings in their homes for the purpose of discussing the subject, till, finally, when they felt their plan was well matured, they took it to the Park Commissioner of Brooklyn, who ruthlessly rejected it, saying he wanted the children to go to the parks to enjoy the beauties of nature, and not to read and study. Finally, however, after much agitation of the subject by the indefatigable women, they were told that the experiment might be tried in one of the parks where there happened to be a sort of summer shelter house. This was Bedford Park.

The first library was merely intended for children; but the children found the books and magazines—and the rocking-chairs which followed them—so attractive, that they fetched their parents into the Park. Hence the demand arose for a library with books for the "grown-ups" too; and Mrs. Craigie forthwith set about supplying that demand:

Larger chairs were bought—great comfortable pillow rockers, big enough to hold both a mother and a baby: a wide range of newspapers and magazines was sub-

scribed for, and books by Dickens, George Eliot, Cooper, Hawthorne, Tennyson, Longfellow, and the best of the latest novels, were placed upon the shelves. Books also there were telling how to be comfortable on a small income, how to treat the whooping-cough, how to cook the meals both daintily and economically, how to make old dresses look equal to new. There were the morning newspapers, the weekly papers, the religious and secular magazines. Especial attention was also paid to the selection of books treating of the natural sciences, and the study of botany and zoology.

So popular was the library that towards the end of the afternoon hardly a volume would be left in. Some trouble arose over the books getting into sticky little hands; but the children were formed into a league (and adorned with a badge of membership) for the purpose of keeping the books clean, and the cleanliness extended not only to the books but to the children themselves, a marked improvement resulting in their appearance. Nor did the improvement stop at externals, but the whole moral tone became distinctly higher. Books on insects, birds, and fishes were wisely included in the library, and the children read them, and found living illustrations in the zoological gardens forming part of the Park. Even the Park Commissioner has been won over by the intelligent and appreciative interest taken by the children in his gardens.

The building of park libraries has even now become a steady industry in Brooklyn, and thus, as Miss Elizabeth Banks says, "The clever originator of park libraries builded much better than she at first knew, and she became the leader of a moral as well as an intellectual movement among the children of Brooklyn." It has even been decided to build all libraries in future in the park rather than in the crowded streets; and thus summer libraries have become institutions for all seasons.

### What Australia Is to Be

The Federation of the colonies clearly puts new possibilities into Australian history, and the leading English journals and magazines are all speculating as to the future of the new Commonwealth. The keenest and most suggestive article is by the London "Spectator." It says:—

If only because the Australian is the one white people which has ever been planted in the Southern instead of the Northern seas, it should have an exceptional career. Like the United States, it will be without a past, unhelped and unimpeded by that long line of tradition which so weighs on and strengthens England; but unlike those States, it has been born of agreement and not battle, and has no unnatural record of quarrel with its mother to hamper all its energies. It has no experience of native wars, or none that it will remember, for the decaying Melanesian tribes which still fit like shadowy forms across its territory, strange relics of the forgotten history of four thousand years, will before the next century is out have vanished into space, leaving a few archaeologists to wonder what in the eyes of the Creator can have been their use. On the evidence of the clam heaps they have lasted that time, and have done nothing, not even planted a tree. From the circumstances

of their birth, the softness of their climate, and the amplitude of their resources, the new people which supersedes them should be a peaceful people, but some of their unalterable conditions may lead them in a path which does not end in peace.

#### Australian Sea-Power.

Australia is the only country in the world which is at once a continent and an island, large enough to hold tens of millions, with many climates, and therefore a tendency to many civilisations, yet segregated utterly from the remainder of the world. To hold intercourse with mankind, to share in their fortunes, to enrich themselves by commerce, above all to be great in the world's affairs, the Australians must take to the sea. By the sea they will sell everything, through the sea they will bring everything, and that fact, which they cannot alter, will in the end, which may not be as distant as we now imagine, force upon them ships, fleets to protect the ships, and, if we may look yet a few decades further ahead, political ambitions. A great commerce implies fleets to protect it, fleets require maritime stations, and both commerce and ambition point out to the Australians the same path.

Their concern in history will be with Asia, of which they are the far outlying division; their market will be China; the objects on which they will, as soon as they are eight millions, cast covetous eyes, are the long chain of gloriously fertile and powerless islands which stretch in a double chain between their continent and Japan. The most beautiful valleys of earth, and probably its richest mines, exist in the Eastern Archipelago. Australia will be drawn to the East, as Europe has been all through her history, by the irresistible longing for wealth, and her people will be helped in acquiring the Eastern Archipelago by a power which they will derive from their British blood, the power of dominating brown races without ever displaying so much selfishness as to drive them to despair.

The persistence and courage of the Australians is equal to that of the British; their energy, probably, is greater, for the weary Titan carries much weight; and within a hundred years their weight will be felt in Eastern Asia, and their wishes, if they are still part of the British Empire, as we most devoutly hope and firmly believe they will be, or their designs, if they are independent, will be a preoccupation to many European Cabinets. With those Cabinets they will have no traditional bonds, but will regard them as intruders from far away into their own special domain. "The Pacific is for us," will be the Monroe doctrine of Australia. They will be a prouder people even than the English, for they are more self-conscious, and have not our useful habit of self-depreciation; they have the craving for dangerous adventure that marked our own Elizabethan period—there is a very curious likeness between Australians and the West Country men of that time—they will have great resources; and we venture to predict for them a conquering career, of which the Japanese, if they survive Russian hostility, the owners of the Philippines, unless they are Americans, and, above all, the Germans, if they have absorbed Holland and her colonies, will feel the first effects. Will any of them be as strong in the Pacific as the young nation when she has as many people as we had when Trafalgar was fought? The natural Lady of the Far Eastern islands is Australia.

#### Australia and the East.

But we shall be told the people of Australia are not subjects of an irresistible fate; they will be directed by their own religious, philosophic, and even materialistic ideas. They may dislike conquest on moral grounds, or hold that all war is waste of energy, or immerse themselves deep in the endless work of getting rich. They may not care for glory or may be absorbed in trade. That is all true, for they may, of course, do any of these things. We are not pretending to prophesy, but only making deductions from history; but then if history teaches anything, it is that a people with fierce blood in its veins, with a thirst for wealth and all that it gives, and with a position which will be a never-ending tempta-

tion to transmarine adventure, will never rest fully satisfied with its boundaries. Christianity has not made mankind peaceful. There are many philosophies, not all of which tend to make men meek. And as for commerce, the Australians, as we have said, are islanders who can have no commerce except by sea, and seaborne trade has from the days of Hamilcar to those of William II. made those who sought it ambitious of transmarine possessions. Internal trade is a great thing, but a hundred Shoolbred's shops will not make a Venice.

As for the temper of the people, the natural instinct which in the long-run is so powerful to regulate all action,—look round. The very first chance is opened and the Australian shepherd kings are swarming to do battle with men they never saw seven thousand miles away. We English fully realise and understand their loyalty to the Empire, and are justly grateful to them for it, but loyalty of that kind is the loyalty of the adventurous, not of the tame. The Bengalees are loyal, at least they would give the Queen a plebiscite, but they would not send thousands of men to die on the South African veldt. Judging by their present attitude, almost all the virtues may be in Australians, but the virtue of meekness is one which they will not derive from their ancestry, from their training or from the conditions amidst which their new nation will be permanently compelled to exist. "Advance Australia!" is the motto which her people have adopted with their hearts, and to advance she must go outside her own house, and hold her own on the causeway. It would be a curious proof of how little politicians can foresee if in the year 2000 A.D. the statesmen of Europe who are now so bitter against America were wondering if they could get the aid of Washington to enable them to resist the ambition of the "haughty islanders of the South," who otherwise would monopolise all Asiatic trade.

#### "The Land of Death and of Madness."

Under the title of "The Glory of the Sabre," M. Vigne d'Octon, deputy, is publishing a volume, some pages of which constitute the most important article in the April "Revue des Revues." In this article M. d'Octon speaks his mind with uncompromising clearness and courage upon the evil methods adopted by his own countrymen when they go abroad with the intent to found colonies. M. d'Octon takes for his theme the history of the French Soudan, and his "land of death and of madness" is Africa—"Africa which eats up men, demoralises their souls, consumes their energies, Africa the mother of fever and of death"—the "mysterious Ghoul who for centuries past has sucked the blood of Europeans." It is a lurid and revolting picture which this French writer gives of French dealings with the Soudanese. He attributes the transformation of the peaceful French peasant into the bloodthirsty Spahi, the terror of the desert, to the fact that he was dragged reluctantly from his home in France to die of fever under an African sun, and that he believes it is all on account of the negroes, whom he accordingly hates with a deadly hatred. The man who in his native land would never have ill-treated a dog or a mule, is now, according to M. d'Octon, pushed by savage resentment against the negro to plunder and destroy, massacre and violate his way across

the trackless Soudan. A friendly village becomes a scene of sanguinary brutality; another, which for the most trivial reason may have been declared hostile, is razed to the ground, and all its inhabitants put to the sword. This system, instead of turning desert into fertile land, has laid waste what were once cultivated fields, and carried desolation where once harvests smiled.

Slavery, however, does not legally exist in the French Soudan. The anti-slavery agitation in the French press had at all events the effect of introducing the term "not free" instead of slave. The mouth of the press and the anti-slavery party was accordingly stopped, but nothing was changed in the evils of the Soudan government, and it may be doubted whether those concerned found it much better to be "not free" than to be actual slaves. Wanton, gratuitous, unreasoning barbarity, M. d'Octon tells us, is the dominant note of French colonial policy in the Soudan. It was only last month he was telling us much the same thing about Madagascar. "I will continue," he cries, "I will continue the history of the abominations committed in our colonies. I will proclaim the moral degeneration which results for the officer and the soldier, the physical degeneration which comes of insufficient occupation and the monotonous life of a colonial station. . . . Ah! war, frightful colonial war, with its cowardice and folly, how I cursed it!" "Poet, dreamer, no soldier you!" my comrades replied. No, indeed! It was never in such a light as this that the mission and the role of the French soldier appeared to me in my youthful dreams. I had always seen him, and I see him still, otherwise engaged than in shooting down, and burning inoffensive villages, raiding, putting to the sword, and cutting the throats of old men, women, and children, escorting convoys of slaves, sowing desolation and death as he goes."

## Stories from the Magazines.

### A LAWYER IN A CATCH.

Writing on Canadian Fisheries in the "Pall Mall Magazine," Mr. W. S. Harwood tells of the curious fishes brought up from the depths of the great lakes. He says:—

Now and then a strange sort of party puts in an appearance. One such I saw, queer of mouth and eel-like of body, and with a generally slimy appearance.

"What you do call them?" I asked of the fisher.

"Well, sir, there was some city gents on a tug one day going up the bay, and one of them asked the same question. The captain of the tug he says, says he, 'Them's lawyers.' 'Why,' says the city agent, 'I'm a lawyer where I comes from; I wonder why you call such things as them lawyers?' 'Well,' says the captain of the tug, 'the reasons is because, firstly, they're so slippery, and, secondly, because they ain't no good for nothin';.' We allus throws the lawyers overboard ourselves."

Transcendentalism with a Rifle.

Mr. W. J. Stillman's autobiography in the "Atlantic Monthly" for May has in it a great deal of general as well as personal interest. Mr. Stillman is the only survivor of the Adirondack Club, whose excursion is immortalised by Emerson in verse. The club included many very eminent persons. An effort was made to induce Dr. O. W. Holmes to enter the club. But, says the writer—he enjoyed himself most of all, and Boston more than any other place on earth. He was lifted above envy and discontent by a most happy satisfaction with the rounded world of his own individuality and belongings. Of the three men whom I have personally known who seemed most satisfied with what fate and fortune had made them—namely, Gladstone, Freeman and Holmes—I think Holmes enjoyed himself the most, and this in a delightful way that one accepted him at once on his own terms. . . . With woods and savagery he had no sympathy.

With another and greater poet the invitation was equally unsuccessful:—

I did my best to enroll Longfellow in the party, but, though he was for a moment hesitating, I think the fact that Emerson was going with a gun settled him in the determination to decline. "Is it true that Emerson is to take a gun?" he asked me; and when I said that he had finally decided to do so, Longfellow ejaculated, "Then somebody will be shot!" and would talk no more of going.

### What Helped Him to Pray and Prey.

Mr. E. R. Osborn recounts in the June "Cornhill" some of the adventures and achievements of the North-West Mounted Police, whom he fitly calls "The Warders of the West." Here is one story of an Indian chief:—

This Piapot was a really notable character; for not only was he a clever horse-thief and captain of horse-thieves, but he also possessed a nimble mind and a vein of quaint humour. In later years, when the Marquis of Lorne visited the North-West, a certain lady in the Viceregal party, who was interested in the conversion of the Indians, asked him if he ever said his prayers; to whom he replied that from his youth up he had been in the habit of praying whenever there was a moon. "Why, then, in particular?" asked the lady. "Because then," replied the old chief, "a many-wrinkled smile on his pig-leather countenance, 'it seem good to ask the Kitchi-Manitou for a dam' cloudy night, hi-hi!"

### An Ungodly Thirst for Scripture.

The prohibition laws which the Mounted Police have had to enforce give them a lively time with smugglers from the Yankee side:—

The devices hit upon by the smugglers were sometimes most ingenious. Thus a large consignment of family Bibles was once sent from Helena, in Montana (a town not greatly interested in the Scriptures), to Edmonton, and but for the disbelief in human nature cherished by a certain sergeant (a parson's son, by the way), who thought it unnatural that the people of that little town should purchase Bibles so freely, it had never been discovered that these books were constructed partly of tin and held nearly two quarts of rum between their covers.

And—sad to say!—many of the police felt the inconvenience of prohibition as strongly as their civilian friends, and sometimes departed so far from the straight path of duty as to pour drams of the smuggled stuff down their own throats! At several of the chief posts it was use and wont to spill the confiscated stuff in the one sanctified spot set apart for that purpose, and

twice or thrice it happened that, under that thirsty patch of soil, thirsty men placed tubs or barrels protected by gratings, into which no small amount of the legal seizures illegally percolated.

## Messages from the Grave.

Dr. James Hervey Hyslop contributes to "Harper's Magazine" for June a very interesting account of experiments made by him with the famous medium, Mrs. Piper, who succeeded in convincing Dr. Richard Hodgson of the reality of the communications she receives. Dr. Hyslop deals with a great many messages which he received, and which he cannot account for on any other hypothesis than that they are genuine. The greater number of these messages purported to come from his father, and related to as many as a hundred definite and concrete incidents in his life. In all these messages he only discovered sixteen to be false, while there were one hundred and fifty-two true incidents, and thirty-seven which it was not possible to verify. Dr. Hyslop agrees with the Society for Psychical Research that the suspicion of fraud may be absolutely eliminated, and that the choice remains between telepathy and spiritism. Against the telepathic theory he sets the fact that every fact communicated was actually in the possession of the alleged communicator, and there were about thirty incidents of which he knew nothing at the time, but afterwards verified. As a consequence Dr. Hyslop says that he must accept the spiritist theory until some better explanation is put forward.

## What We Owe to France.

At a time when memories of Fashoda and projects of invasion embitter Franco-British relations, it is well for us to be reminded of the obligations we are under to our neighbours across the Channel. A recent writer in "Temple Bar" enlarges on "the debt we owe to France," but devotes his attention to the contribution which Huguenots and the descendants of Huguenots have made to one side or other of our national life. In the "Atlantic Monthly" for March, Mr. G. M. Harper studies "The Place of French Literature" in the world's life and seeks to explain its popularity and ascendancy. He finds the cause in the French character—"the French think straight"—French history, which was the pioneer of feudalism, absolutism, and democracy, and the French tongue, its unity, fitness, normality. French literature is, he says, essentially social, aristocratic in taste, urbane, lucid, positive, though lacking in the three qualities—variety, freedom, depth—which are the glory of English literature. He recalls how much

American freedom owed to French inspirations, and points out that "many solid British liberties, acquired in peace and quietness, are indirectly due to the 'red fool-fury of the Seine.'"

## A Plea for Peace.

In the "Westminster Review" for June Mr. Ramsden Balmforth makes "A Plea for an Honourable Peace," which is chiefly interesting for his suggestion that the mineral resources of the Transvaal should be appropriated for the collective good. His parallel on the subject of Majuba "magnanimity" is worth quoting:—

Suppose two passengers, a big man and a little man, on board a steamer have a quarrel and begin to fight. During the first round the little man loses his footing and tumbles overboard, whereupon the big man immediately jumps in to his assistance, and succeeds in bringing him safely on board again. That we should call magnanimity. But suppose instead that the little man by a fluke succeeded in throwing his opponent on the first round. Then the friends of the big man intervene and persuade him not to continue the fight, pointing out that the little man has a certain amount of right on his side, that there has been a misunderstanding between the two, and that the big man can easily crush the little one if he likes, but that to do so would be to stoop to the mean and low policy of revenge, by which, if he adopts it, he will alienate many of his own friends. The big man adopts this view of the matter, and voluntarily withdraws from the fight. Then some of the big man's friends begin to taunt the little man. They tell him that he owes his existence to the big man's magnanimity, that he must be very careful or the big man will renew the fight and crush him; that they, the friends of the big man, have a flag called the "Union Jack" which they will run up over the little man's head, despite all he can say or do, and that he is a mean, dirty, ignorant, cowardly, stupid fellow, whom it will be a pleasure to some of the big man's friends to wipe out of existence. The little man retorts in like terms, and says that he will fight till death before he will allow his flag to be hauled down and the big man's put in its place. Now I need not say anything about the rightness of wrongness of all this—it may have been inevitable in the circumstances in which the respective parties were placed, but I do most strongly resent the assumption that magnanimity, even in the narrowest sense of the word, has been allowed free or fair play.

Among the features of the "Royal" for June may be mentioned Mr. H. J. Holmes' account of the "I ondra-Roma," "a one-man newspaper," published weekly, of which Professor Rava, teacher of Italian, is "staff of contributors, sub-editor, editor, compositor, proof-reader, printer, manager, publisher, advertisement-canvasser," and proprietor. Of several war articles, one by P. W. Everett deals of British battles and where they have been fought. He puts the number since 1066 at 467—264 on land, 191 on sea, 12 on both at once—217, or nearly half the total, being fought with the French. France and Spain are our principal battle-lands. Rev. C. Temple shortly describes some of Cecil Rhodes' curiosities saved from the fire which burned down Groote Schuur.

## THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

### The American Review of Reviews.

The June number contains several interesting articles.

#### The Housing Question.

Jacob A. Riis gives a summary of the work the new New York Tenement-house Commission will have to do. The Commission was appointed by Governor Roosevelt, and consists of representative men who know what they have to do, and mean to do it. Mr. Riis describes most of them individually. Drawings of the ideal and present tenement blocks and various photos of the interiors serve to give point to his remarks. Mr. Riis thinks the best chance for the solution of the difficulty is the tendency to live out of town. He says:

With the bridges and tunnels that are now coming to cross our rivers, and the efforts made to tempt factories and their hands out of town to suburban settlements, all of which together are going to give a new meaning to the old saying that the worker must "live near his work," the commission can help open a real "way out" of the slum by preparing public opinion to demand cheap working-hour fares on trolley-cars and railroads, as they have them in England and elsewhere.

Louis Rouillon contributes a well-illustrated article on "Summer Camps for Boys." "A Character Sketch of James G. Hill, the 'Colossus of Roads,' President of the Great Northern Railroad." is written by Mary H. Severance.

### The Century.

Exceptional interest attaches to the June "Century." First stands Nikola Tesla's wonderful treatise on the problem of increasing human energy. Next comes Mr. John Morley's discussion of the execution of Charles I., and of the massacres at Drogheda and Wexford. Both of these claim separate notice.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has a very sensible article on "Latitude and Longitude Among Reformers," in which he not merely condemns the unblushing corrupters of public life, but also shows up the Pharisees of reform, the "men who are slightly disordered mentally, or who are cased with a moral twist which makes them champion reforms less from a desire to do good to others than as a kind of tribute to their own righteousness, for the sake of emphasising their own superiority." His paper is a manly plea for the Ten Commandments plus common sense.

Mr. Richard Whiteing gives a vivid and reflective account of the life of the Boulevards. He

says he knows nothing better in the world than the Parisian *déjeuner au restaurant*. He remarks on the Frenchmen's unfailing "eye for character in form." He finds them "constructive artists even in their vices." "They like to feel that what they are doing is a thing that admits of being done with an air." They live in a world of the senses; they have pre-eminently "the sense of character and the sense of spectacle."

"Painting racial types"—with the brush and not with the pen—is the task which Mr. Charles de Kay tells us Hubert Vos has undertaken. The painter endeavours by travel and study to form a mental "composite photograph" of a race, which he then reproduces on canvas. The writer reflects that few of the Oriental types but would, if dressed in Western fashion, pass for Europeans, and concludes that only racial vanity prevents us confessing the mixture of human races to be more ancient and complete than has been generally conceded.

A Spanish lady friend of Russell Lowell, whose family was intimate with him during his stay in Madrid, contributes a hitherto unpublished poem of his—"Three Scenes in the Life of a Portrait"—sent with his own portrait. The scenes are—The Lady's Boudoir; Her Garret; A Second-hand Dealer's Stall.

### The Contemporary Review.

The "Contemporary Review" for June is an average number, and the best articles it contains are hardly of a nature to admit of adequate summary. Those deserving mention are Mr. Lionel Phillips' "Observations on South Africa," M. Yves Guyot's paper on "French Boerophiles and Anglophobes," and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's parallel between the South African and the American Civil Wars.

#### Germany and Anglo-Saxondom.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow contributes a rather desultory article entitled "Germany, England, and America," in which he gives his impressions of the German view of England and things English. The newspapers both in Berlin, New York, and London, he says, are guilty of most of the misunderstandings which exist between the three countries, and at the present time a feeling prevails towards England which would make a war between England

and Germany possible at any moment. On the subject of the Boer war, Mr. Bigelow says:—

It is a pet idea with most Germans that in some ethnological manner the Transvaal may become the nucleus of a Teutonic state which in time may be absorbed by a combination of German East and West Africa. The Boer talks a patois not far removed from Mecklenburg Platt Deutsch, and when Paul Kruger first met Bismarck they are said to have conversed in that jargon. I doubt whether they ever got beyond beer and tobacco with their combination, but for political purposes the interview was important; for ever since, German colonial theorists have hugged the delusion that because Kruger hates England therefore Boers in general welcome a coalition with the Black Eagle.

The two episodes which have modified the attitude of Germans towards the Anglo-Saxon world were the Emperor's telegram to President Kruger in 1896, and the action of Admiral Diedrichs in 1898.

#### Secondary Education.

In an article entitled "New Authorities in English Education," Professor H. W. Withers repeats the old cry for a system of scientific secondary education:—

Science ought not to mean "natural science" alone, but the whole body of systematic knowledge, whether in the "humanities" or in "nature studies." There is a science of history, and of literary criticism, and of law, and of every kind of human activity, just as truly as there is a science of zoology or of chemistry. Scientific method, it is true, differs in its applications, though not in its ultimate principles, with the various subject-matters of which it treats. It is of the essence of scientific method (which means the best-informed, the most flexible, the most rational method) that it should differ. And just because scientific method varies, it becomes essential that a "man of science" should have an all-round liberal training before he devotes himself to his "specialist" study. Otherwise he is likely to be unscientific in every province but his own.

#### Cuttle Fish and Their Ways.

Mr. Matthias Dunn, whose article on "Mimicry in Crabs" I noticed at length last month, contributes a complementary paper on "Mimicry and Other Habits of Cuttles." A fragment of a cuttle fish, he says, is preserved in Newfoundland, which scientists say belonged to an animal at least forty-four feet long. Mr. Dunn gives some interesting accounts of fights between human beings and these immense fish. Men have often been dragged to destruction by cuttles; and off the coast of Africa cuttle fishes have been found whose feelers were twenty-five feet long, and whose suckers were as large as pot lids. In our waters cuttle fishes have never been known to take life, but one of the attendants at the Scarborough Aquarium was once attacked by a small octopus, and only escaped by leaving his boot behind him.

#### The "Youthful Offenders" Bill.

Mr. Thomas Holmes, writing on "Youthful Offenders and Parental Responsibility," deals in a very interesting way with some questions raised by Lord James' "Youthful Offenders Bill" which

has now passed its third reading in the House of Lords. The present law, Mr. Holmes considers, offers too many loopholes for parents to escape from their natural responsibility for unruly children. Scores of people get rid of young children by sending them to industrial schools and reformatories, and there are even cases where parents have connived at the offences of their children in order to get rid of them. The majority of such people do not belong to the very poorest class. The new Bill does much towards fixing the responsibility of parents, and makes them contribute to the support of their children who, on magisterial order, are committed to industrial schools and reformatories. The magistrate will in future have power to make an order upon the parents to pay not more than five shillings a week.

#### A Catholic Convert's Confessions.

A convert to Catholicism, who writes under the pseudonym of "Fidelis," sets out some of the reasons why so many of his fellow-converts lose their zeal and become indifferent after conversion. The chief cause, he says, lies in the difficulty of adapting oneself to a new environment; and the inconveniences of this environment "Fidelis" sets out at some length. On the subject of tolerance in the Catholic Church he has a good deal to say. The difficulty of the convert's position lies in the fact that greater orthodoxy is expected from him than from the born Catholic:—

The proverb that "While one man may steal a horse, another may not look over the hedge," certainly holds good in the case of born Catholics and converts. The latter tremble at first at the audacity with which some of the former criticise the powers that be, the light-heartedness with which they claim to judge about certain matters connected with the Faith apart from authority, and with which they sometimes evade their obligations. The convert notices that such are apparently considered but venial offences in their case. But if he allows himself a little freedom of speech he will soon find out the difference in their respective positions. What was tolerable in the born Catholic is in his case considered as a sign that the Protestant virus is not yet extinct, and the old Catholics set him in his place by treating him to platitudes and truisms about the nature of the Church and the Faith, which he probably knows better than his instructors, having devoted a careful and painstaking study to them for a long period before changing his religion.

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#### The National Review.

With the exception of Mr. Massingham's analysis of the reasons for "The Decline of Liberalism," there is no article of special note in the "National Review" for June. I have dealt with this article, as also with Mr. Yerburgh, M.P.'s paper on "Count Muravieff's Triumph," in the Leading Articles.

#### Austria-Hungary and England.

Sir Rowland Blennerhassett contributes an article on "Great Britain and the Dual Monarchy,"

in which he lays stress on the friendliness of the Austrian Emperor towards England. In the event of a quarrel arising between England and France, the influence of Austria might be used on behalf of peace. In Hungary, the most homogeneous part of the Austrian Empire, sympathy with England has always been strong. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett concludes his article, however, by warning us that we cannot rely upon any Continental Power to take our part in case we should find ourselves engaged in a great war.

#### The Presidential Election.

The forthcoming Presidential Election is, as might be expected, the chief topic of Mr. Low's survey of "The Month in America." There is no doubt whatever, he says, as to the nomination of Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan as Republican and Democratic candidates. Mr. Bryan's chances, Mr. Low thinks, are at the best indifferent, but if he should drop the Free Silver plank his election may become possible. Mr. Bryan, however, will not throw overboard Free Silver, but he may possibly show that there are other questions more important. Both parties profess to be absolutely confident as to the result of the Election. Mr. Low is very much amused by the recent discovery by some of our newspapers that America is largely pro-Boer, and he naturally takes credit to himself for having pointed this out months ago.

#### The Training of Seamen.

Rear-Admiral Fitzgerald replies to an article published in the "United Service Magazine" by Admiral Noel, in which the training of seamen in masted ships was advocated. He says:—

Masted ships are not war-machines; everyone admits they are obsolete as such, and I submit that the special art of working them is also obsolete as one of the arts of naval warfare; and that it has not been proved that a mere smattering—almost a caricature—of the sailor's art, such as can be picked up in a few months in a rigged steamer, is necessary to fit officers and men to work successfully our modern war-machines.

The modern ship is nothing but a mass of mechanism, and the first duty of a sailor is to make himself a good shot and a good mechanie.

#### England and the Colonies.

Mr. Arnold White has an article entitled "Britannia and the Colonist," in which he protests against the current habit of looking at the colonist as something outside and inferior which is universal in Government circles. He says:—

Colonists on a visit to England find that we are not only defective in directing ability as applied to war and diplomacy, but that there is a general slackness and apparent throughout the whole structure of our social and official administrative life. In two directions is this alleged deterioration specially perceptible to Colonial visitors—i.e., the enormous masses of ill-clad and half-fed people in the great cities, and the sinister growth of alien and financial influences over society and government. To the clear vision of men fresh from

the realities of life it seems as though official England before the war was in an unhealthy dream, and that the bureaucratic inability to recognise unpleasant facts suggested paralysis rather than fortitude. Business-like himself, and accustomed to smart business methods, the Colonist finds the circumlocution and fertility of obstructive resources characteristic of English bureaucracy most depressing.

Mr. White suggests the word Britannian as a name which could be applied to all the subjects of the Empire without giving offence to any. He publishes a number of letters from colonial representatives in London on the subject, but most of them do not seem to agree with his opinion that the term "Colonist" is offensive.

Admiral Maxse gives us his impressions of South Africa, dealing with both political and military problems. He has been at Kimberley, and thinks that the town might easily have been captured by the Boers if they had made a general attack upon it. The defence was a game of bluff, and the garrison of only 4,000 men had to protect a circumference of twelve miles. Admiral Maxse recommends that the khaki uniform should now be worn in time of peace as well as during war. The moral of the war, he says, is that "with modern weapons, courage alone is insufficient to win battles." The constant repetition of this sapient remark by writers, military and otherwise, makes it very pertinent to know at what period of history "courage alone was sufficient to win battles."

#### Editors and Proprietors.

Mr. Arthur Shadwell replies to Mr. Massingham's article on "The Ethics of Editing." He says:—

As to the outcry about the liberty of the Press and freedom of speech, which has recently been raised in connection with the commercial proprietor and interference with editorial discretion, it is raised in anger and confusion of mind. Freedom of speech and the liberty of the Press mean the right to speak and publish without suppression by the police or other Executive. They do not mean the right to be listened to. What is really demanded of the newspaper proprietor by the malcontents is not merely a pulpit or a platform, but an audience. But the poor man can not give it them, nor anyone else. The Press is free enough. Speeches and resolutions in favour of the enemy are reported, letters in their defence by Mr. Massingham and others appear from day to day. If this is not sufficient, it is open to anyone to start a newspaper specially devoted to their cause. If it would pay, it would be done, even and on that very account by the unprincipled and greedy capitalist, whose only guide is that which pays. And it would pay if it had sufficient readers. What is lacking is not liberty, but a sympathetic audience.

#### A Convert from Catholicism.

Mr. Arthur Gaiton continues his explanation why he left the Roman Catholic Church. His confessions are rather naive, and he seems to have been the victim of a rather strange self-deception. The Catholic Church, he says, is not even the Latin Church, and much less the Roman; and the Papaey, as we understand the term, so far from being apostolic or primitive, is later than Gregory

the First. Mr. Galton came to distrust Catholicism politically as well as theologically, and felt that every convert to Rome was a loss to England as well as Christianity.

#### Other Articles.

The Rev. H. Hensley Henson writes on "The Mivart Episode." The Rev. C. H. Beeching has a paper on "Passion and Imagination in Poetry."

### The Fortnightly Review.

The "Fortnightly Review" for June is a number of considerable but not exceptional merit. The principal articles are Mr. W. S. Lilly's paper on "The Price of Party Government," Mr. R. S. Gundry's description of the Chinese "Coup de'Etat;" Mr. D. C. Boulger's article on "The Coming Afghan Crisis;" also Mr. F. E. Garrett's article on President Kruger, and the anonymous paper on "Lord Rosebery and a National Cabinet."

#### The Late Sir William Hunter.

The life and works of the late Sir William Hunter are the subject of a sympathetic paper by Mr. J. A. R. Marriott. Mr. Marriott deals at considerable length with the compilation of the great "Imperial Gazetteer of India," which was Sir William Hunter's greatest achievement. Hunter was born in 1840, went to India in 1862, and retired in 1887. The governing principle of his work, both administrative and literary, was that to rule India aright you must know the Indian peoples, not only the Mussulman and Hindu, but the aboriginal inhabitants; and the chief object of his gazetteer was to furnish a full statistical account of the country for the benefit of future administrators.

#### A Great Actress.

The visit of Madame Eleanor Duse to London gives a topical interest to Miss Helen Zimmern's study of the great actress' career. Miss Zimmern says:—

Duse's art is not to her merely a means of livelihood. It is a love, an instinct, a part of herself; and it is just this, and the dread of being unprepared, of not doing justice to herself or to her role, that restricts her repertoire and limits her performances. She studies quickly as far as the actual words are concerned, but spends an immense time and infinite care over the elaboration and arrangement of her work; lacking almost every personal qualification for the stage; possessing a voice which is fairly melodious in its middle notes, but apt to grow harsh when raised; a figure which, though slender and supple, is not distinguished by any beauty of form; no presence, nothing imposing; a complexion dark and sickly, and refusing, except where the exigencies of the part require it, to add to the illusion by make-up of any kind; she relies solely upon the charm of her personality and the power of her acting to win her audience into sympathy, and win it she does when she so wills.

#### The Academy Exhibition.

Mr. H. Heathcote Statham deals with some aspects of the Academy of 1900. After Mr. Abbey's

pictures, portraits, he thinks, are the strength of this year's exhibition. The sculpture is hardly equal to that of last year, or at any rate the number of really interesting works is not so great. Military pictures, strange to say, are not strong; and landscapes are weak. In general, however, Mr. Statham pronounces the present exhibition to be one of the best and most interesting for some years past; though he thinks that its chief glories come from two American artists, Mr. Sargent and Mr. Edwin Abbey.

#### Other Articles.

Mr. Ernest Rhys, writing on "The New Mysticism," discusses at length the writings of "Fiona Macleod." The most solid article in the "Fortnightly" unfortunately is hardly suitable for treatment here. It is a translation by Mr. Alfred Sutro of Maeterlinck's "Evolution of Mystery," and deals at great length, but in a very abstract fashion, with many problems of aesthetics and philosophy.

### The Atlantic Monthly.

The "Atlantic Monthly" for May is eminently readable and also valuable. It is chiefly concerned with letters and morals. Mr. J. H. Gardiner pays tribute to Tyndale as the real author of the prose which came to be the Authorised Version of the English Bible. He therefore hails him as "the father of English prose style." Mr. Edmund Gosse goes over the Milton manuscripts at Trinity College, Cambridge, showing from these invaluable autographs how the great poet amended, improved and perfected his work. Mr. Gosse describes it as "the most precious manuscript of English literature in the world." "In no other case that I can recall, ancient or modern," says Mr. Gosse, "has it been our privilege to examine the sheets in which, through several years of the highest creative intensity, a great poet has left on record the very movement of his mind and the hesitations and selections of his art in the act of its production. When that poet is Milton, the most splendid artist in verse whom the English race has produced, the importance of the document stands revealed beyond any need of emphasis or insistence."

"A Nation in a Hurry," by Eliot Gregory, is a keen piece of satire. He exclaims with wonder on the fact that Americans, who are so extravagant in everything else, should be so niggardly of time. "Nervous diseases are distressingly prevalent; still we hurry, hurry, hurry, until as a diplomatist recently remarked to me, the whole nation seemed to him to be 'but five minutes ahead of an epileptic fit'!"

C. Hanford Henderson discourses on the experimental life in salutary and searching style.

## The Nineteenth Century.

The "Nineteenth Century" for June contains no single article of first-rate importance. There will be found among the Leading Articles the late Captain Boyle's description of the operations which ended at Paardeberg, Mr. Laurence Pike's plea for the wounded war horses, and Lord Thring's article on "The Copyright Bills."

### Swiss Rifle Clubs.

Colonel J. H. Rivett-Carnac contributes a detailed description of Swiss rifle clubs and their organisation. In 1898 Switzerland contained 3,447 rifle clubs with 210,524 members, out of a total population of only three millions, or more than one rifle club for every parish in the country. Every Swiss club has at least ten members, and anyone may be a member, whether a native or a foreigner. Ammunition is not supplied free, but the Confederation issues it to clubs at sixty francs per thousand. There are also in Switzerland 51 revolver clubs for officers, with 486 members. Shooting matches among the officers are very popular. Musketry is also taught in the boys' schools, the cadet corps going through a course, and being rewarded with grants and prizes.

### The Awakening of China.

Professor K. Douglas, in a paper on "The Intellectual Awakening of China," deals with the efforts of the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese. The war with Japan gave a strong impetus to the study of Western learning among the Chinese by teaching them that they were behind the age. In 1893, before the war, only 817 dollars' worth of the society's books were sold; but in 1898, after it, the sales had risen to 18,457 dollars. The society's books treat of all kinds of Western learning, such as geography, history, science, and travel, as well as the Bible, and 4,000 copies of McKenzie's "Nineteenth Century" were once sold within a fortnight. Western civilization, we are told, was not needed to introduce literary piracy into China, and, literary copyright being unknown, the society's publications have been largely reprinted by the Chinese themselves whenever their success justified such a step.

### A Famous Astronomer.

It is now nearly three hundred years since Tycho Brahe, the famous Danish astronomer, died, and in a very interesting article Mr. Arthur Ponsonby revives his memory and describes his life work. He was greater as an observer and mathematician than as a philosopher and thinker, and, having ensured accuracy in his observations, he made no attempt to go further. His conception of the universe was retrograde when compared with the sys-

tem of Copernicus. He believed the earth to be the centre of the universe, and the sun the centre of the orbits of the planets, the sun together with the planets moving around the earth. Kepler was Tycho Brahe's favourite pupil, and Kepler, although he surpassed his master's fame, was greatly indebted to him for his observations.

### The Outlander a Perennial Difficulty.

Mr. Sidney Low writes on certain "Enigmas of Empire," dealing, among other things, with the Federation Bill and the Outlander question of Western Australia. The latter trouble, he thinks, ought to cast more light on the South African question, and teach us its true inwardness, than anything else:—

It at least may induce us to see that the Transvaal troubles have arisen not entirely because of the perverted ambitions of Dutch politicians and the fanatical pride of the Dutch burghers, but also through natural causes—causes which operate even where there is no racial dissension to exacerbate the conflict of interests. It is the ancient quarrel between Town and Country, between the New Settlers and the Old, between the Agrarian interest and the Financial. It is not peculiar to Africa or to Australia; but it is sure to arise in the most acute form when a population of villagers and farmers, who have possessed a monopoly of political power, find themselves in danger of being swamped by an inrush of mining immigrants from the outside world. The older settlers, conservatives, and lovers of tradition, as those who are rooted to the soil tend to be, do not like the strangers, with their hustling ways and disturbing ideas. The dislike is usually returned with interest. Each party has a certain contempt for the other. The prospector has no patience with a man who would rather be comfortable than rich; the countryman looks down on the cockney, who cannot shoot or ride, and sits all day behind an office desk. The farmer feels too that he is really the citizen with "a stake in the country."

### Anglicanism.

The prospects of Anglicanism are discussed, not very optimistically, by the Rev. Dr. Cobb. At the present moment Anglicanism, he says, is in the position of an ancient building from which time has removed one support after another, until it now resembles a pyramid standing on its apex. It is a question of life and death whether other supports can be made to take the place of the old ones:—

If the foundation can be enlarged to cover the centre of gravity, then Anglicanism may take a fresh lease of life. But if the fatuous policy of the ordinary Church defender be persisted in, if an appeal to history be trusted to alone as all-powerful to bring back the wanderers from the Anglican fold, then Anglicanism is most inevitably doomed. Even the British throne would not stand the stress and storm of modern democratic requirements if it were content to point to its venerable records. It is fruits not roots that men look to today, and the old adage, "By their fruits ye shall know them," is the one which, rightly or wrongly, is used as the test of all institutions, all societies, and all claimants for popular support.

### Other Articles.

Captain Fitzalan Manners traces the history of the old Irish Guards of the seventeenth century.

who ended their troubled career, as far as the British Isles were concerned, at the surrender of Limerick. Mr. H. Heathcote Statham has an article on the genius of Handel. Mr. Wilfrid Ward writes on Liberalism and Intransigence, and Mrs. Stephen Batson an article entitled "The Vogue of the Garden Book."

## The Westminster Review.

The "Westminster Review" for June opens with a very appreciative sketch of the character of the late Mr. Jacob Bright. The article is anonymous, and the writer pays a high tribute to Mr. Bright's sincerity and disinterestedness. He never thought of aggrandisement or sought any personal honours, and Lord Rosebery's proposal to make him a Privy Councillor came to him as a complete surprise.

### The Danger of Empire.

Mr. F. A. A. Rowland writes on this subject. The danger of our great Imperial schemes lies not in themselves, but in the entire neglect of domestic reform which they are the cause of. Parliament is now an Imperial machine; domestic legislation is regarded as humdrum, and treated with indifference, and while we are extending our dominion all over the globe we are taking no precaution to make our people at home fit to control it. In countries like Switzerland, where foreign politics do not vitiate the legislative taste, domestic legislation keeps step with the needs of the people. The only remedy is, therefore, decentralisation. Let Parliament remain the Imperial machine, and let domestic reforms be the work of local parliaments. Mr. Rowland says that if the American Empire should ever rival the British, the system of state government would prove invaluable. We want something of the kind in England, for a parliament which was fit to govern fifteen million people is not fit to control an empire twenty times as populous.

### Mr. Chamberlain and the Raid.

Mr. H. H. L. Bellot continues his series of articles on "The Problem in South Africa." He deals this month at some length with the question of the Raid. Referring to Dr. Harris's "confidential" talk with Mr. Chamberlain, he says:—

The evidence cuts both ways. It is evidence that Mr. Chamberlain was innocent of complicity in the Raid, but it also proves that he had cognisance of the plan. Assuming Mr. Chamberlain to be partiepce crimini in the Jameson Plan, how far is his conduct justified? From the point of view of international law of course a constitutional Minister is not warranted in conniving at a revolutionary conspiracy, even where his own countrymen are concerned. If, in addition to this, he was also the author of the British-flag policy, then he committed not only a constitutional but a political blunder of the gravest character. So far as the Jameson Plan is concerned, I agree with Mr. Stead that his conduct does not call for any severe censure from the moralist. Had Mr. Chamberlain

frankly confessed his share in the Jameson Plan, and invited investigation, he would have lost little in public estimation. Instead, every obstacle to prevent the elucidation of the truth was raised. Cablegrams which were vital to the inquiry were allowed to be destroyed, witnesses who came prepared with important evidence were dismissed unquestioned, or stopped whenever they approached the real point—in fact, the whole inquiry was a farce, and intended to be a farce. The South African Committee was appointed, not to elicit the truth, but to conceal it. One or two questions in cross-examination of Mr. Chamberlain would quickly have revealed how far he was committed. Nothing of this kind took place. On the contrary, Mr. Rhodes was made the scapegoat, and Mr. Chamberlain squared accounts by presenting that gentleman with a certificate of honour in the House of Commons, after having previously signed the report accusing Mr. Rhodes of lying and of acting with bad faith, not only to the Imperial Government, but to his colleagues and subordinates, by inducing the latter to believe that the Colonial Office was a consenting party to the conspiracy.

### Why We are not Loved.

Dr. T. E. S. Scholes continues the discussion as to why we are not loved, which was raised first in the columns of the "Westminster Gazette." He attributes hatred of England, not to jealousy, but to our policy of indefinite expansion. While Canada and Australia have populations of not more than one to the square mile, other nations whose population is overflowing find nowhere in the world an acre of habitable land not occupied by us. We are taking up vast tracts of country which we are unable to people, and still asking for more. If we would only withdraw from the contest, and content ourselves with developing what we have, leaving countries where the population problem is much more serious to expand as they wish, there is no reason why we should not be the most popular country in Europe.

### The Boers at Home.

Mr. Jenkin Jenkins has a short paper on the Boers. His verdict, which is written from personal experience, is that the Boers are a mixture of good and bad and therefore in no way different from other races. Nowhere has he met with such kind-hearted hospitality as among them:—

Good and bad occur in all races, and if a certain coarse type is apt to occur more frequently in Africa than elsewhere, we may safely attribute it to the rough, half-civilised condition of the country, and its lack of refining influences. In our big towns, where there is far less excuse for it, we find a type of brutality infinitely worse than anything Africa can bring forth, and a man might walk from Bulawayo to Cape Town with far less chance of molestation from his fellow-man than would be the case if he went by night through the paved and lighted streets of civilised London. The one part of Africa which is more dangerous than an English slum, and which our traveller would do well to avoid, would, strange to say, be that triumph of civilisation, Johannesburg. Whether he falls into the hands of an Uitlander robber or a Transvaal zarp, he is to be pitied by all lovers of law and order. Far better for him to avoid the town and trust himself to the tender mercies of the rough men of the veldt, who, in nine cases out of ten, open their doors to the dusty wayfarer as readily as they will shoot him who comes with armed force against them.

#### A New Project for New Taxation.

Mr. J. D. Holms suggests that future taxation should be raised partly by what he calls a "premium tax" on the unearned increment on stocks and shares:-

Such increment most commonly accrues: (a) From genuine investment; (b) From selling allotments for special settlement; (c) From speculation in time-gains; (d) From purchasing stocks or shares for a temporary "lock-up," as distinct from buying for investment.

Stamp-duty, at the rate of 10s. per cent., on transfer of stocks and shires—i.e., on investment business—amounted in 1898 to £1,498,000. Assuming speculative business to be four times that of investment business, it is clear that stamp-duty at 10s. per cent., plus premium-tax at 5s. per cent., would yield an annual revenue of just under £9,000,000 sterling, in addition to which the best part of another £1,000,000 sterling might be reckoned on as the annual receipt from stamp-duty and premium-tax imposed in the other directions we have indicated.

#### Other Articles.

Elizabeth S. Diack describes the position of Women in the Ancient World. Mr. James Sykes reviews Mr. Kinloch Cooke's story of the life of the late Duchess of Teck, which he describes as a "Mullum in Parvo Biography." There is an article on Liberal policy by J. M. K., and a short article contending against Conscription on the principle that as England has done nothing for her children she cannot expect them to do anything for her.

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## Two Mechanical Monthlies.

The "Engineering Magazine" for May is a very interesting number. Separate mention should be made of the articles on labour unions and master unions by Messrs. J. S. Lewis, C. B. Going, and H. W. Hoyt, as also of Mr. Barclay Parsons' forecast of Chinese railway traffic based on Indian and Japanese experience.

Light-draught steamers and the rapidly increasing demand for them, both in the naval and mercantile world, form the subject of an exceptionally engaging paper by Mr. Waldon Fawcett. The new era of development is due to colonial expansion, the Soudanese war, the Cape to Cairo scheme, the Siberian railway, Alaskan, Philippine and Chinese developments, all of which open up a great number of waterways only negotiable by craft of light draught. The rapidity with which this kind of craft is constructed excites amazement. "Some of the vessels turned out at British yards for service in Africa and Russia were constructed, taken apart, shipped to their point of destination, and re-erected all within less than a year's time." Stern-wheel steamers are found most serviceable on rivers with rapids. The weight of goods and number of passengers which can be carried on steamers drawing only two or three feet of water are phenomenal. The new development is at-

tracting the attention of engineers, notably of Sir William White.

The iron and steel famine is making men look for new stores of the precious ore, and once more the Dominion seems to offer the needed mines. The editors declare that "Canada, in the near future, seems likely to be no mean rival of the United States in the iron and steel industry. Three great companies, with an aggregate capital of nearly £60,000,000 dols., are already reported to be in the field, with a nickel-steel plant of corresponding size, preparing for extensive operations." And Mr. L. P. Low reports on the iron ores of the Labrador peninsula. The inland ores are at present, for want of transport, useless; those on the shore can only be removed during the three and a half months of ice-free waterway. The absence of coal makes electric smelting with power derived from waterfalls the only local method available.

"The Effective Lubrication of Journals" is not an essay on the best way of bribing newspapers, as the untechnical reader might suppose, but a contribution by Mr. F. W. G. Snook to the solution of a serious problem of oceanic engineering. He bears witness to the progress made by the torpedo-boat engine builder and the dynamo-engine builder.

Electric appliances in military operations are discussed by Captain J. P. Wisser. He mentions that traction engines used by the British forces in South Africa are fitted with motors for electric light. The illustrations are instructive. His conclusion is that the engineer is already indispensable, and the field is still widening.

"Cassier's" for May has a good deal which the lay reader can enjoy, though without any papers claiming separate notice. The oldest association of ironmasters was, Mr. B. H. Brough shows, that formed in 1748 in Sweden, and which is still active. The Swedish iron industry produced twice as much iron as did Great Britain from 1720 to 1740; and it is amusing to find that British manufacturers had petitioned Charles II. to prohibit the importation of Swedish iron, if he did not wish to see the extinction of the British iron trade.

The diminishing supply of natural gas in the United States is the theme of a sad story of wilful waste in earlier days and of impending woeful want. The writer, Mr. G. E. Walsh, suggests that restriction of the remaining stores of natural gas to heating purposes may postpone the day of complete exhaustion.

"The Power in a Pound of Coal" is an entertaining popular lecture in elementary physics by E. D. Meier.

The reasons for America's advancement in the industrial world are given by Mr. W. W. McFarland. Among the influences which have enabled

the United States to gain upon Great Britain, the writer mentions the lack of personal ambition in the Old Country and the free republican atmosphere, the personal enterprise of workers and capitalists in the New World.

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## Pall Mall Magazine.

Probably the most striking paper in the June number is Mr. Wynford Dewhurst's appreciation of "Claude Mouet, Impressionist." Born in 1840, the son of a well-to-do Havre merchant, in a family previously innocent of art, young Mouet had to assert his vocation at first in the teeth of parental prejudice. And when he was fairly launched on his career he had at first a stormy time. Impressionism was scouted by the critics, and its pictures were threatened by desperadoes with knives. In 1875 masterpieces of Mouet fetched between £8 and £13. But times grew more propitious, until last year his pictures sold at from 6,400 to 11,500 francs. His scenes are chiefly taken from his native land, but he has prepared an as yet unpublished series of pictures on the Thames and London. Mouet "is enthusiastically in love with London from the artistic point of view." He revels in the sunlight—a feature unknown to the art that preceded Constable, Bonnington, and Turner; but impressionists made the "great discovery" that "strong light dissolves tones" and that "by the juxtaposition of pure colour only could sunlight effects be adequately rendered."

Mr. G. W. Forrest, writing on Delhi past and present, recalls the delight he had on his last visit to that empress of Indian cities in being shown round the scenes of the great siege by Lord Roberts, who had himself taken part in them. Together they visited the tomb of John Nicholson, "the lion of Punjaub," and Lord Roberts remarked, "I never saw anyone like him." It is a vivid picture of the present made more vivid by the tragic memories of olden and even recent times.

Mr. Frederick Dolman tells with zest that romance of modern industry, the story of the rise and supremacy of Clyde shipbuilding.

The illustrations from old prints with which Mr. W. A. Baillie Grohman embellishes his "Arts and Crafts in the Sixteenth Century" are especially interesting this month.

Mr. W. E. Henley, in discussing the tardy justice at last done to Tommy Atkins by Mr. Kipling, declares, as editor of the journal in which Mr. Kipling's poems were published, that they did the journal no good at all! Re-published in book form these verses have been for years "the most popular array of verses in the English tongue."

## The Forum.

The "Forum" for May is above the average in interest.

### Japanese Journalism.

"Journalism in Japan" is the title of an interesting article by Mr. T. J. Nakagawa, which, if space did not forbid, I should be glad to quote at length. According to the latest statistics there are now published in Japan 745 periodicals, including 150 dailies. Twenty years ago Japan did not possess one newspaper, properly so-called. The position of managing editor or editorial writer is highly appreciated in Japan, and many high government officials have been and are connected with journalism. The first periodical publications in Japan were chiefly devoted to enlightening the country on the subject of foreign reforms, and the fate of most of these early editors seems to have been suicide.

### Free Lectures in America.

Mr. S. T. Willis contributes a short paper entitled "Free Lectures in New York Schools." In 1888 the Legislature passed an Act authorising the institution of free lectures in the school buildings of New York, and appropriated 15,000 dollars to pay for the experiment. Since that time the work has gone on increasing by leaps and bounds, the seventh season of lectures seeing an attendance of nearly half a million persons at over a thousand lectures. There are now some five hundred lecturers on the staff of the Board of Education, about fifty lantern operators, and about forty local superintendents. Mr. Willis recommends that such a scheme of adult education should be carried out by every community in the United States. The cost is inconsiderable, it being found that good lecturers can be obtained for a fee of ten dollars.

### The Need for Open Spaces.

Mr. Louis Windmuller contributes "A Plea for Trees and Parks in Cities," laying great stress on the value of trees as agents of sanitation. New York is behind most American cities in this respect, in spite of the fact that its expenditure on parks is greater than that of any other city. Mr. Windmuller gives the following figures as to the comparative revenue and outlay on parks of four of the chief cities of the world:—

	Total Budget.	For Parks, etc.
	Dols.	Dols.
London	.. .. ..	68,739,000 ..
Paris	.. .. ..	71,735,000 ..
New York	.. .. ..	92,520,000 ..
Chicago	.. .. ..	32,000,000 ..
		1,250,000

The current coin of politicians—such as "meddle and muddle," "peace with honour," "bag and baggage," "Home-rule," "the Nonconformist conscience"—are traced to their source by Michael MacDonagh in the June "Macmillan."

# PICTURES FOR THE WALL.

## WHY NOT HAVE AN ART GALLERY IN EVERY HOME? \*

The proprietors of the Australasian "Review of Reviews" have been fortunate in securing the sole agency for Australasia of the Masterpiece Art Portfolio. The following description of this really wonderful collection is written by the promoter of the scheme himself. It will pay perusal:—

Art galleries are all very well for those who can pay a shilling and can spend a morning or an afternoon in the Salon or in the Royal Academy. But if Art is to brighten and gladden and inspire our everyday life, it must be with us every day. The effect of an occasional visit to the National

Gallery cannot have anything approaching to the same influence upon our minds as that produced by the constant contemplation of ugly daubs or glaring posters upon the walls which meet our eyes every day. If we are to have Art for the People, we must render Art accessible to the people. If the influence of pictures is to sweeten and sanctify our daily life, we must have pictures that we can see every day. This, no doubt, is a truism, but is it not time that something was done to render it possible for everyone, even the poorest of us, to have an art gallery in every house, nay,

to have a picture-gallery in every room in our house? That is the question that I have been asking myself for many years past, but it is only this month that with much fear and trembling I venture to make a tentative effort towards meeting what seems to me a very serious want in the domestic economy of our people. I am publishing this month a portfolio of twelve pictures, reproduced by a process, with a good margin of white paper, which are quite sufficient for the four walls of any single room in an ordinary house. It is a picture-gallery in miniature, containing

many specimens of some of the best work of our best known modern painters. Although published in a portfolio, they are primarily designed for exhibition upon the walls. They are the simplest, cheapest, and best form of mural decoration that I have come across. Before issuing them, I have had them displayed, without framing or glazing, upon a blank wall in one of my rooms. They have remained there for months, and the effect continues to be as pleasant as the day when they were first put up. Four dozen drawing-pins, which can be bought at 1d. per dozen, are sufficient to enable



THE STREAM IN SUMMER TIME.

By B. W. Leader, R.A.

anyone to hang the whole dozen wherever he thinks they would contribute most to the decoration of the room.

Until I actually tried the experiment of covering the walls of a working room with a great variety of pictures, I had no idea as to the restful and inspiring effect of continually working, writing, and living in the midst of pictures which either in themselves or in their associations remind you of the great world of past life, which we are so apt to forget, but which ever encompasses us round about. I work in the presence of a perfect Olympus of classical deities, demigods, and graces, the photographs of whose statues I collected during my visit to Italy. I never could have believed it possible that the effect upon the nerves and imagination, upon the life of the soul, exercised by photographs of statues, could have been as continuous and as increasing as I have found it in my own case. These silent shapes of beauty and of grace, bearing witness to the genius of the sculptor and the splendour of his models, seem ever to speak soothingly and silently of a vanished world. Thousands of years ago they lived, and loved, and died, but left this undying impress of their life to stimulate and inspire all those who were still to come. It is something to dwell in the presence of these august shades, and to remember the countless generations of men and women and little children who knelt before the altars of the gods of old, whose temples have long since vanished, but whose names are still an inspiration to mankind. The selection of pictures which I have produced in my portfolio have all been selected from modern painters. They are widely varied in their scope. One or two of them may be thrown out by some which would be

favourites with others, but I venture to think that no one could put them all up on a bare wall and live in front of them for a week or a year without finding benefit therefrom. I admit that there is nothing of a very tragic nature, with the exception, perhaps, of "Israel in Egypt" and "Cordelia." The general effect is pleasing rather than harrowing, and this is as it should be. No one wishes to live with a head of Medusa confronting him at all times. In a subsequent series, which I may bring out, if the first should succeed, I may venture a little further into the domain of the deeper emotions; but for the present, while the pictures which I have put together in this collection are varied in their character, none of them contains any element that is calculated to jar if it were introduced as a daily spectator from the walls of the life of a home.

An experiment such as this, which might tend to the introduction of an element of grace and beauty into the lives of millions of human beings whose eyes at present rest only on the wall paper or, possibly, some faded photograph or garish chromolithograph, should appeal naturally to all those who care for the humanising of the lives of our people. Sometimes in grimy manufacturing towns I have almost been in despair at the thought of the sooty squalor which met the eye everywhere. The more soot and squalor there may be around us in the streets in which we live, the more need there is to make bright and glad the walls of the



THE GOLDEN STAIRS.  
By Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.

lairs in which our lives are spent. I hope, therefore, that the present venture may secure the support of all who are endeavouring to introduce some element of beauty into the daily lives of their fellow-men, and in order to launch the project with some prospect of immediate success, I have added

to the twelve pictures constituting the two-shilling Portfolio, a presentation plate of one of the most famous pictures of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The picture of "The Golden Stairs" has hitherto been unprocurable excepting as a 10s. 6d. photograph, or as a reproduction not exceeding in dimensions six by two-and-a-half inches. The picture of "The Golden Stairs," which is the presentation plate of the first number of the Portfolio, measures six by fourteen inches, and places for the first time one of the favourite pictures of this great modern artist within the reach of everyone. This in itself ought to be sufficient to secure the initial success of the Portfolio. "The Golden Stairs" is a picture which, without telling any precise story or having any exact meaning that can be expressed in printed words, nevertheless does appeal directly to everyone. There is a sweetness and a grace about the beautiful female figures clustered together on the golden stairs, like a ray of spring sunshine in a dusty, darkened room. If you doubt it, try it. Pin "The Golden Stairs"

up on the wall in front of your table or your desk, and leave it for a week, or a month, or a year, and then you will realise how much you would lose if "The Golden Stairs" vanished from your sight. It is a veritable means of grace, even in a theological sense of

the term, for anything that sweetens the temper and softens the heart and soothes the nerves cannot fail to have good results in the domain of the Christian life. Nor is it only in the promotion of sweetness of temper and serenity of disposition that such pictures are useful.

By bringing an element of the ideal into the practical world they tend to unfurl the wings of the imagination and breathe into the soul an aspiration after a life in which everyone will be beautiful, and the glory of sweet gracefulness should be the note of human life.

But in addition to this presentation plate of "The Golden Stairs" there are twelve pictures in the Portfolio, some of which are reproduced on a small scale here, which will enable the reader to form some idea of the variety and charm of the collection. The following is a list of the twelve, which I venture to offer as my contribution to the formation of an Art Gallery in every English or colonial home:—



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Israel in Egypt	...	Sir E. J. Poynter
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The Sisters	...	Millais
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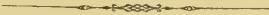
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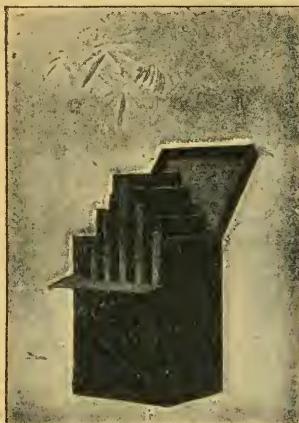
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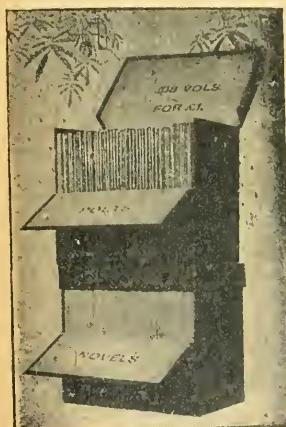
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J.  
LARS PORSENA of Clusium  
By the Nine Gods he swore  
That the great house of Tarquin  
Should suffer wrong no more.  
By the Nine Gods he swore it,  
And named a trysting day,  
And bade his messengers ride forth,  
East and west and south and north,  
To summon his array.

II.  
East and west and south and north  
The messengers ride fast,  
And tower and town and cottage  
Have heard the trumpet's blast.  
Shame on the false Etruscan  
Who lingers in his home,  
When Porsena of Clusium  
Is on the march for Rome.

III.  
The horsemen and the footmen  
Are pouring in a main  
From many a stately market-place;  
From many a fruitful plain;  
From many a lonely hamlet,  
Which, hid by beach and pine,  
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the  
crest  
Of purple Apennine;

IV.  
From lordly Volaterra,  
Where scowls the far-famed hold  
Piled by the hands of giants  
For godlike kings of old;  
From seagirt Populonia,  
Whose sentinels desry  
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops  
Fringing the southern sky;

\* The legend of Horatius Coelus, as told by Livy, is briefly this. Two hundred and forty-five years after the founding of Rome, and two years after the expulsion of the Tarquins, Lars Porsena of Clusium rallied the Etruscan tribes for an attack upon Rome. The citizens, overwhelmed by the overpowering number of their foes, fell back upon the city. Janiculum, which defended the approaches of the bridge crossing the Tiber, was taken. The order was then given to destroy the bridge. This work required time, and in order to check the advance of the enemy three illustrious Romans, Horatius Coelus, Spurius Lartius and Herminius, undertook to hold the bridge. This task they achieved, performing prodigies of valour. As the bridge was reeling to its fall, Spurius Lartius and Herminius darted back and reached the other side in safety, leaving Horatius Coelus, the Captain of the Gate, alone. He flung himself into the swollen Tiber and swam safely across its turbulent flood. The ultimate result of the war is in dispute, but the Tarquins were not restored.

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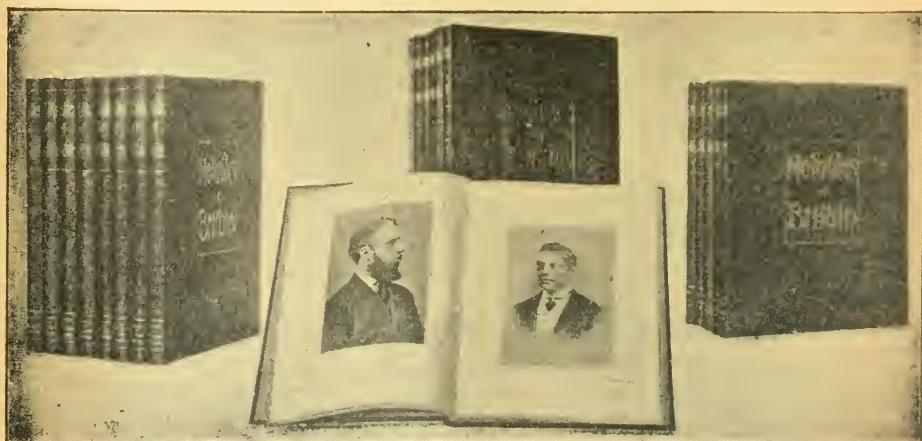
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The past month has been a satisfactory one throughout the whole of the colonies, in that the weather, which really controls our commercial and financial destiny, has proved propitious. Queensland—poor parched, dried up Queensland—has been to some extent relieved by a good and general rain, with the result that the settlers on the land have begun to entertain more optimistic opinions about the future. The rain fell over all the pastoral areas, and with warmish weather following, a fair growth of grass—sufficient to prevent further loss among the remainder of the stock—is mentioned. The same may be said of New South Wales and the northern pastoral areas of South Australia. At the moment of writing, except in isolated parts of "hopeless" country, the season promises to be a fair one. In many centres—notably Western Australia, southern parts of South Australia, all Victoria, and the Riverina—the country is generally in excellent condition. Grass is plentiful, and a good stock and dairy season is expected. The crops are making splendid headway, and a fair spring will mean record yields; while, though stock are scarce, prices ruling amply remunerate the labour of propagation. Trade in all centres is improving, and the import and export figures show healthy movements. The gold-producing and other mineral industries are making solid headway; in fact, if appearances can be taken as a gauge, the long looked for return to prosperity is close at hand.

##### Australian Public Finance.

Already candidates are announcing themselves for the Federal election; and not a few, it is noticeable, are pledging themselves to obtain, if necessary, a better system of conducting the public finances. Their pledges may be like many election promises—mere "catchwords"—but it is certain that there is plenty of scope for their efforts, if they intend to redeem their pledges. Any unbiased judgment given upon the finances of these colonies will show that they are involved, not hopelessly involved, as to show insolvency, but involved through the incapacity of Treasurers and the want of some system. Prior to the burst of the boom, the one idea was to borrow as much as possible in London, and spend all the borrowings locally. Since the burst the system has been to borrow only when necessary—but always in London. Gluttony has been followed by starvation, and between the two the colonists have not done well. The Australian colonies are carrying a heavy load of debt, necessitating large annual sums in the shape of interest to be provided. Our debt is something like £250,000,000 in Government loans to London alone, and with corporations, trading companies, etc., Great Britain must draw interest on something like £350,000,000 annually. This absorbs something like £12,000,000 annually in interest, and on a country which, though undoubtedly rich, has a mean population of little over

4,000,000 souls, the drain must naturally be severe in times of depression. Had we been more self-reliant in the eighties—had our Treasurers shown the foresight which men elevated to the charge of a country's finances should have shown—the heaviest part of this burden would not have had to be borne. As it exists nothing can be done but attempt in the future to guard against the mistakes of the past, and it is to be trusted that with an Australian Commonwealth the finances will not be carried on in such a manner as to suggest that eventually Australia will be put up as an unredemedpledge by that accommodating pawn-broker—Great Britain.

##### Australian Loans.

London is not in an accommodating mood at the moment. The five colonies which have approached her since the beginning of the year have all experienced rebuffs more or less severe, notwithstanding the announcement that it has been decided to conditionally admit

---

## PHOENIX ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1752.

---

One of the Oldest and Wealthiest  
Fire Offices in the World.

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**Fire Losses Paid Exceed £23,000,000.  
Premium Income Exceeds £1,100,000.**

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ALL CLASSES OF FIRE RISKS ACCEPTED AT LOWEST  
CURRENT RATES.

---

VICTORIAN BRANCH : 60 MARKET ST., MELBOURNE.  
ROBERT W. MARTIN, Manager.

**DIRECTORY**  
OF THE  
**STOCK EXCHANGE OF ADELAIDE.**

**C. PROUD**

(Member Stock Exchange of Adelaide),

SHAREBROKER,

6 WARE CHAMBERS, KING WILLIAM STREET,  
ADELAIDE.

Price Obtained.

	£	Price	Obtained.	£	s.	d.
N. S. Wales	1,000,000	...	T.B. @ 4 per cent.	99	10	0
New Zealand	300,000	...	I.S. @ 3 per cent.	100	7	6
W. Australia	1,000,000	...	I.S. @ 3 per cent.	93	12	9½
S. Australia	1,000,000	...	"	94	10	9
Queensland	1,100,000	...	"	94	0	1

Total £4,700,000

Note.—T.B., Treasury Bills. I.S., Inscribed Stock.

**A. S. FOTHERINGHAM & CO.**

(Member of the Stock Exchange of Adelaide),

SHAREBROKERS,

BROOKMAN'S BUILDINGS - ADELAIDE.

**On the Advantage of Local Loans.**

One of the first to enter the lists as the advocate of local loans, the "Review of Reviews," has been amply rewarded for its efforts by the number of supporters and followers gained. "Australia for the Australians" is a cry as old as the present generation, and each year sees its extension, and an increase in the strength of the party supporting it—the "party that never was listed," if we may alter the wording of a well-known line. It has scarcely rooted itself among the active politicians; but, perhaps, to expect that would be to reach too far, and therefore we still find that the Australia of the Australians is being deeply pledged to Great Britain. As the Government of Victoria, the Melbourne City Council, and the M. and M. Board of Works want to raise funds, we will categorically deal with the objections to raising them locally.

First. That Australia could not absorb any large sum.—There are more than fifty millions sterling not bearing interest in Australian banks. Would not depositors gladly take 3½ to 3¾ per cent. for a portion of this sum, when first-class mortgages only bring in 3½ to 4 per cent?

Second. That the price obtainable in the colonies is not equal to that in London. Answer: It cost N.S.W. £4 1ls. 5d. per cent. to float £1,000,000 in London in Treasury Bills, and the same colony £3 12s., or thereabouts, for £500,000 Treasury Bills locally. Victorian 3 per cent.'s bring £96 in London, and £100 10s. locally.

Third. That in the "conversion" of loans falling due in London, the Governments would have to pay exchange on the sum, if it had to be remitted from Australia? Answer (an Irishman's): Do we ever intend to remit the principal we have borrowed?

Fourth. That it is unwise to commence a heavy local loan system.—This is probably the worst objection of the four in that it shows to what depths the ignorance of men occupying high financial positions can descend. It was never proposed that these colonies should immediately start off and commence borrowing in the free-and-easy manner of the eighties from local sources, but that instead of offering solely in London, we should simultaneously call for tenders in London and the colony or colonies. By this means every colonial would-be investor could offer the price he thought the security worth, and for as large an amount as he wanted. If he paid more than the English investor, that portion would come here, and so on. There would be no dearth of local stocks, such as there is at present; the issues would be little short of a boon to the community—we would be advertising our financial strength, and raising our credit abroad; and what is more, showing a desire to become financially self-dependent—which, at the time of writing, we emphatically are not. The

**SILVER & ESPIE**

(Members Stock Exchange of Adelaide),

SHAREBROKERS, 18 to 18 PIRIE CHAMBERS,  
and 7 and 8 ELBURN CHAMBERS, KALGOORLIE.S. C. WARD. Member Stock Exchange of Adelaide.  
EDWARD WARD.**S. C. WARD & CO.,**

STOCK AND SHAREBROKERS.

27 GRENFELL ST., ADELAIDE.  
Commission Business Only.**HENRY CHEWINGS**

(Member of the Stock Exchange of Adelaide),

STOCK AND SHAREBROKERS.

2 and 3 ALMA CHAMBERS, ADELAIDE.  
Telephone 518.**SMITH & THOMPSON,**

STOCK AND SHAREBROKERS.

DAVENPORT CHAMBERS, ADELAIDE.

Member of the Stock Exchange of Adelaide.

policy of local borrowing within judicious bounds is unassailable. It might not be successful in the hands of some of the financial genii who are dazzled by London—the lode star for all their loans—for, as in every new procedure, much depends on the arrangement of details. The change is coming, it is evident, however, and before long one of the colonial Treasurers will startle his confreres by an announcement of the character indicated.

### A Victorian Loan.

Since writing the above the Victorian Government have notified their intention of offering a local loan for £750,000—a movement which we prophesied three months back. This loan will, we trust, be offered under very different conditions from previous local loans, which have all been at par for 3 per cent. issues. As one authority puts it, “too narrow scrutiny of possible terms beyond the bounds of clear business considerations is neither necessary nor desirable.” The details of the loan are the base upon which the result must rest. Western Australia, South Australia, and Queensland Governments got no more than £94 12s. gross, inclusive of all expenses in London, and it is certain that if Victoria were to go to that centre for her wants, she would have to accept, at the very most, £95, out of which the heavier expenses would have to be borne. This loan must, therefore, not be imperilled by a high minimum being fixed. A discount is said to draw tenders, and if the Victorian Treasurer is well advised—at least, if he can be advised—then the Government will ask for its requirements at what may be considered a fair rate. The announcement also made by the Treasurer that the Government intends to go to London with its £3,000,000 redemption loan due in July next, clearly shows ignorance of what is desirable. What is wanted is not purely local borrowing solely in London, but the offering of all colonial loans simultaneously in London and the colony or colonies.

### The Union Bank.

All banks show a desire—which we are fain to admit is but natural—to absorb all business, but in the case of the Union Bank of Australia Ltd. this desire does not appear to go beyond what is termed “desirable.” The management of this institution is one that has almost a mania for “writing down,” and to this policy a good deal of its present sound position is due. For the half year ended February 28 last the Bank did excellently, as the following comparisons show:—

	Dividend. Per Cent.	Amount of Dividend. £	Net Profits. £
August, 1897 ..	5 ..	37,500 ..	37,436
February, 1898* ..	5 ..	37,500 ..	47,696
August, 1898 ..	5 ..	37,500 ..	42,573
February, 1899 ..	6 ..	45,000 ..	42,071
August, 1899 ..	6 ..	45,000 ..	48,514
February, 1900** ..	7 ..	52,500 ..	92,901

\* £10,000 written off premises account.

\*\* £50,000 to reserve (£800,000).

The record is a good one, and there is little doubt that this institution is working steadily upwards. Its dividends are bound to increase in the next few half years, and we look confidently to the current six months to see the £250,000, now standing at “contingency account,” reinstated to its old position with the reserve fund. For investment purposes the Union and New South Wales offer exceptional advantages; the Australasia shares have already advanced very materially. At their present price the Union earns its holder £4 10s. per cent., or thereabouts, and the New South Wales are slightly over £4 per cent. The present dividends are not what must be solely counted on—the future can be safely discounted to yield much greater returns. In purchasing Unions, it may be well to notice that shares are transferable from London to the colonies, but not back again. The local supply is small, and parcels can only be obtained at home.

### DAVIES & HAMER,

SHAREBROKERS

(Member Stock Exchange of Adelaide)

KING WILLIAM STREET, ADELAIDE.

### WILLIAM BRINDAL

(Member Stock Exchange of Adelaide),  
STOCK AND SHAREBROKER.

29, 29A ROYAL EXCHANGE, (Telephone 629).  
KING WILLIAM STREET, ADELAIDE.

### C. H. LEAVER

(Member Stock Exchange of Adelaide),  
SHAREBROKER,  
BROOKMAN'S BUILDINGS, GRENFELL STREET,  
ADELAIDE.

Telephone No. 849. Correspondence invited.

### F. J. RENGER & CO.,

SHAREBROKERS AND MINING AGENTS,  
29D AND 29E ROYAL EXCHANGE, ADELAIDE.

Code:—MOREING & NEAL.

A. RUTTER CLARKE, Member of the Stock Exchange of Adelaide and Melbourne.  
R. E. P. OSBORNE, Member of the Stock Exchange of Adelaide.

### CLARKE & CO.,

STOCK AND SHARE BROKERS,  
UNIVERSAL BUILDINGS, GRENFELL ST., ADELAIDE,  
and at BROOKMAN ST., KALGOORLIE.

## FOREIGN STAMPS

Our Superior A Series of Packets (all Post Free)—

200 (all Different) 1s. 9d., post free  
120 " One Shilling, post free.  
60 " Sixpence, postage free.

Also, 300 (Specially good) 3s. 6d., post free.

400 (Very fine). 5s. 6d. 500 (a Collection in itself), 9s. 6d.  
1,000 (all different, mounted on sheets), 30s.

1,500 (all diff. rent, no Australian, Magnificent Collection), 75s.

2,000, a splendid Assortment, on sheets, £7 10s.

4,000, covering All the Countries of the World, for £25.  
Superbly Cheap BB Series (not so good as the AA, but  
duplicate in a packet) 150, 1s.; 100, 6d. post free

WE BUY FOR CASH Common Australian Stamps, 1d.  
and 2d. 9d. per 1,000, West Australia, 2s. 6d. 1,000. 1d. Victoria,  
3d. 100; W.A. and Tas. 9d. 100; others 6d. 100. Tasmania Views  
6d. 100; S.V. new issue, 3d. 100; 1d. green 1s. 9d. 100. For higher-  
priced Australian, 2d.; 3d.; to 1s., &c., we pay 1s. to 3s. 6d. 100 Cash.  
Newspaper wrappers & Envelopes, cut square with one-third of inch  
margin, 6d. per 100.

PACKETS AND APPROVAL SHEETS ON SALE at—  
MELBOURNE—T. A. Barrage's, Queen's Walk, Swanston Street.  
and ONLY by Post from

HOSBER FOREIGN STAMP CO.,  
27 Armadale St., Armadale, Victoria.

\* 1s. or under 11 (Ipswich) Stamps any colony; over 1s. Postal Note

July 15, 1900.

# ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

<b>Subscribed Capital</b>	- - -	<b>£1,200,000</b>
<b>Paid-up Capital</b>	- - -	<b>£144,000</b>
<b>Total Assets</b>	- - -	<b>£2,342,134</b>

BRANCHES  
AT  
SYDNEY,  
BRISBANE,  
ADELAIDE,  
LAUNCESTON.



AGENCIES  
IN  
ALL  
PRINCIPAL  
TOWNS.

HEAD OFFICE FOR AUSTRALIA, 406 COLLINS STREET,  
MELBOURNE.

THOS. B. BELL, MANAGER.

## UNION INSURANCE SOCIETY OF CANTON LTD. (MARINE).

ESTABLISHED 1885.

<b>Subscribed Capital</b>	... ...	<b>\$2,500,000</b>
<b>Paid-Up</b>	... ...	<b>\$500,000</b>
<b>Reserve Fund</b>	... ...	<b>\$1,360,000</b>
<b>Accumulated Funds</b>	... ...	<b>\$4,731,497</b>

Including £210,440 Sterling, Invested in  
London and Melbourne.

This Society offers special inducements and facilities for Marine Insurances, and has made a name for prompt and liberal settlement of all claims.

Bonus is paid annually out of profits to contributors of business, and for the last six years has averaged twenty-four per cent.

LOCAL COMMITTEE:

E. FANNING, ESQ. JAS. GRICE, ESQ. GEO. FAIRBAIRN, ESQ.

BROKEN HILL CHAMBERS, 31 QUEEN ST., MELBOURNE.

J. THOS. WOODS, Acting Agent.

Sydney and Brisbane : Messrs. Gibbs, Bright and Co.  
Adelaide : Meers. Nankivell and Co.

## Rising Bank Shares.

Quotations on the Melbourne Stock Exchange for Bank shares during the past two years have advanced very materially. This is shown plainly in the following table:—

	July. 1898.	July. 1899.	July. 1900.	Rise per Share.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Colonial, pref.	1 17 6	6 10 0	8 15 0	6 17 6
Colonial, ord.	—	—	0 16 6	0 16 6
Commercial, pref.	3 15 0	0 6 4	7 1 0	3 6 0
Commercial, ord.	—	0 17 0	1 7 0	1 7 0
National, pref.	10 10 0	11 10 0	11 15 0	1 5 0
National, ord.	1 15 0	3 0 0	3 17 0	2 2 0
Victoria, pref.	10 10 0	11 15 0	11 15 0	1 5 0
Victoria, ord.	0 19 0	2 12 6	3 10 0	2 11
London, pref.	6 0 0	10 0 0	12 10 0	6 10 0
London, ord.	—	1 13 0	3 15 0	15 0
Royal	0 7 0	0 9 6	0 15 0	0 8 0
New South Wales	36 0 0	37 10 0	45 0 0	9 0 0
Union	24 10 0	28 0 0	39 0 0	14 10 0
Australasia	46 0 0	67 0 0	69 0 0	24 0 0

Dividends are only just commencing to improve. Fifteen to 18 per cent., and even 20 per cent. were not uncommon payments before the rotten finance of the later eighties, and from 1890 to 1893, and with judicious selection of an institution and investing in shares, a handsome profit or an excellent interest return can be obtained.

## Wanted—Assets Companies.

The great "burst" landed the banks and other financial institutions with all sorts and conditions of assets, and the question of how to deal with these burdens has for long been discussed. Of late bankers have been engaged in every trade—from ironmongery to flour milling, from the suburban or country newspaper owner to the private desiccator, from following pastoral pursuits down to humble butchering, and also as the owners of churches, slums, etc. The success which has attended the formation of the four assets companies under one management, to liquidate the assets of the City of Melbourne, European and Australian, Federal, and Mercantile now defunct Banks, has suggested that a somewhat similar plan could be applied to the properties held by banks and other institutions. All properties representing "dead accounts" to be handed over to the company, and debenture stock to be issued to the full amount of reliable valuation of the same. The nominal share capital of the company to be equal to one-fifth, or thereabouts, of its debenture capital, and to be divided, pro rata, in accordance with the distribution of the debenture issue. Such a concern would be of immense advantage to the banks. Their labours would be lightened, their expenses curtailed, and their profits increased. The assets company would be in their own hands, and its management, therefore, under their control; in fact, nothing but benefit would accrue from such a movement.

## Trade of Victoria.

So far Victoria is the only colony which has issued its returns of trade for the first six months of the year, and these show a very substantial improvement. Taking the figures relating to the imports and exports of all descriptions, we have the following result:—

First Six Months.	Imports.	Exports.	Total.
	£	£	£
1896	5,582,654	6,205,328	11,787,982
1897	6,391,797	8,726,147	15,117,944
1898	6,818,752	7,213,166	14,031,918
1899	7,572,870	7,270,460	14,843,330
1900	7,990,049	7,528,129	15,518,178

This comparison is to some extent disguised by the smaller movements of all precious metals. That merchandise is steadily expanding, will be seen from the following return:—

Six Months.	Merchandise Only.			Total. £
	Imports. £	Exports. £		
1898	5,569,662	4,106,636	..	9,676,298
1899	5,927,784	5,049,666	..	10,977,450
1900	7,064,592	6,226,601	..	13,291,193

An expansion of £3,614,895, or 36 per cent. in two years, is, indeed, an excellent result, and that this has been attained under not too favourable circumstances is still more satisfactory. The present season to date has been excellent, and should the present promise be borne out by results a few months hence, then the closing months of the year should be marked by still greater activity\* in our commerce.

### A Westralian Project.

The knock-out in Westralian gold mines on the Stock Exchanges has been pretty severe, and in no small degree it has been due to the mismanagement, both locally and in London, of the ventures. In London there is now a scheme on hand to consolidate the management of at least seven of the leading mines for "mutual protection" with a view possibly of leading to absolute amalgamation later on. This project has been fondled over in the minds of the leading interested holders of stock for some time past, and private advices indicate that at last some public step will be made. The "mutual protection" scheme advocated will, it is stated, prove a check on mine managers, will place the mines in a less restricted position regarding labour, fuel, etc., and will give them a stronger footing against what are termed the "encroachments of social legislation." It has yet to be proved that this London scheme will be found practicable in Western Australia.

### Australia's Wool.

The wool market has further declined, and the position threatened to become so grave that the London brokers have cancelled the usual sixth series of sales, and postponed their fifth series, usually held in September to October, with a view of curtailing the offerings on a weak market. All the great rise of 1899 has been lost, and more besides, and values now ruling are 1d. to 2d. per lb., according to grade, under those at the opening of the Melbourne sales in October last. The causes are not far to seek. The stringency of the money market induced financial pressure on the Continent, and wool, which requires a lot of financing, was naturally made more sensitive than is usually the case. The boom had brought values to giddy heights, and the pernicious influence of the operators in the "futures" market on the Continent was keenly felt; and under the combined weight of "bear" and "covering" transactions, prices receded with a rapidity only equalled by the rate at which they advanced a year ago. The period of disaster, however, now appears to be drawing to a close. Production of wool is at the lowest for many years, and the clip just closed for Australia yielded nearly 82,500 bales less than its predecessor; the total loss on the last six years being something like 1,000,000 bales, valued at over £15,000,000, apart from all consideration of the natural increase usually expected. A further reduction in the extent of the clip for 1900-1901 appears inevitable, and as consumption is steadily progressing, there is little doubt that when the manufacturers commence to buy, as they would do were values to steady for any length of time, the statistical position will assert itself, and a substantial and maintained improvement in prices on those now current occur.

### Victoria Banking Returns.

The banking returns representing the assets and liabilities of the eleven banks doing business in Victoria, as shown by the thirteen weekly statements during the June quarter, are complete. Comparing the totals with those at the close of the corresponding quarter in 1899 some rather extensive movements are seen. A better quar-

## THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. McCURDY President.

### AUSTRALASIAN DEPARTMENT:

COMPANY'S BUILDING, MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY, N.S.W.  
Z. C. RENNIE, GENERAL MANAGER.

### Statement for Year ending Dec. 31, 1899.

Assets	... ... ... ..	£61,980,397
Liabilities	... ... ... ..	£51,686,239
Contingent Guarantee Fund and Divisible Surplus	... ..	£10,294,157
New Insurance Issued and Paid for	..	£34,752,950
Insurance and Annuities in Force	..	£216,153,020

NOTE.—The Conversion Rate in use by The Mutual Life is more stringent than in any other Company, being \$4.57 to the pound sterling. If the Rate \$4.50 were used the Assets in stead of appearing as above stated, would amount to £62,884,275 and the Insurance in Force to £219,305,252.

### BRANCH OFFICES:

NEW SOUTH WALES—Company's Building, Martin Place, Sydney.  
VICTORIA—289 Collins Street, Melbourne.  
QUEENSLAND—210 Queen Street, Brisbane.  
SOUTH AUSTRALIA—73 King William Street, Adelaide.  
WESTERN AUSTRALIA—St. George's Terrace, Perth.  
TASMANIA—93 Macquarie Street, Hobart.

## THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1836. IN THE COLONIES, 1853.

### STERLING.

Total Assets at December 31, 1897	-	£10,236,133
Total Claims Paid to December 31, 1897	-	£34,921,811
Total Net Claims Paid in Australasia	-	£2,182,270
Total Annual Income, 1897	- -	£2,304,660
Funds Invested in Australia exceed	-	£300,000

### Australasian Board of Directors, N.S.W.

W. C. WATT, Esq., Chairman. HON. HENRY MORT, M.L.C.  
HON. HENRY E. KATER, M.L.C. ERIC H. MACEAT, Esq.

### HEAD OFFICE for Australasia:—

62 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

M. W. S. CLARKE, Resident Secretary.

# AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

HOLDS THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR BONUSES.

**Cash Bonus for One Year, 1899 - £506,183**

**Cash Bonuses already divided £8,711,317**

MOST LIBERAL POLICY CONDITIONS.

MOST ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT.

MOST STRINGENT RESERVES.

EVERY YEAR A BONUS YEAR.

#### DIRECTORS OF THE VICTORIA BRANCH:

THE HON. SIR W. A. ZEAL, K.C.M.G., M.L.C., CHAIRMAN.

JAMES GRICE, ESQ., J.P., DEPUTY CHAIRMAN.

THE HON. A. D'AKIN, M.L.A. JOHN COOKE, ESQ.

WILLIAM HENRY MILLER, ESQ.

459 Collins Street,  
Melbourne.

W. J. WALKER,  
RESIDENT SECRETARY.

# The EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES.

Established 1850.

FINANCIAL POSITION, JAN. 1, 1899.

<b>Assurance in Force</b>	<b>£205,657,736</b>
<b>Assets</b>	<b>£53,826,937</b>
<b>Increase in Assets during</b>	<b>1898</b>
1898	£4,477,766
<b>Surplus</b>	<b>£11,918,852</b>
<b>Paid to Policy-holders since organisation</b>	<b>£63,000,000</b>

Send for particulars regarding the

#### GUARANTEED CASH VALUE POLICY,

Which gives all the benefits and advantages of previous forms of policies and in addition GUARANTEES Surrender Values both in CASH and PAID-UP Assurance, the amounts of which (together with the amounts of the LOANS which are granted under this form) increase year by year and are WRITTEN IN THE POLICY.

MELBOURNE BRANCH, EQUITABLE BUILDING, COLLINS ST.

LOCAL DIRECTORS (with power to issue Policies and pay Claims):

HON. JAMES BALFOUR, M.L.C., Chairman.

REGINALD BRIGHT, ESQ. A. R. BLACKWOOD, ESQ.

MANAGER FOR VICTORIA - G. G. MCCOLL.

GEN. MANAGER FOR AUSTRALASIA - C. CARLISLE TAYLOR.

Applications invited for Agencies in Victoria where not represented.

ter's trade has led to freer circulation of notes than in June, 1899, the higher prices and greater quantity of produce have led to increased deposits, lesser exports of gold to more extensive reserves, and more prosperous times to the repayment of advances. A comparison is as follows:—

	June, 1899.	June, 1900.	*Increase. **Decrease.
	£	£	£
Note circulation..	903,855 ..	939,242 ..	*35,387
Current public ac- counts .. .	10,985,966 ..	12,538,389 ..	*1,552,423
Fixed public ac- counts .. .	14,577,718 ..	14,469,122 ..	**108,596
Government de- posits .. .	2,748,722 ..	2,690,778 ..	**57,944
Specie and bullion	6,523,030 ..	7,961,740 ..	*1,438,710
Advances and dis- counts .. .	30,899,461 ..	29,679,952 ..	**1,219,509
Total assets ..	40,793,811 ..	41,375,224 ..	*581,413
Total liabilities	30,495,830 ..	31,818,272 ..	*1,322,442

The rise in deposits at call is probably one of the most important banking movements in these colonies which has ever taken place.

#### Insurance News and Notes.

At the annual meeting of the London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Company, held at Liverpool, Mr. Duncan Graham, the chairman of the company, stated that the past year had been a very successful one. It was the first under the new management of Mr. F. W. P. Rutter, and the anticipations of his capabilities had been well fulfilled. In a year which appears to have been an exceptionally unfavourable one to companies generally, the London and Lancashire had been able to produce a result which, in some respects, might be said to excel that of any previous year in the history of the company, although they had reduced their business in one or two quarters which had not been a source of profit. They had made the deficiency up, and in addition showed a small increase in the premium revenue for the year. Better still, the company had produced the handsome underwriting profit for the year of £90,000, despite the adverse results of American business, which forms a large part of the revenue of most British companies. A comparison of the figures for the past year with those of 1898 is as follows:—

	1898.	1899.	*Increase. **Decrease.
	£	£	£
Premiums ..	836,497 ..	841,208 ..	*4,711
Losses ..	493,627 ..	449,751 ..	**43,876
Expenses ..	307,852 ..	301,158 ..	**6,614
Profit ..	35,016 ..	90,298 ..	*55,282
Interest on In- vestments ..	37,529 ..	39,611 ..	*2,082
Reserve Funds	994,730 ..	1,073,580 ..	*78,850

To the underwriting balance of £90,298 is added interest on investments, £39,611, making a total profit for the year of £129,909. A dividend of 24 per cent. was declared, absorbing £51,060, leaving a balance of £78,849 in augmentation of the floating balance, making that item £473,580. From that amount the sum of £150,000 has been transferred to the reserve fund, raising that fund from £600,000 to £750,000, and leaving at the credit of the floating balance and reserve fund is, thus, £1,073,580. The large sum to the credit of the floating balance is retained for the purpose of meeting the consequences of any disastrous conflagration, or to carry out any financial operations it may be for the interests of the company to undertake, without encroaching on its reserve fund.

The Australian Mutual Provident Society notify that the bonus certificates for the past year are now issued to the members. The amount of cash profit for the year 1899 for distribution amongst its policy-holders is £506,182.

Policy-holders may apply the amount declared for the year, as well as amounts previously declared, or any part thereof, in any of the following ways:—

1. In augmentation of the sum assured, thus increasing the amount payable at death, whenever that even may happen, or at maturity.
2. In either temporary capital or permanent reduction of premiums.
3. Or they may receive the present value in cash.

The usual arrangements have been made for the convenience of those who desire to receive their bonuses in cash.

\* \* \* \* \*

A disastrous fire is reported by cable, on the 1st inst., to have occurred at the Hooken Docks, New Jersey, a town on the Hudson River, opposite New York. Several of the mammoth steamers of the Nord Deutscher Lloyd line were severely damaged, as well as other craft lying at the adjoining wharves. The total loss to the docks and shipping is estimated at £2,000,000. The conflagration was attended with serious loss of life, 500 persons having perished. The fire was caused by the explosion of a carboy of acid, which set fire to a number of bales of cotton. The flames spread with great rapidity, and fired the steamers lying in the dock. Three of the Nord Deutscher Lloyd vessels—the Bremen, 10,525 tons; the Saale, 5,267 tons; and the Main, 10,200 tons—were totally destroyed. The Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, 14,349 tons, narrowly escaped destruction. Several of the dock piers were destroyed by the fire. The pier of the Hamburg-American Steamship Co. was blown up with dynamite, which saved the steamers of that company. The piers have large sheds of wood built on them from end to end, which would account for the rapid spread of the fire.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Hugh R. Reid, the well-known Victorian ship-owner, has written to the President of the Marine Board, referring to the recent tragic wreck of the Sierra Nevada, and suggests that, pending the completion of the new steamer now being built at Williamstown for the pilot service, a second pilot schooner should be put into commission outside the Heads, so that incoming steamers would be ensured of having a pilot's services even in the heaviest weather.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The National Mutual of Australasia has only been established in this country for about a year, but its reputation and financial strength has not only fully justified the opening of a branch in this country, but rendered it safe to expect that the career of the company here would be a prosperous one. . . . The position of the company has materially improved since the publication of its report a year ago. That report was an excellent one, showing sound and sustained prosperity, and a larger volume of new business than at any previous period. . . . The pronounced progress made during the year is the more noticeable as the National Mutual of Australasia abjures sensationalism in all its methods; but this very fact affords a guarantee that the progress made is sound and will be lasting."—"Searchlight" (London).

\* \* \* \* \*

A number of motor fire engines have been constructed for the Paris Fire Brigade, and are reported to be doing excellent work. Six men are carried on each motor, and a speed of thirteen miles an hour is attained. Possessing so many advantages over horse traction, the various fire brigade organisations throughout Australia would do well to enquire into their merits, with a view to adoption here.

THE

## CITY MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED 1879.

HEAD OFFICE: HUNTER, BLICH AND CASTLEREACH STS.,  
SYDNEY.

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LIFE OFFICE IN AUSTRALIA.

GEO. CROWLEY, Manager.

THE NON-FORFEITURE OFFICE.

## NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE

ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA LIMITED.

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ACTUARY: E. J. STOCK, A.I.A.

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 TO APPLY SURRENDER VALUE  
To prevent Policies lapsing.

Largest, Wealthiest, Most Progressive  
Victorian Life Office.

All Profits divided amongst the Policy Holders.  
LIBERAL CONDITIONS. ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

MONEY TO LEND  
On fixed Mortgage or on Credit Foncier Terms

HEAD OFFICES—

CORNER OF COLLINS AND QUEEN STREETS, MELBOURNE.

July 15, 1900.

THE

# COLONIAL MUTUAL

## FIRE

INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED.

FIRE . . . .
ACCIDENT . . . .
EMPLOYER'S LIABILITY . . . .
FIDELITY GUARANTEE . . . .
PLATE-GLASS BREAKAGE . . . .
MARINE . . . .

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MELBOURNE—60 Market Street.

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PERTH—Barrack Street.

HOBART—Collins Street.

LONDON—St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, E.C.

**WM. L. JACK,**

MANAGER.

# CITIZENS' LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

LIMITED.

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**COMPANY'S BUILDING, CASTLEREACH AND MOOR STS.,  
SYDNEY, N.S.W.**

**BRANCHES:** Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth  
(W.A.), Hobart, and Wellington (N.Z.)  
With Superintendencies and Agencies in all the principal Cities and  
Towns throughout the Colonies.

### POINTS OF THE '99 REPORT.

**Annual Premium Income, £291,759 Sterling.  
New Ordinary Branch Assurances Issued,  
£1,254,778.**

(Exclusive of the Company's vast Industrial business.)

**In the Company's Ordinary Branch Every Year  
is a Bonus Year.**

**The fact that the Company's Policy Holders  
Number Upwards of 206,000 attests  
its popularity.**

All kinds of Industrial and Ordinary Assurance transacted and the  
most approved forms of Policies issued on the lives of men, women  
and children.

Call or write to any of the Company's Chief Offices, as above, for  
descriptive insurance literature.

A fire broke out on June 24 at the No. 1 plant of the Mount Lyell smelters, and was supposed to have started in the old blow room, at the south end of the plant, from where it spread to the stamping-room and ore bins. The employees of the company worked to their utmost to prevent the spread of the fire, and were assisted with a good pressure of water, in addition to which rain was falling in torrents. The stamping-room was destroyed, together with its machinery, as well as portion of the ore bins, platforms, and part of the blow room and machinery. The whole of the furnaces and converter plant were undamaged. The aerial tramway also was untouched. It is stated that the output for the month will not be affected by the fire.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following is a fairly accurate list of the losses of the British Insurance companies by the great Ottawa Fire:

Royal, including the Queen	£54,000
North British and Mercantile	35,000
Guardian	30,000
Caledonian	30,000
Phoenix	25,000
Union	25,000
Alliance	20,000
London and Lancashire	20,000
Manchester	20,000
Norwich Union	20,000
London	15,000
Liverpool and London and Globe	14,500
Commercial Union	13,000
Imperial	13,000
Lancashire	12,000
Atlas	10,000
National of Ireland	10,000
Scottish Union and National	10,000
Sun	7,500
Northern	5,800
Patriotic	5,000
Law Union and Crown	4,000
Lion	3,500
Palatine	2,000

\* \* \* \* \*

At the meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works on June 19, a draft bill to provide for the laying down of water pipes for the sole use of extinction of fires was agreed to. The bill provides that the cost of laying these new mains shall be borne two-thirds by the Metropolitan Fire Brigades' Board, and one-third by the Metropolitan Board of Works.

\* \* \* \* \*

To Life Assurance companies operating in South Africa, the following is of very serious moment. From a communication received from a leading financial authority at Cape Town, we are able to give the following:—"A few days before the war commenced President Steyn issued a new proclamation to the effect that life assurance policies on the lives of burghers who are called upon for commando or active service shall be valid, and remain effectual for one year, notwithstanding that the premiums thereon may be unpaid when the burgher assured under such policy may die." Now, this new law had not passed through the Raad in the ordinary way, and, so far, it was not constitutional legislation. Then a difficulty presents itself, for the Raad passed a resolution, "That any urgent laws could be passed by the President, and that these proclamations would have the force of laws." But, without inquiring into the power of the Raad to pass such a resolution, the eminent counsel consulted at Cape Town at once pronounced it invalid, because, even as a resolution, it had not been formally advanced through its various stages in proper legal form according to the Grond Wet. On the other hand, another lawyer holds that in itself the proclamation was perfectly legal.—"Argus."

\* \* \* \* \*

Reports from Wellington, New Zealand, state that during the past two months eighty-one fires have occurred, involving £60,180 worth of insurance.

# Dandruff Did It!

## Dandruff is Disease

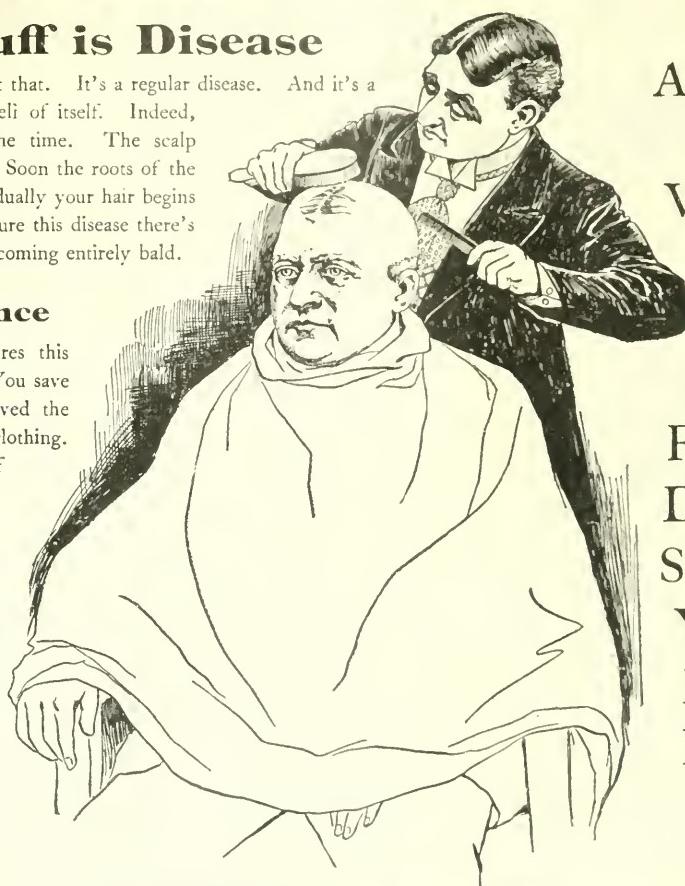
There's no doubt about that. It's a regular disease. And it's a disease that never gets well of itself. Indeed, it keeps increasing all the time. The scalp becomes dry and harsh. Soon the roots of the hair are affected, and gradually your hair begins to fall out. Unless you cure this disease there's every prospect of your becoming entirely bald.

### Cure it at once

Ayer's Hair Vigor cures this disease very promptly. You save your hair and you are saved the annoyance of untidy clothing. Dandruff always tells of personal neglect.

### Brings Back Color

If you don't like the idea of having gray hair so early, just remember that Ayer's Hair Vigor never fails to restore the old color. There's no need of looking old before your time.



Ayer's  
Hair  
Vigor  
is  
a  
Hair  
Food.  
Don't  
Starve  
Your  
Hair.  
Feed  
It.

# Ayer's Hair Vigor

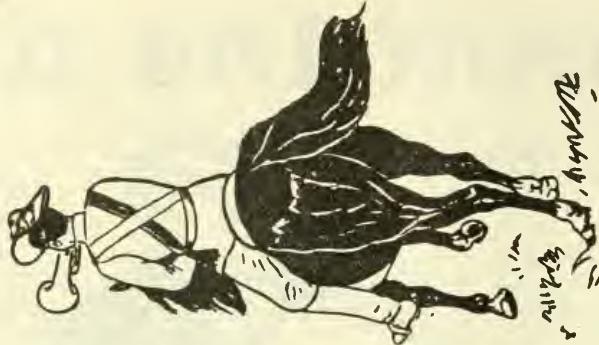
## Cures the Disease That Causes Dandruff

The scalp is made clean and healthy. The roots of the hair are fed and strengthened. Falling ceases and new growth begins.

The roots of the hair are fed and strengthened. Falling ceases and All Druggists and Perfumers.

# DANGER SIGNALS

When the First Symptoms of Ill Health Appear Use "VITADATIO."  
It Fortifies the Whole System.



## A COMPLICATED TROUBLE THOROUGHLY CURED.

**Do Not Delay, Try VITADATIO at Once.**

Shepparton.

MR. S. A. PALMER (Vitadatio).

Dear Sir—I have very great pleasure in certifying to the MERITS OF VITADATIO. I have suffered for the past five years, off and on, from "JAUNDICE," "ENLARGEMENT of the LIVER," and an "INTERNAL GROWTH" of some kind, which the doctors did not seem to understand, and all the medicine I took before VITADATIO had no more effect upon me than so much water. My husband and son induced me to try your VITADATIO, and, after the second week I had been taking it, a quantity of blood, and lumps of stuff which looked like pieces of liver, came away, I now feel splendid; am able to get about and do my work.

I am an old resident of Shepparton, and all my neighbours can tell you how bad I was.

I EARNESTLY RECOMMEND VITADATIO to anyone suffering as I did.—Yours gratefully,

Mrs. C. CURREY.

Witness to signature—W. F. Ford, J.P.  
I do hereby certify to the correctness of

the above testimonial.

D. H. K. M'GUINNESS.  
Wangaratta.

THOUSANDS  
RECOMMEND  
**WEBBER'S**

# VITADATIO

PURELY HERBAL

The price of this wonderful Medicine is 5s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.  
per bottle.  
All Medicine Vendors in Australasia keep it.

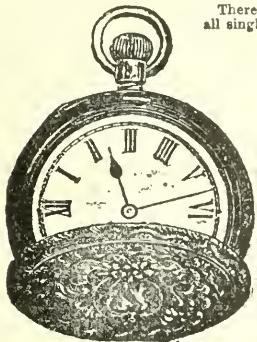
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# TIME YOU HAD A WATCH!

Solve this Puzzle, follow the Directions closely, and here's one for nothing.

A	S*L*D	S*LV*R	W*T*H	I	G**N
*F	I	GU*SS	R*G*T	&	B*Y   A   CH**N



There is no catch in it; we lose on all single transactions. It is simply a method of Advertising adopted by us to introduce our business into every household in Australasia. A world-famed £2 10s. solid Silver Keyless Hunter Watch, lady's or gent's, is given gratis to every reader sending in the correct solution of this word puzzle.

**Conditions.** — Your answer to the Puzzle must be accurate. That if your answer is correct, you will purchase one of our

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Send stamped addressed envelope for reply.

THE  
**GLOBE WATCH CO. LTD.,**  
105 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

ADDRESS THE MANAGER,

# JAMES THELWELL

(Late MEEKS & COCK),

Successors to Alston & Brown,

TAILOR,  
HATTER AND  
MERCER,

Has always a Choice Selection of . . .

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH TWEEDS,  
VICUNAS, SERGES, &c.

WOODROW'S and other English makes in  
Best Silk, Hard and Soft Feit HATS.

LATEST STYLES in GENTS' SHIRTS,  
HOSIERY, and TIES always in stock.

254 COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE.

# THE LION BRAND.

"SEMPER EADEM,"  
WHICH, LITERALLY TRANSLATED, MEANS "ALL THE SAME."  
THIS IS WHY THE LION BRAND

I defy all  
to  
approach  
it.



CONFECTIONERY IS SO POPULAR.

Only the Finest Ingredients used.  
They are the Greatest Favourites with the Children.  
Manufactured only by JAMES STEDMAN, 451 Clarence St.,  
SYDNEY.

# HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE,

... THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR ...

## COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION,

Has the Largest Sale of Any Chest Medicine in Australia.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of **Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest**, experience delightful and immediate relief, and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a complete cure. It is most comforting in allaying Irritation in the Throat and giving Strength to the Voice, and it **neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic nor Consumption to develop.** Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a complete cure is certain.

Beware of "**Coughs**"!! Remember that every disease has its commencement, and Consumption is no exception to this rule.

### BAD COUGHS.

**THREE CASES COMPLETELY CURED BY ONE BOTTLE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.**

**A SUPPLY SENT TO A RELATIVE IN ENGLAND.**

**SEVERE COLD, WITH LOSS OF VOICE, CURED BY HALF A BOTTLE.**

Llenwellyn, Katunga, Victoria.

Mr. Hearne,  
Dear Sir,—I am very much pleased with the effects of your Bronchitis Cure. Last winter three of my children had very bad coughs, and one bottle cured the three of them. The housemaid also had such a severe cold that she entirely lost her voice, but half a bottle cured her. I always keep it in the house now, and recommend it to anyone requiring medicine of that kind.

I now want you to send at once four bottles to England to my mother, who is suffering greatly from bronchitis. The address is enclosed.—Yours gratefully.

JOHN S. MORTIMER.

The relative in England, who is eighty years old, also Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

### WAS A GREAT SUFFERER.

**HAD NOT WALKED FOR TWELVE MONTHS.**

**ALWAYS WALKS NOW, AND IS QUITE WELL.**

**FEELS STRONGER THAN SHE HAS DONE FOR YEARS.**

8 Watson-street, Burton-on-Trent,  
Staffordshire, England.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Geelong.  
Dear Sir,—Your letter and Bronchitis Cure to hand quite safe. I am sure you will be glad to know that your Bronchitis Cure has quite cured me. I was very glad when it came, as I was suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis at the time it arrived. I had sent for my own doctor, but had not had one night's rest for a week. I started taking the Bronchitis Cure three times a day, as directed, and was very much eased at once. At the end of a week I only took it twice a day, and then only every night for a week, as I was so much better when, thanks to the Lord for adding His blessing, I was quite well, and walked into town and back without feeling any fatigue. I had not done that previously for twelve

months—always went in the bus—as walking caused me such pain and distress in the chest. I always walk now, and never feel it, and I am stronger than I have been for years. I thank my son for his great kindness in sending the medicine, and am, dear sir,—Yours very truly,

M. MORTIMER.

Extract from a letter since written by the same lady to her son, Mr. John S. Mortimer, Llenwellyn, Katunga, Victoria.

### HER DAUGHTER HAD BEEN ILL.

### SPITTING UP BLOOD.

**THE DOCTOR SAID NOTHING MORE COULD BE DONE.**

### CURED BY HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

The extract runs as follows:—As for myself, thank the Lord I am feeling stronger than I have for years. I had an attack of bronchitis in November, but Hearne's Bronchitis Cure was again successful. I feel quite well, and walk into town feeling quite strong.

I must ask you to send me six bottles more of the medicine, as I wish to have a supply in the house. I have tried to get it made up here, and let my chemist have a bottle to see what he could do. He tells me this week he can make nothing out of it; he never saw anything like it before, so there is only one thing for me to do—to send for more. I have never kept in bed one day since I commenced to take it; I used to be in bed a fortnight at a time always, and after that for months I was as weak as I could possibly be, and was always taking cod liver oil, so you will see at once it is quite worth while sending for it such a long distance. Something more I must tell you. Charlotte has been very ill since I wrote you. Her cough was so bad. She never had a night's rest, and was spitting up blood very much. The doctor told her husband that there was nothing more he could do for her, so on the Sunday I sent her half a bottle of the Bronchitis Cure, and told her to try it, and if she did not use it not to waste it, but send it back again. She had such confidence in her doctor that I thought she would not try it. On the Wednesday I sent over again, and she was much better, the night's rest was very good, and cough and bleeding from the lungs better. She sent for another half bottle, and on the following Sunday sent over to say that she was quite cured, and did not require any more medicine. So you see what good it has done, and she wishes to have some with my next supply.

# PEPSALT



A DELIGHTFUL  
TABLE SALT.

The Dyspeptic's Panacea.

# PEPSALT



USE IT FOR ALL CULINARY  
PURPOSES.

Adds Wings to Indigestion.

# PEPSALT



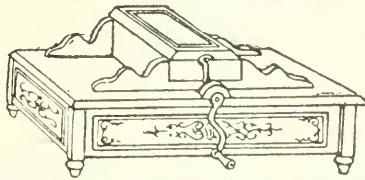
TASTES LIKE SALT  
IS SALT.

TO BE HAD OF ALL GROCERS.

D. MITCHELL & CO.,  
SOLE AGENTS.

## THE WONDERFUL PEERLESS ORGANETTE

THE MOST  
MARVELLOUS  
MUSICAL  
INSTRUMENT  
IN THE WORLD.



A 50/- INSTRUMENT  
FOR  
**ONLY 30/-**  
CARRIAGE PAID.

THESE WONDERFUL ORGANETTES are a Reed Instrument, constructed on the same principle as an Organ, with Bellows and Solo Performance. Rich Accompaniment to the Voice, or Harmonious Orchestral Effects. It is a marvel of Musical Invention, and will amaze you in its power of imitation of all musical instruments. The Organette is a simple instrument, requiring no skill in the performer. Any child old enough to use its hands intelligently can play it, and the Range of Music is absolutely unlimited. Our list includes hundreds of popular airs, hymn tunes, dances, &c., costing only a few pence per piece. We wish to introduce one of these Organettes in every town and district throughout the Colonies, and in order to do so speedily have decided to sell a Limited Number to the readers of this paper at Only £1 10s. each, but your order must be received before the 1st October, 1900, as we shall place the organette at £2 10s. each after that date. We will positively not sell more than One Organette to any person, as we make a special charge for delivery. We will send you a sample Organette, well knowing that after one is received in a neighbouring town, we will sell several at Our Regular Price. We are the Sole Proprietors of The Wonderful Peerless Organette, and you must order direct from us or through our Authorised Agents. Remember, the Wonderfull Peerless Organettes are Large and Powerful Instruments, built in the most durable style, highly polished, and decorated in gold, the reeds being so powerful that they produce sufficient volume of music for the Chapel, Parlour, Lounge, Drawing Room, &c. There is nothing about them to get out of order; in fact they produce a louder and sweeter sound after having been used a few years. For Home Entertainment they are unequalled. The illustration gives you a faint idea of the Size and Finish of this beautiful instrument, but we will return the money and pay carriage to any one who is not perfectly satisfied upon receiving it. It Sings Its Own Praises. With each Organette we give a selection of favorite tunes, free, and pack all in a strong box. If you wish to act as an agent for us send us AT ONCE and secure the agency for your district. You can easily sell these instruments at £3 each. Hundreds of Testimonials received. We can send you addresses of recent purchasers, and all delighted. Cut this advertisement out and send it with your order no later than 1st October, 1900. Cut this out at once, as it may not appear again. £1 10s. includes all charges for carriage all over Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand. Send money in Registered Letter by Postal Order or Cheque crossed "London Bank of Australia," with exchange added, to

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**EDITOR, E. DOIDGE,**

Author of "Father and Son," "The Daughters of Eve"—a tale of the Maori War, "The Mystery of Mervellien," "Marian Gonisby," "Piwee, Daughter of Taranui," &c.

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# Methodist Ladies' College,

HAWTHORN, VICTORIA.

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PRESIDENT - REV. W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.

HEAD MASTER - J. REFORD CORR, M.A., LL.B.

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**THE COLLEGE** consists of stately buildings (on which nearly £40,000 has been spent), standing in Spacious Grounds, and furnished with the latest and most perfect educational appliances. It includes Gymnasium, Art Studio, Swimming Bath, Tennis Court, &c.

**THE STAFF** is University-trained throughout, and includes Six University Graduates, making it the strongest Teaching Staff of any Girls' School in Australia.

**SUCCESS IN STUDIES.**—At the recent Matriculation Examination, thirteen candidates passed out of fourteen sent up by the College, with an average of over eight passes for each student. In three divisions of the Honour Lists—English, French and German, and Science—all the other girls' schools put together obtained eight first-classes. The Methodist Ladies' College obtained three, including the first place in English and History, and one of the only two first-classes awarded in Science.

**ACCOMPLISHMENTS.**—On the College Staff are to be found the very best Teachers in Music, Singing, and all forms of Art

**BOARDERS** are assured of wise training in social habits, perfect comfort, refined companions, and a happy College life.

**RELIGIOUS TRAINING.**—The College is Christian, without being sectarian. Each Boarder attends the Church to which her parents belong, and is under the Pastoral Charge of its Minister. Regular Scripture teaching by the President.

**BOARDERS FROM A DISTANCE.**—Girls are attracted by the reputation of the College, and by the pre-eminent advantages in Health, Happiness, and Education it offers, from all the Seven Colonies.

**SPECIAL STUDENTS.**—Young Ladies are received who wish to pursue Special Lines of Study without taking up the full course of ordinary school work.

"The Young Man" (London) says:—"British readers will probably have but little idea of the national importance of this institution. It has earned the reputation of being one of the best High Schools for girls not in Australia only, but in all the world. Its students are drawn from all the seven colonies. The gardens and grounds in summer are like a fairy vision; the art studios, drawingrooms, schoolrooms, baths, and tennis courts combine culture, recreation and refinement with homeliness and comfort. Above all, religious training and personal sympathy make the College a truly 'ideal institution.'"

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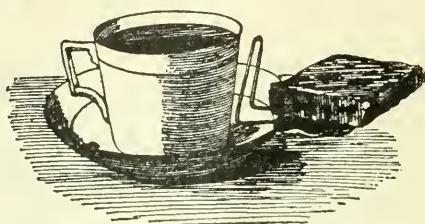
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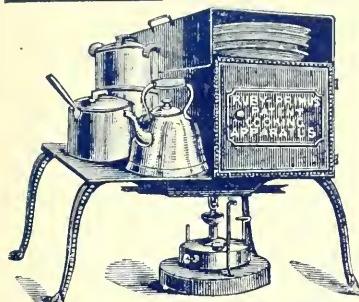
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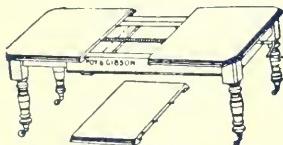
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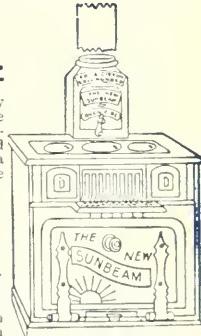
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